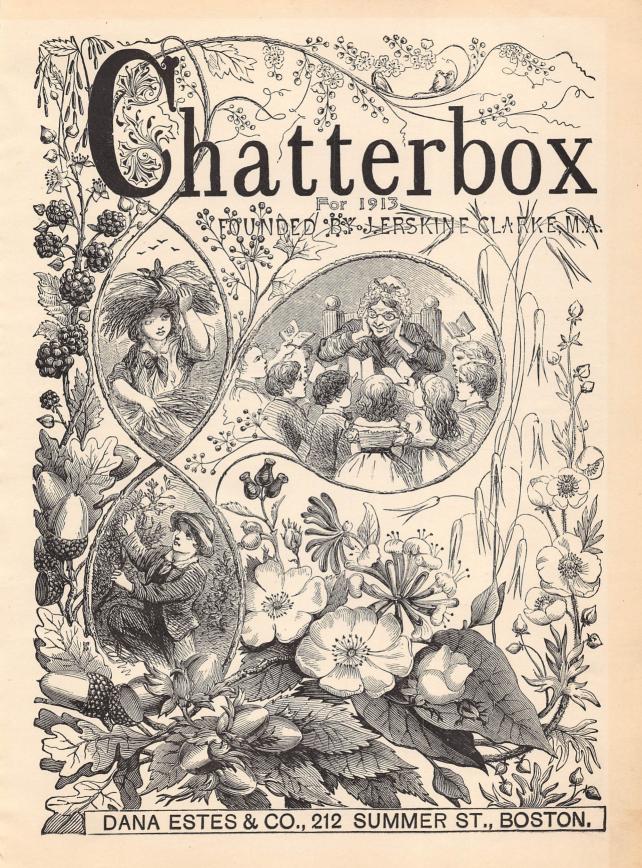
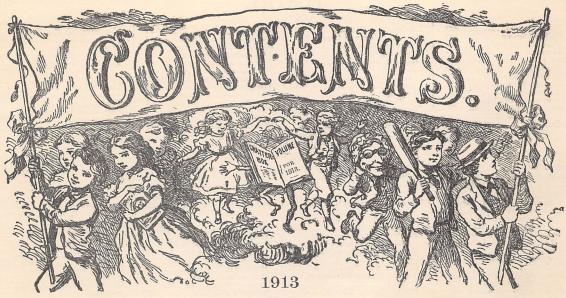


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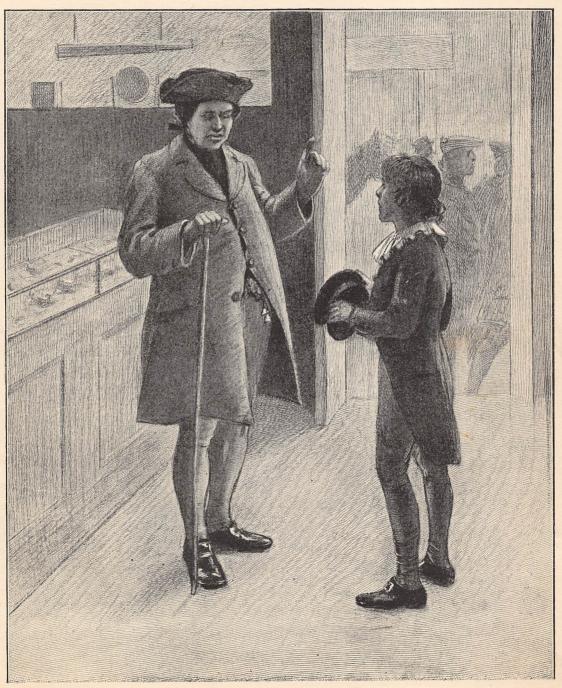
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CHATTERBOX.



"'You'll stay here,' he said, 'till five of the clock,' "

BIRD CAY.

By H. de Vere Stacpoole,

Author of 'The Cruise of the "Kingfisher,"' 'The Blue Lagoon,' &c., &c.

CHAPTER I.

MY uncle's shop in Cornhill was so narrow a place and so dwarfed by the buildings on either side that nineteen out of every twenty of the passers-by were, I doubt not, ignorant of the fact that Simon Bannister lived there and sold telescopes.

Not one out of nineteen hundred of them would have known how to look through a telescope, and as for the compasses, quadrants, sextants, and charts of the world that helped to make up the old man's stock-in-trade, how many Londoners would ever have known their names, much less their use?

Bannister and Slimon was the name of the firm, and if you think, from the small size of the shop in Cornhill, that the firm was a small one, it was not—

at least in the way of making money.

It was in Brook Street, Minories, that the money was really made, for there Mr. Slimon, a thin man, hard and dry as a nut, presided over the small factory where the brass was cut for the sextants and the lenses ground and polished for the telescopes, and where the air was filled for ever with the humming of lathes and the coughing of brass-workers; pale-faced men in shirt-sleeves, with bent backs, dwelling in rooms where the sunshine never came.

That is the impression the factory stamped on my youthful mind whenever I was sent on a message to Mr. Slimon: an impression not at all blunted or made more kindly by the miserable streets I had to pass through on my way there, or by Mr. Slimon himself, sitting in his little office before piles of papers, surrounded by rows of ledgers, buttoned tightly up in a snuff-brown coloured coat, a pen behind his ear, and his wig awry.

I disliked this man with the simple and honest dislike of a boy. I disliked him just as I disliked getting up at five on a frosty morning, just as I disliked a rainy day, a November fog, or the brimstone-and-treacle with which old Mrs. Service, my uncle's

housekeeper, dosed me once a fortnight.

And he returned my dislike.

I would give him the message or the letter I was charged to deliver, and then I would escape from his presence with the answer as quickly as might be, and home through the bustling streets as quickly as

their attraction would permit me.

To this day I carry the recollection of how, on opening the shop-door and closing it behind me, the roar of Cornhill would be cut off and the busy world shut out, leaving nothing for one to hear but the silence of the dark old shop and the ticking of the eight-day clock. I would sometimes open the door and shut it again several times to get the effect, a sure way of bringing my uncle out from the back parlour in a temper; for old people—ay, and even middle-aged too—have little patience, often enough, with the fidgety ways of a child, forgetting that to him the great world is still a toy to be played with, or, better still, a fairy tale made out of real things and fanciful.

As far as that goes, I have never grown up. Whether it be a gift or whether it be a want of my mind, the world still pleases and surprises me as it

did in my very earliest days, when the spirit of adventure called to me out of the roar of London, and

every turning promised something new.

The shop had a counter covered with a glass case, such as you see in jewellers' shops, and on the wall behind the counter and above the lockers, where charts were kept, stood other glass cases, all filled with nautical instruments, enough to have fitted out a dozen tall ships; and the space between the counter and the cases was so narrow that my uncle had to take it sideways.

He was a very big man, wheezy, with a red evenly-coloured face, a member of the Worshipful Company of Spectacle Makers, and he had never

seen the sea.

He, I, and Mrs. Service lived above the shop, for in those days a shopman and his shop were one, and he had no other house, even though he kept a glass coach to take him to a dinner at the Mansion House or a meeting of his guild.

CHAPTER II.

One Saturday afternoon in April, as brave and bright a day as ever lit Cornhill, I returned from school — I was a day-boy at St. Paul's — to find my uncle on the point of going out to meet some friends. He was dressed in his best suit of mulberry-coloured cloth, silk stockings, shoes with solid brass buckles, and a large bunch of scals dangling at his fob. He had his second-best wig on — four wigs he had always on service — and in his hand his clouded cane, brought to him as a present from the Indies by some ship's captain or other.

'You'll stay here,' said he, 'till five of the clock. The till's locked, and there's nothing in it, so, should any person come for change in a hurry, you will know what to say. Write any message down on the slate. Should Captain Horn come, tell him to wait; there's half of a bottle of port in the cupboard—set it out for him, and my compliments, and I'll be back at five.' He pulled a watch like a small gold turnip out of his pocket, looked at it, and stumped

out of the shop.

I watched him hailing a hackney coach with the clouded cane; then he drove away, and I was left to my meditations and the ticking of the eight-day clock.

My bag, filled with school-books, lay where I had put it down on the table of the little sitting-room. I had tasks that day to accomplish whose very names I have forgotten, sums no doubt to be made right, and exercises to be spelled over; but there in the silence, with the ticking of the clock in my ears, and the sense of being in a way a prisoner, and a feeling that any moment the shop-door might open and a customer come in, my mind could not fix itself to the sums and the exercises; so, having put the port on the table, with a glass, I fetched down a book from the shelf where my uncle kept his books and tobacco jar, and, with my elbows on the table and the book before me, forgot myself and the shop, and the customers, and Captain Horn, and became Robinson Crusoe on his island.

I could have read that book upside down, I believe, if it had been given me to read it in no other way; as it was I had read it through, and backwards and forwards, and here and there. It was a heavy old copy with a blue and gilt cover, and two pictures

were missing; but little I wanted with pictures when I could see, as clearly as though I were looking through air, the island and the goats, and the grapes drying in the sun and turning into raisins, Friday's footprint, and Robinson's fur cap, his two guns, and the sea washing in on the beach—I who had never seen the sea.

Then, whilst I was sitting there reading, a sound struck my ear that I was destined afterwards to remember in lonely islands of the South — within earshot of the sea, for the sound of Cornhill heard in my uncle's little parlour, when the shop-door was opened, was exactly like the sound of the sea on a quarrelling beach.

(Continued on page 11.)

THE HORN OF ULPHUS.

IN ancient times, the hollow horns of animals were used as drinking vessels, and there are pictures in Saxon manuscripts, of men feasting and drinking from the horns of oxen. These horns were sometimes richly ornamented with silver. Great chiefs prided themselves on owning magnificent drinking horns, the largest being made from elephants' tusks which had been brought to the north by Arab traders.

In the old days, when reading and writing were not so common as they are now, the kings frequently conferred lands on their subjects by the gift of a horn, hence called a 'charter horn.' Many owners of large estates, which had been conferred on their ancestors, had no other evidence of their right but the charter horn. Several of these charter horns are still in existence, a very remarkable one being preserved by the Pusey family, and known as the 'Pusey Horn;' but the largest and most beautiful is 'the Horn of Ulphus,' preserved in the treasure-room of York Minster. This famous horn is formed from the entire tusk of an elephant, and measures two feet six inches along the curve, and would hold a vast quantity of liquor. It came into the possession of the See of York in this wise.

Ulf, whose name was Latinised into Ulphus, was a powerful Danish jarl, or earl, who lived some time before the Norman Conquest, and ruled over a large portion of Yorkshire, who, as it is said, to prevent dissension between his two sons after his death, determined to bestow his lands on the Church.

Going to York Minster, and taking with him his mighty drinking horn, he filled it with wine, and kneeling before the altar, he solemnly drank off the prodigious draught; then, laying the horn on the altar, he therewith endowed the See of York with all his lands and revenues. The endowment was confirmed by Edward the Confessor; but it appears, from authentic documents, that he did not give all his lands to the Church, but only a portion, and that there were extensive estates remaining which his two sons, Archil and Norman, afterwards inherited. Whether Ulf was the better for his monstrous drink, history does not say, but there are very few men at the present day who could empty that horn at a single draught.

In an old Latin poem of the twelfth century, describing the various gifts made to York Minster, the Horn of Ulphus is spoken of as being very beautiful and white. With the lapse of so many cen-

turies, the ivory has darkened till it is now of a brown colour.

The horn is decorated with sculpture in low relief, representing unicorns and fabulous winged animals, whose tails terminate in grotesque heads. They are divided from each other by objects intended for trees; and above them a dog, with a collar on, appears to be hunting one of the winged animals. At the base there are three dogs' heads, which have been supposed to be wolves, and to allude to the owner's name, 'Ulf' being equivalent to 'wolf;' but as they wear collars, they must have been meant for the heads of dogs. Below the sculpture there is a Latin inscription, but this was probably added by the Cathedral folk after the horn came into their possession.

A. R.

PUZZLERS FOR WISE HEADS.

I. - Two Dozen Buried Capitals of the World.

- 1. Yes, I love Handel. His choruses are magnificent.
- 2. Bill, on donkey-back I'll race you. Star? O Meg for me!
- 3. Have a care! A bomb? Ay, Fate; her answer, sir.
- 4. What lovely music! Air out of 'Elijah.' That number never palls.
 - 5. Will you interpret, or I? After you, then.
 - 6. I hope kindness will never die.
- 7. Drained urban districts are often healthier than villages.
- 8. He said he saw an energetic ape tow nine little boats.
- 9. The jewels are the King's. To-night he will wear them.
- 10. Mere lumber? Linen rags are useful for bandages.
- 11. I saw the natives washing to-night in the sacred Ganges. The swelling tones of their voices sounded weird.
- 12. He was victor; I among the losers. Well, I
- may win later.

 13. The guide is mad. Ride quickly. Portail is Bonaparte's spy.
- 14. Gallop! A risky ride. Have your blade laid
- easy to your hand.
 15. The Christian, I admit, looks to peace for progress and not to war.
- 16. A grub has attacked the bud, a pest hard to kill.

A. B. C.

(Answers on page 35.)

A MAGIC SQUARE FOR THE NEW YEAR.

THIS is a square with a different number in every cell, so arranged that every row, column, or diagonal adds up to the same total—1913.

The middle cell of the cross is left blank. The ten numbers in the cross, or in the row or column passing through its centre, and the eleven numbers in

19	13	428	152	84	380	24	342	277	191	3
172	105	340	4	305	278	195	2	56	32	424
41	324	274	215	23	16	12	387	173	109	339
216	27	15	49	406	169	129	360		304	237
9	386	132	130	364	0	341	256	212	47	36
126	384	21	301	236	175	48	40	8	423	Ĭ51
300	273	194	44	60	29	383	131	89	385	25
7	61	33	382	168	108	381	45	321	233	174
403	128	88	344	46	325	232	211	26	57	53
363	42	345	253	171	6	20	54	407	127	125
257	170	43	39	50	427	148	85	343	5	346

A Magic Square for 1913.

any of the other rows or columns, or in either diagonal, will give the total 1913.

It will be noticed that the first row begins with '19, 13,' and ends with '191, 3.' W. S. J.

THE MODEL MAKER.

I. - AN AEROPLANE.

Our airship (of the monoplane type) is to be built at the smallest possible expense, and on simple lines, but when complete must scale the sky as triumphantly as one of greater cost and more ambitious pattern.

These are the tools we shall want:

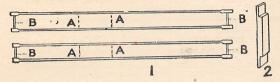
(1) A pair of scissors; (2) a sharp pocket-knife; (3) a fine bradawl; (4) a pair of small pliers; (5) a foot-rule; and (6) a bottle of gum or glue,

These are our materials:

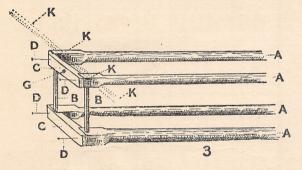
(1) Seven or eight thin, light sticks, not less than two feet long (the common deal-wood rods that gardeners use for supporting the stems of tall plants will do very well); (2) a reel of carpet thread; (3) a large sheet of thin paper (the kind called 'kitchen paper,' and sold for about 2½d. per quire, serves the purpose); (4) an empty cotton reel; (5) about four yards of thin strong elastic, preferably not covered; (6) a few small pins and some good safety matches; and (7) about two inches of wire the size of a common bicycle spoke.

Having now collected together all our tools and materials, let us start on serious business at once. Select four of the straightest sticks from your bundle and cut them carefully to an equal length—that is, two feet each. As these sticks are somewhat

irregular in thickness it will be necessary to pare them down till they all measure about a quarter of an inch in diameter (A A in fig. 1); but while doing this leave the ends a trifle thicker, because presently we shall have to bore them through with the bradawl, and if made too thin they are likely to split. This is, indeed, such a common accident that, to meet

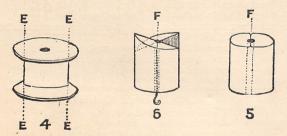


emergencies, we have provided ourselves with more sticks than are actually wanted. After whittling down the four rods to the required size, take one more from the stock and split it from end to end into two equal portions, whittling them in turn till they resemble thin lengths of split cane. The thinner they are the better, provided you do not cut



away enough substance to rob them of all strength. These are to be the 'bones' of the main-plane, and, for the sake of uniformity we will make them the same length as the four rods to be used for the frame of the body.

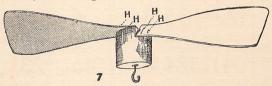
Having now prepared the skeleton, let us put it together. First, bore a small hole through each of



the four rods (AA in figs. 1 and 3) about half an inch from their ends. Then take four strong safety matches, cut off their 'heads,' and, slightly sharpening the ends, insert them into the holes in the rods (BB in fig. 1) till they come through level with the surface on the other side, making sure that they fit tightly. We have now two skeleton girders, so to speak, ready for forming the sides of the frame.

To complete the frame cut four short sticks, each the same length as your matches, but about four

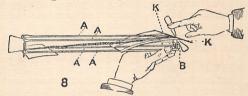
times their bulk. To give additional strength to the frame without increasing its weight, it is well to carve out the ends of these four connecting pieces in the manner shown in fig. 2. They will thus fit neatly into their places at both ends of the four rods (C C in fig. 3), and one small pin driven



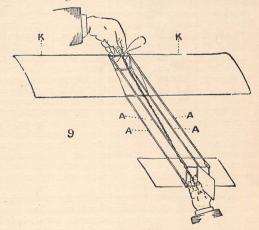
through the points of contact, as shown in fig. 3

(D D), will make all secure.

Our frame is now completed, and it is necessary to add the wings and propeller. We will prepare for the latter first, because, when the wings are fixed, the aeroplane is much more awkward to work upon. Having decided which end of the frame shall be the front end, bore a small hole through the centre of the short top bar which crosses from girder to girder (at G in fig. 3), holding the bradawl at an angle



which would make a diagonal line to the bottom cross-bar at the far end of the frame. By boring the hole in this manner greater freedom in the spinning of the screw will be obtained. Now take the short piece of wire mentioned in our list of materials and pass it through the hole to make sure that it will



turn easily. This wire we shall shortly bend into a hook over which to slip the elastic which is to provide our driving power.

The next task is the most troublesome of all—the making of the screw—but you can avoid it, if desired, by buying this article ready-made at Messrs. Hamley Bros. of Regent Street and elsewhere, who supply them in all sizes at a small cost. If, however,

we make our own propeller, by far the best material to use is wood, being lighter than tin and stronger than card. For the centre piece, or hub, upon which to fasten the blades, the empty reel already mentioned will come in handy, though, with a little more trouble, this hub could be made from a small block of wood. However, we will take the reel. First, cut away the flanges, or projecting parts, till the reel resembles a short, thick wooden tube (cut along the dotted line E in fig. 4). Across the centre of one end make an indentation with the knife-blade, deepening the cut at the two points where it reaches the edge of the wood (fig. 5, F). At these latter points, but on opposite sides of the indentation, cut away the wood till two flats are formed sloping at contrary angles, and crossing one another at the middle of the central hole. Fig. 6 will make clear the character of these two sloping flats. They are the surfaces upon which the ends of the propeller blades will be fixed (see fig. 7).

The blades themselves are easily cut from a small piece of thin picture-backing board, which any local frame-maker will supply for a penny. Measure off a strip of this board about one and a half inches wide and eight inches long. Cut this across the centre, and, fastening the two pieces temporarily together, taper one end of each down to a width equal to the diameter of the hub (or reel). This method ensures the two blades being exactly the same size or area. Before fastening them to the hub, it is well to pare their edges to a knifelike sharpness. So great is the speed at which they will revolve that very secure attachment to the hub is necessary. This can be managed by making a good broad staple from a common pin after cutting off the head, and driving it transversely through the blade-end into the sloping flat upon which it beds. Supplement this with a second, smaller staple about one-eighth of an inch farther up the blade (fig. 7, H). Thus fixed, the blade-ends will cover the hole through the hub, but a bradawl will soon restore the opening.

Having cleared the way thus, take the short length of wire, which we will call the propeller shaft, and bend about an eighth of an inch at one end to an acute angle. Push the straight portion through the hub from the cut end till stopped by the hook or angle which should then rest with its side against the end of one of the blades. Fig. 7 shows the propeller as finished. It is now ready to take its place on the frame, and having passed the shaft through the hole in one of the top cross-bars (G in fig. 3), give it another sharp bend to form a hook for the elastic. At the place where the hub rests against the cross-bar, sprinkle a little blacklead. It helps the hub to turn freely. The insertion of a small bead between the hub and the bar also greatly reduces the friction.

A simple manner of fitting the elastic to its place is to pass it round the lower rear cross-bar, back and forth to the propeller hook until a 'skein' is formed, then tie the two ends of the elastic together in a firm knot. Before this is done the 'skein' should be stretched a little, and kept stretched, or power will be lost.

Now for the main planes. Across the top front portion of the frame, and close against the propellerbar (at K K in fig. 3), tie with carpet thread one of the thin 'bones' already mentioned, being careful to see that an equal length extends each side of the

frame. The second 'bone' must be tied in a similar manner across the two lower frame rods and at a distance of six inches from the front. To attach the paper to these bones, gum or glue thoroughly the upper surface of the front bone and lay the edge of the paper on it, pressing well down throughout the whole length. Next turn the aeroplane over and gum the lower surface of the rear bone, stretching the paper to a suitable tightness before pressing down. Having trimmed all off with scissors, the outer edges of the sails may be fortified by very thin strips of wood gummed to the paper in a similar way.

The rear plane consists of a small sheet of paper about eight inches by four, its edges strengthened in the same manner as those of the large planes. It is fixed in its place by means of thread closely binding it to the lower rods of the frame, but its exact position can only be arrived at by experiment. In the aeroplane we are describing, however, the rear part of this smaller plane is lowered, in order to check too much 'rise' in the forward planes; and to hold it in position, a vertical bar, some inch and a half deeper than the frame, is bound to the rear crosspieces. On this vertical bar, the attachment of the rear plane can be shifted up or down till the necessary angle is obtained. The bar itself also serves as a rudder-post, the rudder being a small square of thin card, fastened to the wood with gum.

It is well in all cases when using thread as a means of binding parts together, to cut small nicks for it to rest in. This prevents the possibility of slipping. Another good way is to beeswax the wood and the thread.

Except for a few finishing touches, which will suggest themselves to you, our aeroplane is now complete, and it only remains to wind the screw till the elastic is tightly twisted from end to end, to 'see how she flies.'

And now one final word. The definite pattern for an aeroplane has never yet been designed. Each inventor has his favourite 'lines.' It is quite possible that, when completed, you may find your model but a poor flier. The head may be too heavy, the tail too light, the elastic too feeble; or the screw may refuse to turn freely. You will find its faults only by watching its behaviour, and once you understand the faults, correction will be easy. The easiest positions for winding up the propeller and starting the aeroplane are shown in figs. 8 and 9, in which the finished machine is shown.

Many competitions for toy aeroplanes are held in England and America, and they are most popular; with a good deal of care and practice even a homemade aeroplane might do well.

John Lea.

MANY, BUT ONE.

THE waves of the sea are many,
The ocean is but one,
Its waters all day are flowing,
Its work is never done.

The heavens are bright at midnight,
When the hours of day are done;
The stars in the sky are many,
But the sky is only one.

Like the myriad waves of the ocean, Like stars after set of sun, The thoughts of a child are many, But its heart is only one.

MADDALENA'S WASHING DAY.

O'N little Maddalena's seventh birthday, she thought that now she was surely old enough to

be granted her greatest wish. 'Mother, I am big enough to help you now,' she cried, as she watched a great heap of soiled clothes being tied in a big bundle ready to be carried down to the stream which was the laundry of the little Italian town. Mother had to work so hard every day, washing and ironing, in order to earn money to pay the rent of a little room, and some bread and polenta for herself and Maddalena to eat, and the little girl longed to help her. But Mother always said, 'When you are bigger, Maddalena. Your hands are too tiny to rub hard yet.'

However, at seven, surely one was almost grown up, thought Maddalena, and so she repeated her question this birthday morning. No presents came with the day, but then Maddalena expected none. Since the time, more than a year ago, when Father had gone away in the fishing-boat to Sardinia, and had never since been heard of, there had been no money for anything but rent and bread, and scarcely anything to buy clothes, so presents were impossible. Still, had she not Bianca, the wonderful doll Father had given her before he went away? How could she wish for anything better? It was at this beloved toy, clasped as usual in Maddalena's arms, that Mother looked, and the sight brought an idea.

'Suppose you practise first on Bianca's clothes?' she suggested. 'I am sure they would be better for a wash, and I will show you the way to rub.'

This idea delighted Maddalena, who undressed Bianca, and tied up her clothes in a landkerchief in imitation of Mother's big bundle, and, like Mother, balanced the load gravely on her curly head.

The edge of the swiftly flowing stream was gay with girls and women, whose heads were covered in Italian fashion with brightly coloured handkerchiefs, to shield them from the hot sun. Maddalena, anxious to be correct in everything, tied round her own head the handkerchief in which she had carried the washing, and then kneeling in a rough wooden box which would keep the water from wetting her knees, she plunged the first of Bianca's garments in the water. Mother gave her a piece of the green-coloured soap all to herself, and showed her how to rub it on, and how to pound the clothes on the smooth stones, till all the dirt was thumped out.

Maddalena enjoyed herself hugely, and was not at all disturbed by the teasing remarks which the grown-up workers made. She was a real, useful laundress now, and she wove all sorts of plans in her mind. Very soon Mother should do no work; she, Maddalena, would do all those bundles of washing her very own self, and much more, earning so many soldi (which are Italian halfpennies) that they could have fruit every day with their mid-day meal

of dry bread.

But, alas! Maddalena's attention was soon given more to her dreams than her washing, and a wavelet of the stream, finding Bianca's dress, washed and wrung out in a little roll, lying too near the water's edge, lapped it up, and before Maddalena had noticed, the curious-patterned red-cotton gown was floating quickly down the water, and when she caught sight of it, it was being swept into the long tunnel that took the water under the town, and out to the sea.

Maddalena, always barefooted, plunged into the stream, but she could not enter the tunnel, and did not overtake the dress. She came back slowly to her place, big tears welling into her eyes. She tried to keep them back, knowing that grown-up people of seven must not cry; but it was hard work.

'May I go down to the sea, Mother?' she asked, and permission was given, but no sign of the red frock was visible at the other end of the tunnel. It must have been swept far out into the sea by that Maddalena returned sorrowfully to the stream, where Mother would be kept busy all day. She knelt down to her task, and, to comfort her, Mother let her have a handkerchief from the real washing to work at; but even this was not much comfort just then, and the day which had begun so happily seemed likely to end in sadness.

Bianca's dress, however, had not reached the sea so quickly as Maddalena had. Midway through the tunnel it lodged among some stones, and it stayed there quite a long time, until at last an extra strong rush of water carried it on again. Even then it did not get so far as the sea, but paused where the stream ran across the sands, for here were stepping-stones and against one of these the water plastered it. And here its career ended, for it was noticed by a man who was passing, and he, out of curiosity, picked it up. He smiled a little, then looked a second time, and grew suddenly grave.

'That looks like the dress on the doll I bought for my little Maddalena! 'he said to himself. 'What if she and her mother are still living in the town! Those people in the little house where we used to live said she had moved away, and no one seemed to know where they had gone. Can they be here

after all?'

He gazed at the dress again, wondering how it came there. Then he remembered how the women were in the habit of doing their washing higher up the stream, and though it seemed very improbable he would gain anything by going there, he decided not to lose the faintest chance of tracing his wife and little girl. So he made his way to the busy group, and it was Maddalena, lifting her head to toss aside the dark curls that persisted in tumbling over her eyes, who saw him first. She gave a little scream of delight as she saw Bianca's red dress in his hand, and jumped up to thank the kind-hearted stranger who had restored it.

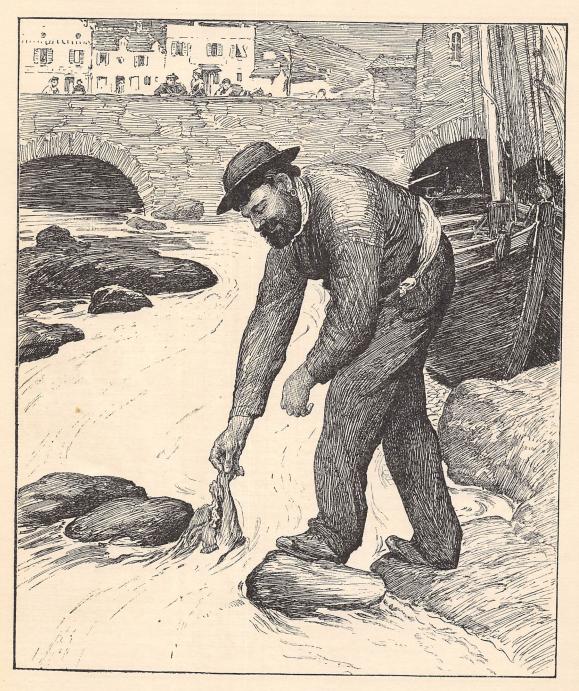
'Maddalena!' exclaimed the man, his voice trembling with joy, and then the little girl, staring in astonishment, realised that this bronzed and bearded man was really her own father, who had come safely through strange mishaps and adventures

to find his little family again.

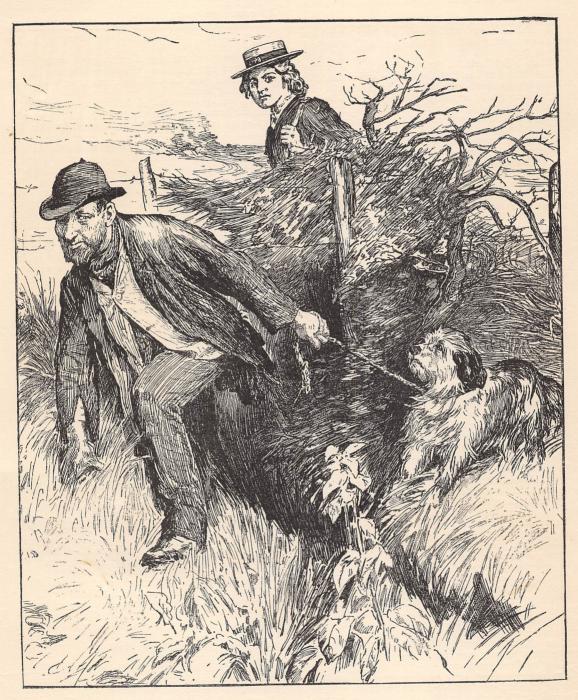
He was very grieved when he learned what hard times Maddalena and her mother had endured; how they had been obliged to go away from the comfortable house where he had left them, and take their tiny room in the poorest quarter of the town; where his wife had purposely avoided her old friends and neighbours, so that they should not know how poor she was. Now that was over, however, and good times were in store for all of them.

Next time Maddalena washed Bianca's frock, she did not take it to the stream again, for she thought that if she lost it a second time, she might not be so fortunate as she was on her first washing-day.

I. A. Davison.



"Out of curiosity, he picked it up."



"She saw an old tramp climbing through the ditch."

POPPY'S PRISONER.

WHAT do you think has happened, girls?' Melita banged the schoolroom door behind her and stood looking at her schoolfellows with a flushed, excited face.

'What is it?' cried a dozen voices.

'Miss Pearson has lost Bob. She called me into her study just now, and she's in a fearful state. He hasn't been seen by anybody since teatime yesterday, and she has made up her mind that he's been stolen. She says that there was an old tramp trying to sell bundles of wood at the back door last night, and she is certain he must have seen Bob, and got hold of him somehow. There won't be any cricket this afternoon, as we are all to go out on a search expedition; and Miss Pearson says she will give five shillings reward to whoever finds him. I must tear off to the police-station on my bicycle, so I can't stop another minute.'

Then, for the second time, the schoolroom door

banged loudly, and Melita had disappeared.

In a moment a perfect Babel of voices echoed through the schoolroom. Every one seemed to have a hundred things to say on the subject, and only Poppy Thorpe, a forlorn little new girl who had arrived at half-term, remained silent. At last she ventured to join in the discussion. 'Is Bob a dog?' she inquired of a tall, red-headed girl lolling against the desk next to hers.

'Bob's Miss Pearson's Irish terrier,' Jessie replied. 'She is tremendously fond of him, and I can't imagine what she will do if he isn't found soon.'

After lunch, several search-parties were arranged, each commanded by a governess, and consisting of four or five girls.

'You needn't go, Poppy,' Miss Pearson said as she settled the little groups; 'there's not much object in your looking for a dog that you have never seen, and you'll enjoy your first Saturday afternoon at home.'

So dismissed, Poppy packed away her lesson-books, ran to get her hat, and in a few minutes was scampering homewards across the wide common that divided Walton House from the little village of Newcombe. She had reached the far side of the heathery expanse, and was just turning into the roadway, when a rustling sound from the hedge near by attracted her attention. Looking round, she saw an old tramp climbing through the ditch into the road, and behind him, unwillingly dragged on a chain, was a brown Irish terrier.

Poppy's heart beat quickly with excitement. This was undoubtedly the lost Bob!

She had an entirely fearless nature, and her first impulse was to speak to the man at once; but common sense soon told her that this would not help matters. What should she do? A hundred thoughts rushed through her mind, and she felt utterly bewildered.

Then the tramp walked towards her. 'Spare a penny for a hungry man, miss?' he began. 'Me and

my dog walked right over -

But Poppy did not hear another word. A sudden idea had flashed into her mind, and her brain worked feverishly. Then she turned to the man, interrupting his flow of explanations. 'I have no money with me,' she said, 'but if you like to come to my home, which is quite near here, I'll get you something to eat, and your dog too.'

The man looked up gratefully. 'Bless you, miss! I'll come right away,' he said.

Arrived at her home, Poppy ran to fetch her father, leaving the man and dog standing in the

porch.

'It's no good calling, Miss Poppy,' came cook's voice from the kitchen. 'Your mother and father have driven over to Guildford, and won't be back for another hour.'

Here was an unexpected difficulty. Poppy wrinkled her brows in desperate thought. Then a fresh idea came to her, and she ran downstairs into the kitchen.

Five minutes later the hungry man outside was joined by Poppy, bearing a tray on which was a large plate of meat for himself and a most appetising mutton-bone for the dog.

'If you'll come round to the harness-room,' she said, 'there's a table there, and you can sit and eat

your lunch comfortably.

She led the way through the stable-yard and placed the tray on the harness-room table, hastily glancing round to see that everything was secure. Then she slipped through the door, locked it carefully behind her, and with the key clasped in her hand, sped down the village street and across the common towards Walton House.

Poppy never forgot that run! Her feet seemed to have taken to themselves wings, so fleetly did they cover the distance, and her mind was in a turmoil of excitement at the thought of the adventure she was having.

Poppy was almost at the gates of Walton House when she heard some one calling her name. She looked down the road and saw several girls hurrying towards her. Melita ran forward out of the group. 'We have found Bob,' she cried excitedly. 'He was caught in a trap in the woods, poor little thing; but I don't think he's any the worse for it. Look, Mademoiselle has got him.'

Poppy felt turned to stone, and stared in stupefied silence at the Irish terrier clasped affectionately in the governess's arms. 'How nice,' she stammered feebly.

'Come in with us while we tell Miss Pearson,' suggested Melita.

'I can't,' replied Poppy desperately. 'I must get back as soon as I can.' And in another minute she

was retracing her steps across the common. Mr. and Mrs. Thorpe, Nichol the coachman, and Henry the groom, were all standing in the stable-yard when Poppy, hot and breathless, dashed in at the 'What's happened?' she cried eagerly.

'Why, half the things have been stolen out of the harness-room,' her father replied. 'Nichol found the door locked and the window smashed out, and most of the things cleared. Henry,' he added, turning to the groom, 'you'd better go and inform the police at once.'

'Oh, wait, Father, till I've told you. It's partly my fault! Oh, I'm so sorry!'

Poppy's voice came falteringly, and she clenched her fists in the struggle to regain her self-command. Then she poured out all her story!

It was late that evening when Mr. Thorpe returned from the police-station. Poppy heard him

calling to her in the hall and ran downstairs at once. 'I have good news for you,' her father said. 'The thief has been caught, and a very good thing too, as

this is the third or fourth burglary in the neighbourhood this week. I know you'll be glad, too, to hear that Sergeant Colman says that it is largely thanks to your help that they've got him. The man on duty in the village saw him with you this afternoon and followed you here, so he was soon able to track him down. After all, Poppy,' he added, stroking the curly head affectionately, 'you have done a more valuable service to-day than finding a lost dog,'

'And I wasn't even looking for that,' laughed Poppy, as she ran off to tell the good news to her Viola Vivian.

mother.

BIRD CAY.

By H. de Vere Stacpoole. (Continued from page 3.)

I SHUT up Robinson just at the place where the terror of the footsteps in the sand is making him to hide, and pushing open the glass door which

was ajar, went into the shop.

A big seafaring man was standing near the counter, sluing his head round, and gazing here and there at the fittings, the chronometers, the compasses; and, 'Hullo!' said he, catching sight of me, 'is this here the sign of the "Spy Glass," one Simon Bannister?

You're Captain Horn?' I said.

He stood staring at me as if I'd struck him.

'Well,' said he at last, 'is my name on my figurehead? Horn it is, and Capting it is, but wherever

did you see it writ on me?

'My uncle said he was expecting you,' I replied, pleased enough at his surprise and at having hit the mark with his name, 'and if you will come into the sitting-room and take a seat and wait for him, there is some wine he asked me to set out for you-

'Heave ahead,' said the Captain, following my lead to the sitting-room. 'And so,' said he, taking his seat in the big arm-chair by the table, 'he's left you in charge of the premises, and all them spy-

glasses and compasses, and such-like.'

'He has.'

'Well,' said the Captain, placing his hat on the table and shutting one eye at the bottle, while reaching for the glass, 'he couldn't have left a brighter lad - never a brighter; and what mou't your name be?' asked he, pouring himself out a glass of the port.

'Dick Bannister,' I replied.

He filled his mouth with a half-glassful of the port, seemed to rinse his teeth with it, and then

swallowed it.

I thought I had never seen a bigger or a coarser man. His face was very large, scantily bearded, burnt almost to the colour of mahogany by the sun, and it had no expression - at least it never changed in expression during our conversation, but remained just the face of a big sailor-man: a bronze figurehead that seemed for ever gazing over the waves.

The Captain emptied his glass, and then quite familiarly - and speaking as a man might speak when deep in thought - 'See here,' said he.

'Sir?' said I.

'I can't tackle this stuff nohow. Ain't you got a drop of rum on the premises? Gin would do at a pinch, or brandy; but let it be sperrits.'

'I haven't,' replied I, all fluttered in my hospital-

'Uncle never has spirits. I might get you some at the "Grapes" across the way, only—only Uncle might object. You see—,

The Captain took a guinea from his pocket, from another pocket he took an empty flask. 'Dick,' said he, 'I'm stiff on my pins from walking; get me this full o' rum and keep a shilling from the change. This is between man and man, and who's to blow the gaff? - not I!

I took the flask and the guinea, and, quite determined not to take the shilling, fetched the rum.

When I returned, the Captain was sitting in a blue haze of smoke, his pipe in his mouth and his tinder-box on the table. In his hands was Robinson Crusoe, which he seemed to be reading upside down. 'And there's your bit,' said he, slapping a shilling down on the table with his horny thumb after he had counted the change. 'Come, this is between man and man; who's to blow the gaff? - not I. Eh? who's to blow the gaff?

I refused, he persisted, and I gave in.

There was a jug of water on the side-table and a glass. He mixed himself a glass of grog and tasted it, whilst I picked up Robinson Crusoe, which he had let tumble on the floor, and placed it on the table.

The Captain sat easy in his chair, as though he were at home, one great fist on the table fingering the glass of grog, his pipe between his teeth not in the least interfering with his conversation. He plied me with questions as to my age and my attainments; he seemed impressed with the fact that I could sum and read, but as if not quite crediting, or wishing to make sure, he ordered me to open the book he had dropped and read him some of the printing on it. I promptly complied and opened Robinson, by chance, just at the place where I had left off. Then I harked back a few pages to the place just before he found Friday's footstep on the sand. 'He was wrecked, you know,' said I, 'on a desert island, and he was all alone: he had two guns, though, and a parrot.' Then I read.

The Captain sat smoking and drinking his grog; but he listened, for if I read too quickly he'd tell me to belay, or put a stopper on, making me re-read and then telling me to heave ahead, always using some sea-term, as though he were ordering some

ship and not my simple story.

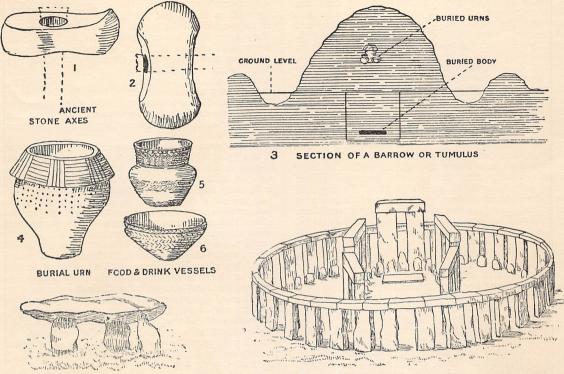
But when I got to the foot-print on the sand, the Captain sat up in his chair: I could tell, without looking up, that the thing had struck him with more than ordinary interest. Then suddenly, and with an exclamation, he brought his fist down on the table, making the glass jump. 'That's it!' said he. 'That's the truth; for I've seen it myself with these two dead-lights. Wrecked on Palm Cay, I was these two dead-lights. Wrecked on Palm Cay, I was
— an island not so big but you might throw a stone over, and then one day I came on a foot-mark; stove in I was with the lonesomeness, and all shook up, and then I came on a foot-mark, and nought to make it but the gulls shouting against the wind; no living thing but me, all taken aback and standing there like that chap you was telling of - truth! can see it—and whose was the foot-mark, d'ye think? Why, whose but my own. Left it there the day before, I had, for some bits of sand takes a print like taller. Crazy I might a' gone and run amuck, hadn't I seen there was no big toe to it, for I'd lost mine twelve year before in a traverse down south of the Antilles, when we took a -



"He brought his fist down on the table."

The Captain suddenly stopped, as though remembering himself. What old adventure of the sea, down south of the Antilles, he had suddenly dropped the curtain of silence upon, who can say? The question moved me deeply, yet I could not put it to him. Some instinct told me it was not a thing to be brought to light; but I had not long to think on the matter, for the Captain, plugging away at the

tobacco in the bowl of his pipe with a horny finger, and lighting it again and blowing big clouds of smoke, told me to heave ahead. I did for a bit, and then the continuous narrative being too much for him to follow, he told me to belay, and proceeded to question me as to the doings of Robinson — who, by the way, he seemed to consider a real character — and the whereabouts of the island. I could not sat-



8 DOLMEN (LANYON QUOIT CORNWALL)

isfy him on the latter point, but I gave him lots of Robinson's doings: how he had made himself clothes from the skins of goats, how he had done this and how he had done that, and there I was, interesting and instructing a weather-beaten old seaman, to whom the ocean and its desert islands were as common as Cornhill to me who had never seen the ocean or a desert island either. But it was the wreck of the Spanish ship that held him tighter than any of the other incidents in this most wonderful of stories.

'Spanish were she?' asked the Captain. 'Hove up on the rocks, d'ye say?'

'All the stern and quarter of her was beaten to pieces by the sea,' went on I, reciting Robinson from memory. 'There was a live dog on her, and he found two chests full of money — at least, there was a lot of money in them besides other things: doubloons, and pieces of eight, and some small bars of gold.'

'Bars did yer say?' cried the Captain.
'Bars of gold,' I replied.

(Continued on page 22.) STONES AND THEIR STORIES.

I.—THE BEGINNINGS IN ENGLAND AND EGYPT.

I CAN picture you reading this title and saying, 'Stones and their Stories! What sort of story can a stone have?' But when you come to think of it, every stone in our roads or paths or anywhere, has a history, just as you and I have, however

7 PROBABLE ORIGINAL STATE OF STONEHENGE

humble our position in life. But the stones whose stories I want to follow are those that go to make a building; that is, the stones used in the art and science of architecture.

If you looked up the word Architecture in a dictionary, you would find that it is the art or science of constructing houses and other buildings for the purpose of life. The subject is, of course, extremely ancient, for ever since man came into the world, one of his ideas was to build some form of covering for himself for protection from cold or wet weather; and these structures, simple as they were, were the beginning of architecture.

Let us see what we can find out about our own country's first attempts at building. Looking back on my own school-days, I can remember that the first history of England I learned (and the histories always seemed to begin at the very beginning) was the fact that Julius Caesar invaded England, B. C. 55, and for many years I believed nothing was known about England before that time. But our learned men have literally found stories in stones, and to read of their discoveries takes us back hundreds and hundreds of years before B. C. 55, and gives us pictures of our country and its people calculated to put in the shade most fairy stories, with the additional advantage of being undeniably true!

It seems strange to think that once upon a time the whole of England and the land under the Irish Channel, the English Channel, and the North Sea, were so raised up that our mountain, Snowdon, was six hundred feet higher up in the air than it is now, and the whole country was much colder than has been ever known since. It was entirely covered with ice, and the seas I have mentioned were land and also covered with ice: ice year in and year out, the Ice Age in fact. During the time that these seas were land, it is believed that man and animals crossed over from what are now continents. You can see evidences of the Ice Age for yourselves if ever you go to Wales or Cumberland, or anywhere where there are mountains; you will find huge detached rocks (perhaps miles from the mountains) in the villages; these have been carried there by the melting ice and left, so to speak, high and dry in the warmer districts.

Later, a great change occurred; the whole land sank and sank so much that all the middle of England was covered by the sea, and with the sinking came warmth, and the ice disappeared. During this period sharks and other fish swam over what is now dry land, and therefore even now sharks' teeth are often found, and other remains of fish, such as shells, &c., on land which is far above sea-level, and miles from the sea. With this flooding, the inhabitants were driven to the mountains, and there in the rocks they made caves in which they lived; this was their earliest effort at architecture. Many of these caves have been found high up in the mountain-sides; but of course they were very likely at the water's edge when made. In these caves have been found bones of people and animals of these early times.

Then, again, the land rose a little, but not so far as before; the waters ran off it and formed the seas which bound our land, and Great Britain became the 'tight little island' it is now. All these changes, although just put here in a few words, occupied literally hundreds and hundreds of years, epochs as we say—in fact we cannot be sure how long all these changes did take, but we know that they happened. Well, with the land and the warmer state came gradually plant life, and in the course of years our land became covered with vast forests such as we in these days can hardly picture. Try to imagine, what it was like when trees were everywhere. Where we now live, where now is London—and all our great cities—all trees!

Now, what were the people like who lived and died in our land in those days? What were their houses like? How did they spend their lives? Well, we find that they were certainly not a lazy people, for the difficulties of their lives were great. Their only implements were of stone, and their only means of making them was to chip a softer with a harder one. Many evidences of their patience are constantly being found even now, and you can see specimens of their hammers, and axes, and weapons in most museums (figs. 1 and 2). With these rough tools they made small clearings in the forest and followed the chase. 'Experience teaches' is an old saying, and it certainly taught these people, for as time passed they discovered that you could work stone freshly dug up more easily than stone that had long been exposed to the air. (This principle is still followed, for some of our most beautiful marble monuments are carved in the quarries as soon as the marble is hewn out - for exposure to the air hardens it. So, you see, we are not so much cleverer than these early ancestors!) Their houses were some sort of tents made of twigs and covered with mud. Later, some thought they would be safer from attacks by

wild animals or man (for the country was inhabited by various tribes, not all friendly by any means!) if they could build their homes over the water. So they drove in piles in the water (trunks of trees, hewn with endless toil) and erected platforms, and on these had their huts. (Remains of some have been found near Glastonbury and other parts of England, and in many places in Switzerland.) They made boats, as did Robinson Crusoe, by clearing out the inside of tree-trunks, and with these they came to land to tend their sheep, goats, and cows, and also their corn, all of which they had found useful for food.

Now comes another change, brought about no doubt by accident. Some one must have found some copper in its natural state, and they no doubt discovered that you could melt it and mould it; and later they found that by adding tin to the meltingpot you got a metal which we call bronze, and which you could sharpen so as to cut down trees and do other things in almost a magic way, as compared with the past. Fancy the popularity of a man who could make you an axe of bronze 'while you wait,' when, up to this time, it had taken days of weary chip, chip, chipping at stone, with a result not half as good as this bronze axe! Then later again they discovered iron. Of course, with these discoveries, possibilities of decoration quickly suggested themselves to these clever people, and many wonderful examples of implements of war, agriculture, and the chase are to be seen in our museums; also specimens of rough pottery. The periods of these discoveries are known as the Bronze and Iron Ages, with most likely a short Copper Age.

So, when Julius Caesar came to England in B.C. 55, he found a people who knew the use of iron. Troublous times followed, and these original inhabitants were driven north and west, and it is there we find their descendants even now. As we travel about our land to the parts to which these early ancestors were driven, we find huge mounds, which, however, we know almost by instinct were made by man and not formed by nature. These are known as Tumuli or Barrows (fig. 3). When opened, they have been found to contain human remains and also implements of war, ornaments, and food. This last indicates that these people had an inborn feeling that there was to be another life, and that the spirit had only gone from the body for a time and would come back and be hungry. In a barrow such as illustrated two might be buried, the lower just laid in a hole, and the upper, the ashes were placed in an earthen urn (fig. 4). In figs. 5 and 6 you see specimens of earthenware found in a barrow. Some of these mounds are enormous and must have entailed endless work with the tools at their disposal.

Then, again, there are what are called Menhirs, solitary huge stones standing bolt upright, often in places far away from any like material. Many are to be seen in Wales, Cornwall, and Brittany. Even more strange are the Cromlechs, as they are called, huge circles of stones, as we see at Stonehenge or Avebury. Where these stones were quarried, how they were brought and placed in their present positions, and what was their purpose, are still questions which trouble our scientists. A fine model of Stonehenge as it is, is to be seen at the British Museum, and at Salisbury is a model showing what it is believed was the original appearance of the

circle (fig. 7). Many quaint legends are told about these circles, and it is generally believed that these were the places of worship of the sun-worshippers.

Then, again, there are Dolmens, groups of three or four upright stones carrying a capstone or table. These are believed to be the burial places of chiefs, and may at one time have been covered with earth (fig. 8). Another form of structure erected by these early ancestors were camps or earthworks, which we find on our downs and hills, now covered with gorse, heather and bracken, but easily found if sought. They were built as a refuge for people and flocks in times of attacks by enemies, and were often most ingenious as to entrance. They were generally circular in plan, and consisted of two or more high ramparts, with ditches outside and between, and the hill-top acted as an outlook. Clun Castle in Cornwall, and Maiden Castle, near Dorchester, are fine examples. At Maiden Castle there are three ramparts, with ditches sixty feet deep in between.

Now, while all these changes had been taking place in our own land, similar changes were experienced also in other lands. It seems strange to us, surrounded as we are by all the latest marvels of science, to think that even now there are parts of the world that have never been disturbed by the influence of civilisation, and are therefore still in the stone age.

(Concluded on page 27.)

BLOSSOMS OF THE YEAR.

I. — THE DAISY.

FIRST to greet us in the year, Flower to all the children dear, Little daisy, thou art here!

Thou hast braved the winter's cold With thy sunny white and gold, Welcome daisy, bright and bold -

First to win the babies' love As across the grass they move, See them clutch their 'treasure trove':

First to teach us! Surely we, Little flower, can learn from thee, Sunny, bright, and brave to be.

E. M. Haines.

A HUNDRED YEARS AGO.

What Happened in 1813.

I. — CHRISTMAS WAYS AND CUSTOMS.

WELL-KNOWN writer describes in one of his A books a time-machine which, by being put forward or backward, transported the observer either to the unknown future or the strange, old-fashioned past. Well, if you had one of these time-machines at Christmas, and you were to put it back a hundred years or so, you would scarcely know you were in this familiar land of ours.

For one thing, if you lived in a country town, and wished to spend your Christmas with a friend or relation in London, you would not rush off to the railway station, buy a ticket, jump into a well-heated, well-lighted, cosily-cushioned compartment of a railway train. If you happened to live on one of the great main roads, you would take your stand, with as little baggage as possible, at the hostelry, and wait for the coming of the stage-coach. It might

have been held up by highwaymen, or it might be stuck in a snow-drift, or it might be stopped by floods. But presently it would come rattling and bowling down the stony street, the coachman wrapt up to the eyes in coats and mufflers, and his two or three outside passengers nearly frozen to death, and his inside passengers almost poisoned with bad air and tight squeezing; and you would have to take one or the other of these alternatives, if there should happen to be any room to spare.

Sometimes you would be wholly disappointed, and have to wait hours for the next coach. The London poultry-dealers would sometimes be at their wits' end how to get sufficient geese and turkeys to town to satisfy their customers; and some of the best dealers would hire the stage-coaches and load them, inside and out, with crates and baskets full of birds. When these arrived at the ordinary stopping-places, the would-be passengers, in spite of their disappointment and anger, failed to find a seat, and the coachman, with an extra flourish of the whip, would drive on, leaving them. The coach's average speed was about ten miles an hour, so you might be a whole day and night going a distance now covered in a few hours.

Arrived in London, how different everything would be! For one thing, it was little more than a tenth its present size, and places like Islington and Wandsworth - to name two popular places - were little outlying villages, through which coaches passed, whilst such great centres of population as West Ham and Willesden did not exist.

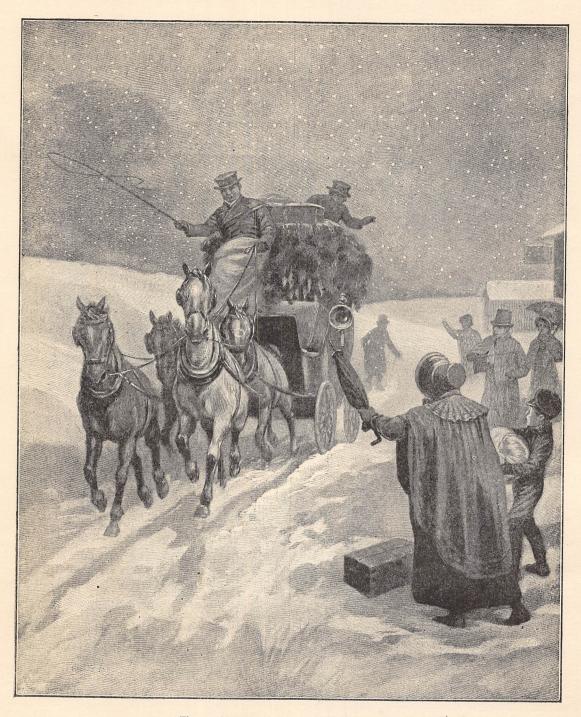
Few of the great buildings in London, and none of the present bridges across the Thames, except London Bridge, were in existence a hundred years ago. Think of that! St. Paul's and Westminster Abbey were there, of course, but the Houses of Parliament and National Gallery, and the Law Courts, and Trafalgar Square, and all the great hotels, railway stations, and many of the streets - such as Victoria Street, Shaftsbury Avenue, Oxford Street, and many others — were not in existence.

At night the streets were lighted with oil-lamps, which only succeeded in making 'darkness visible.' And, instead of the brilliant illumination of every house to-day, the tallow candle served for peer and

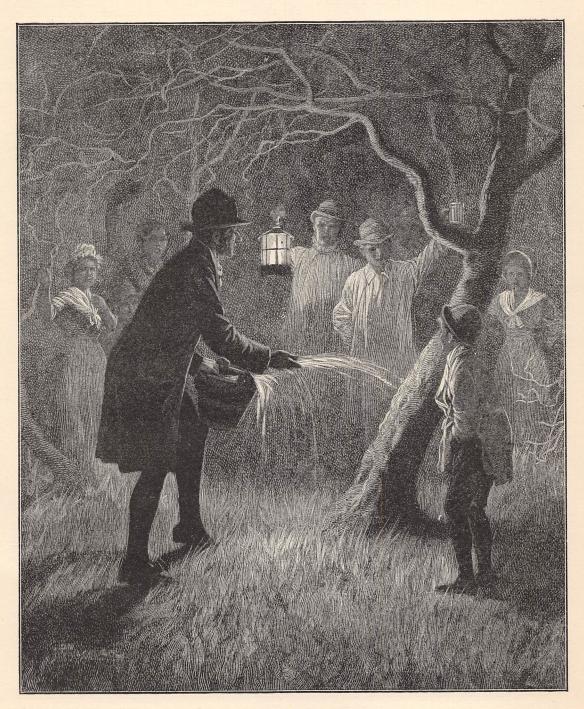
The ill-lighted and ill-paved streets of London were almost as dangerous as the open highway. On Christmas Eve, 1801, the Duke of Bedford drove to Smithfield in his coach, and purchased the quarter of a 'prize ox,' which was strapped on the roof of the carriage. The coach was stopped in St. John Street, City, by footpads, who demanded the nobleman's recent purchase; and when the coachman whipped up his horses, hoping to leave the ruffians in the lurch, they climbed up behind, and, cutting the cords by which the meat was secured, decamped.

A hundred years ago crime and poverty were much more prevalent than they are to-day. Children did not have any Christmas holidays, because many of them never went to school. Tens of thousands, however, went to work at seven and eight years of age, and tens of thousands more roamed the streets uncared for, and learned everything that was wicked.

Sunday schools and day schools cured all that, and if England is a happier place in 1913 than it was a hundred years ago, it is mainly the schools that are to be thanked for the great improvement.



"The would-be passengers failed to find a seat."



Wassailing the Apple-trees.

WASSAILING THE APPLE-TREES.

IT is still the custom in west sometise arrange is of shire, where the success of the apple-crop is of shire, where the success of the apple-crop is of T is still the custom in West Somerset and Devonmuch importance, to try to ensure a good season by taking time by the forelock as early as Twelfth Eve, which falls on January 17th, and trying to sing the trees into a good-humour.

That is certainly a remarkable practice, but as nobody has ever proved that it does the trees any harm, or any good, and as the occasion is made an excuse for good cheer and much hospitality, it appears likely to continue in favour.

About 7 p.m. on Twelfth Eve all the farm hands in the parish, along with 'the butcher, the baker and the candlestick-maker' - or, at least, the blacksmith, the carpenter, the postman, and anybody else who cares to join - set off on their rounds and pay a visit to every orchard in the neighbourhood.

Well, perhaps not every one, for if a farmer who has an orchard has become unpopular from any cause, the 'wassailers,' as they are called, give him the cold shoulder. Perhaps in these days of enlightenment, when these picturesque customs and curious superstitions are dying out, this omission to pay the customary Twelfth Eve visit does not cost the unpopular farmer any loss of sleep; but in the olden time it was firmly believed that it would cause his applecrop to be a failure.

This band of rustics enter an orchard and gather round one of the biggest and best apple-trees in it, and sing something after this fashion, although the

words differ slightly in different places:

'Here's to thee, Old apple-tree! Whence thou may'st bud, And whence thou may'st blow, And whence thou may'st bear Apples enow: Caps full, Hats full, Bushels, bushels, sacks full And my pockets full, too! Hurrah! hurrah!

While they are singing, the farmer generally comes out and joins them, and his wife or daughters or maids follow with a bucket of hot cider (made from apples, as you know) with pieces of toast floating on the top.

The roots of several of the trees are sprinkled with the cider, the toast is put on a forked branch for the robins — for the redbreast has always been regarded as a bird of good omen — and the men help them-

selves freely to the rest.

Two or three of the men are generally armed with old guns, and during these merry proceedings they shoot, with powder only, into the naked branches of the trees. The only visible result of this bombardment is the disturbance of some owl, who probably thinks his last hour has come, but whether the bangbanging and smoke have any other effect is not known. Doubtless all this clatter was originally supposed to frighten away the evil influences which might blight the apple-trees and render them unfruitful.

When snow is on the ground and the moon is bright, all these strange doings in the orchards make a striking picture. When the ceremony is complete, the men move on to the next farm, and repeat the

At the last farm they call at, always carefully selected for its hospitality, the wassailers repair to the back door and knock. It is the invariable custom to refuse them admission until one of their number guesses, by the smell which greets his nostrils, the particular roast which is being prepared. The man who guesses correctly is styled 'King of the evening,' and is duly honoured when, at last, the party is admitted to the feast.

Doubtless the custom is very ancient, probably going back to Druidical times, when the apple-tree, by reason of its bearing mistletoe, was held in reverence. Nowadays, enlightened farmers put their faith in good methods of fruit-culture, rather than in song and gun-firing. But there is one point in which we may well copy the merry wassailers: we may see that the birds have their breakfast during these cold days. That, at any rate, would be a kindly and useful deed.

A. B. C.

DAYBREAK IN JANUARY.

WOKE at half-past six to-day, And all outside was misty grey, As if it still were really night And just pretending to be light. I only just could see the lawn, And everything looked fast asleep; And then I saw a something creep Across the garden soft and slow— It was the shadow of the dawn! And as I watched and saw her pass. Her dress was trailing on the grass; She paused and seemed to hesitate And glided through the little gate -And then the cock began to crow. And when she'd gone as clear as clear I saw the trees and garden here, The sad brown earth where things will grow When Winter's dead (Nurse told me so!). I saw the tiny apple-tree Which Daddy's given all to me, I saw the house across the way; And as I looked at it I heard The twitter of a little bird, And so I knew that it was day. Almey St. John Adcock.

THE HANDKERCHIEF.

THE handkerchief comes from Italy. When it crossed the Alps, it was favourably received at the Court of France. During the reign of the French King Henry III. the sachet was introduced. A little later, the handkerchief appeared in Germany, where it was known as the 'fazelletin,' after its Italian name. Only persons of quality used it. In 1595 an edict published at Dresden forbade the use of the handkerchief amongst the trading classes. The modern square-shaped handkerchief is only one hundred and twenty-eight years old. Previously, handkerchiefs were of all shapes - long, narrow, oblong, round; but one day Queen Marie Antoinette, at Trianon, remarked to some one that it would be much better and neater to use only square handkerchiefs. A few days later, on January 2nd, 1785, Louis XVI. decreed that 'the length of handkerchiefs

shall equal their breadth henceforth throughout the kingdom.' This edict of the unfortunate French king has influenced custom to this day.

A QUEER FISH.

N^{OW}, sir,' said the boatman to Robert, who was most impatient to begin fishing, 'you might let your line down here,' and as he spoke he fastened on the bait and handed the line to Robert, who lost no time in dropping it over the side of the boat.

'What do you think he will catch, boatman?' asked Hilda, who was sitting close by Robert and

taking a keen interest in everything.

'Maybe a whiting, Missy,' answered the man, 'or

'A whiting!' cried Hilda, in quite an awestruck voice. 'Why, we had whiting for dinner, yesterday. Fancy Robert catching a real dinner fish!' and little Algy, sitting with his mother in the bows of the boat, repeated, 'Robert is going to catch a dinner fish!

How delightful it all was to that boatful of little Londoners, who but the day before had been the inmates of a tall house in a narrow street, and now found themselves in a little boat on the open sea. The white cliffs of Dover were shining in the background, a battleship was in the far distance, whilst a fleet of little fishing-boats was just leaving the harbour; but all these were a mile or more away, and, except for some noisy gulls who were screaming overhead, there was nothing to disturb the peace of the inmates of the rowing-boat, who seemed to be quite alone on the bosom of the sea.

Mrs. Desmond, who had at first had qualms about being run down by a passing steamer, became quite reassured, and leaning back, with her sunshade protecting her from the western sun, she had closed her eyes with a feeling of perfect security, when she was suddenly startled by the hasty barking of the little dog on her lap, and Algy clutched at her arm, whilst Hilda screamed out, 'Look! look! - oh, do look!'

Mrs. Desmond sat hastily up, but could hardly believe her own eyes. There, close to them, on a spot which but a moment before had seemed utterly deserted, was a strange ship, like no vessel she had ever seen before, and with two strange sort of telegraph posts sticking up from its deck.

'What's that?' asked Robert eagerly, 'and how did it get there — did it drop from the sky?'

'No, sir,' laughed the boatman, as he shaded his eyes with his hand to gaze at the strange craft, that's no aeroplane - that's a submarine.

'But what's a submarine, please?' put in Hilda. 'A submarine is a ship that can be guided under water for hours at a time,' said the boatman. 'With men in it?' asked Hilda.

'Yes, sure, Missy, else how could the vessel be guided?'

'How do they guide it? What's the good of a submarine?' asked Robert, so eager to hear that he could not wait for an answer to one question before he asked another; and now, leaving his bait to be quarrelled over by the greedy gulls, he turned eagerly to hear what the man could tell him about the strange vessel in front of them. 'What's the good of submarines?' he repeated.

'The submarines will be a lot of good if ever we

come to war,' answered the man. 'They carry torpedoes - some of these torpedoes have a hundred pound or more of dynamite in them, and these submarines go under water till they get close by the enemy's ship they want to destroy: then they loose the tor-pedo and go to a safe distance, and the torpedo is exploded by an electric torch, and the vessel is blown up.'

'That's right,' said Robert, 'but tell me how the vessel is made to sink and come up again just as it

is wanted.'

'Well, sir, these submarines are built for that: they have tanks in them, and when the vessel is wanted to sink, a valve is opened which lets in the water and makes the boat heavy enough to sink; and, of course, when they want to rise, they drive the water out of the tanks, and then the submarine rises to the surface, and the doorway is opened in the conning-tower and fresh air is let into the ship.'

'Where is the conning-tower?' asked Mrs. Desmond, who had been as much interested as the chil-

dren in hearing about the submarine.

'There it is, ma'am,' said the boatman, pointing it out - 'there, right in the middle of the deck. That is the only way of getting down into the vessel.'

'But tell me,' interrupted Robert, 'how many men are there on board and how do they breathe? I can't breathe more than a second or two under water.

How do they manage?'

'Well, the crew of a submarine is generally about twelve men, two of whom are officers, and as for breathing, the ship carries compressed air which is let out little by little from special chambers, and the foul air is driven out of the ship by a different arrangement, which I hardly know how to explain to you. At one time, every submarine carried some white mice, because they are easily affected by bad air, and when the white mice began to lie exhausted in their cage the crew knew the air was getting foul, and they must come to the surface before they, too, were overpowered.'

'And don't they have white mice now?' asked

Hilda.

No. Missy, they have a machine now - a manometer they call it - which tells when the air is pure.

'But tell me,' begged Robert, 'how the men can see under water - how can they tell the right place to come up?'

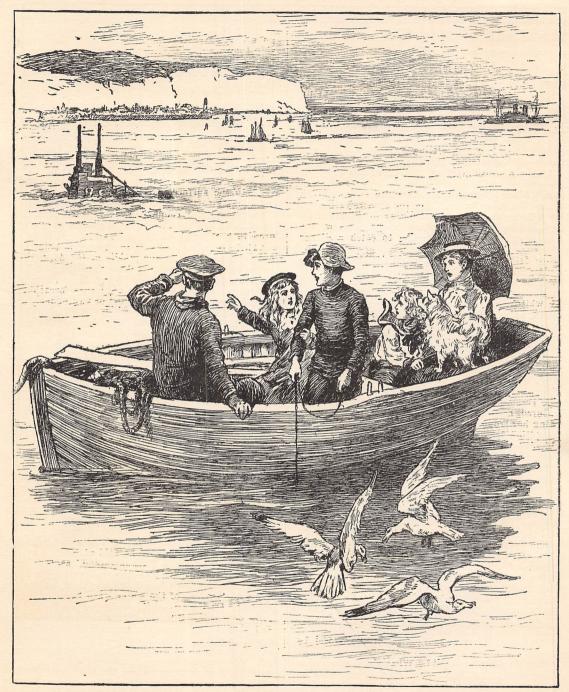
The man looked puzzled. 'I hardly know how to make it clear to you, sir,' he said at last.

'Go on — tell me — I'll understand,' said Robert.
'You see the periscope — that tall pole sticking up out of the deck - it is a long tube which sticks out above the surface of the water when the ship is submerged. On the top of the periscope is a lens in the form of a ring: this reflects the surrounding objects and throws them on to a screen inside the boatsomething like a magic lantern — and the officer looks on the screen and then knows how to guide the vessel. My mate told me that periscope is a Greek word, meaning a "look round," he added.

'Have we many submarines in our Navy?' asked

Mrs. Desmond.

Yes, ma'am — I have seen a whole fleet of them in Portsmouth dockyard; I believe there are altogether some eighty-three submarines, and I hear that in future they are to mount guns in addition to being fitted with torpedo tubes; but there, I mustn't go

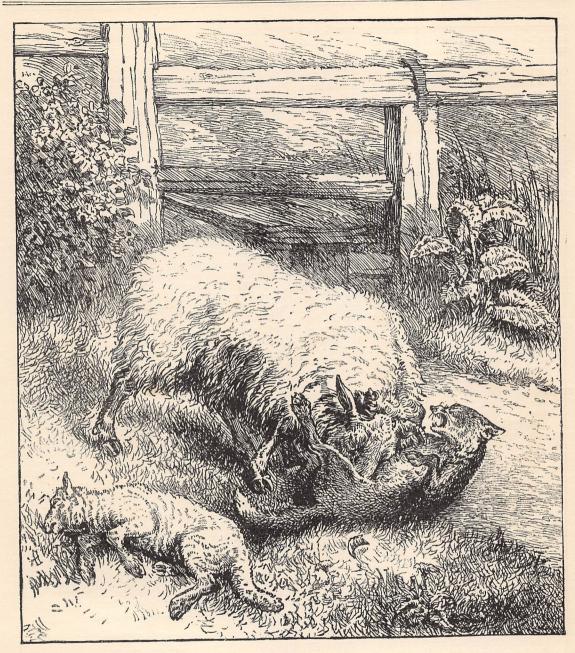


"' That's a submarine."

on — the young gentleman will be eager to get to his fishing.'
'I haven't caught anything,' said Robert, as he

took up his line again, 'but I've seen a queer fish,' and he waved his hand towards the submarine, 'and that's as good, or better.'

E. A. B.



"The lamb's mother turned upon the fox."

A MOTHER'S LOVE.

With what pluck and success an animal can defend its young was shown lately in an encounter which took place between a hawk and a cat. The hawk, which was a large one, swooped down upon a group of kittens which were playing near a barn, and gripped one of them in its claws. Before

it could fly off with its victim, the hawk was pounced upon by the mother of the kittens, and a furious struggle ensued. At first the hawk had the best of it, and tore the cat's ears, and injured one of her eyes. But the cat held firmly to her purpose, and after a little while she managed to break the hawk's wing. The bird was now comparatively helpless, and the nimble and plucky cat after a hard struggle

killed it outright. Then, forgetting her own injuries, she turned with motherly affection to her kitten, and began to lick it, purring all the while with contentment at the success of her efforts.

A little while ago a fox attacked a lamb on one of the farms near Scarborough, and killed it. The lamb's mother was so enraged, that she turned upon the fox, and not only defeated it, but killed it. So fierce was the encounter that the sheep broke off one of her horns in goring the fox.

In each of these battles the animal which seemed by nature to be placed at a disadvantage with respect to its opponent came off victorious. The incidents not only illustrate the special courage which animals display in the defence of their young, but show us also how great courage, especially courage with a purpose, may often make up for many disadvantages, and win success in spite of adverse circumstances.

OUR LITTLE GARDENS: A YEAR'S WORK.

I. - JANUARY.

EVEN the smallest plot of ground that we can make into a little garden for ourselves will become a great joy to us. In it we shall learn to grow many beautiful flowers. It does not matter how small our gardens are. I have known a little plot six feet by four become a boy's delight. A very nice-sized garden would measure eight feet one way

by ten the other.

There are various things to consider before we begin planting, or the real handiwork of the year. For instance, if our plot be much exposed to the sunshine we should not make the same choice of plants that we should were our plot a shady one. Again, the soil may be sandy, which means that it will dry quickly after rain. We call such a light soil. Or it may be heavy and when wet of a sticky character. This will warn us that there is clay present and the rain will not readily drain through it. We may be sure that the plants which delight in the warm dry soil will not be the same we should choose for the heavy cold soil. When the spring comes and we are ready to plant, I shall tell you the names of plants suitable for both; but it is not time for that in January.

Spring and autumn are the chief seasons for planting and also for seed-sowing. In winter, and especially during this first month of the year, our plants rest. We might almost say they are asleep. With many plants we find that in winter there is nothing to be seen above-ground at all. Stems and leaves have quite died away, and there is nothing left to tell us that the plant is there. Yet under the soil the plant is alive, and only waiting the coming of spring before it pushes new leaves and stems up through the soil and into sight once more.

The first bit of real work we have to do in our gardens when we have roughly pegged out the bit of ground is to dig over the plot as deeply as we can. This will mean that we shall need some tools to work with. What tools? We must decide how many we can afford, and I would advise you to get them just as large as you can easily manage. We shall need a spade or a fork, in fact two forks - one large, with a long handle, to dig with, and one a good deal smaller, and fitted with a handle like that

of a trowel — a rake, a hoe, and a watering-can. If I had to choose between a fork and a spade, I should certainly choose the former, because when we dig between plants already in the ground, a fork will be far less likely to injure the roots than a spade: a spade is likely to cut them through. The little fork I have mentioned is more useful than a trowel, and for weeding between plants it will be a safer tool to use than a hoe. And I may remind you that hand weeding may be even safer still. The water-can, the rake, and the hoe (if we must have one) can be bought when the spring has well advanced, so that all our money need not be spent at once.

We will not attempt to dig when the soil is so wet and sticky that it hangs to the tools. When it is in this condition we had better leave it alone, for even to trample over it helps to make it go down hard and tight, so that the weather cannot do its work upon it. Let us understand what frost does. Suppose we have dug over the soil and left it rough and loose. A frost comes, and in this condition can penetrate well into the soil and separate the tiny particles, and sweeten and improve it, besides destroying many harmful insects that may be hiding in it. Even snow has its beneficial effects upon the ground, and certainly we must not brush it off our plants. It is like a beautiful light blanket, warm, and protecting them from cold winds and bitter frosts. Another bit of winter work might consist in turning over the heap of leaves that are sure to have been brushed up in the autumn. Always take care of dead leaves. If they be kept something like two years, they will gradually have decayed and formed splendid 'leafmould' that we shall be glad to use, both for our pot plants and also to add to the soil of our gardens. If they are turned over two or three times and exposed to the weather, they decay the sooner. It is a good thing to add a little fresh lime to them.

If we have pot plants in the house, we need give them far less water in the winter than when they are more actively growing, as at other seasons of the year. If we over-water now, while the plant can only drink up a small quantity, the soil remains in a very wet state for a long time and turns what gardeners call 'sour.' And this 'sour' soil may cause the plant to die. For this same reason we must not let the water we do give, which drains through into the saucers, remain in them. The best plan is to empty it out as soon as it drains through. If you are growing daffodils or other plants that grow from bulbs, either in fibre, as so many children do nowadays, or in soil, you must keep these moist, but if in fibre, never fail to pour off the water that is not quickly sucked up, and be sure to let the bowls get

as much light and sunshine as possible.

F. M. Wells.

BIRD CAY.

By H. de Vere Stacpoole. (Continued from page 13.)

WHAT Captain Horn had upon his tongue was never uttered, for at that moment a slight movement behind made me spring round in my seat, and there at the door of the room stood Mr. Slimon. He had entered the shop so quietly that I had not heard him. It was a habit of his to go softly and take people by surprise, and there he stood, looking from me to the bottle upon the table, and from the bottle to the Captain.

'Good-evening, Captain,' said Mr. Slimon. 'Have

you been waiting long?

'Well, I mout a'been here an hour,' said the Captain, with a wink at me as if to assure me of secrecy with regard to the rum. 'I set here and smoked a pipe - set here waitin' for you and Mr. Bannister, and his nevvy set here with me.'

'I hope you have been comfortable,' said Mr. Slimon, passing round the table sideways, so that his face was turned all the time to the Captain, who had

resumed his seat.

'Ay, ay, comfortable enough,' replied the Captain, tapping the dottle out of his pipe into the palm of his hand. 'And, may I ask, have you come to any understanding with Mr. Bannister yet on this here traverse we was agreed upon?'

'Dick!' said Mr. Slimon, turning sharply to me without answering the Captain, 'the shop!

No one had entered, and there was no one to attend to; he wanted me out of the room and that was his method of ordering me to go. I rose from my chair, picked up my bag of school-books, and made for the door. As I left the room I caught the Captain's eye, and he winked at me again solemnly; not only that, but the thumb of his great hand lying upon the table made a twitch in the direction of Mr. Slimon. I do not know how he did it, but without saying a word and without Mr. Slimon noticing in the least, he managed to convey to me his slight opinion of that gentleman and his knowledge that I shared in it.

This, had I needed it, would have rounded off and

completed my liking for the Captain.

I spread my books on the counter, but as for study I might as well have left them in the bag. What was the 'traverse' in which Mr. Slimon was about to engage in with Captain Horn? The Captain had lost a toe in a traverse down south of the Antilles, fighting, you may be sure: had it chopped off most likely with a cutlass, or hit with a musket ball.

Was he a pirate?

In those days piracy was all but a thing of the past. British cruisers had nearly stamped it out, the great hawks of the sea had vanished, yet now and then came news of a ship's company missing, and taking a vessel and using her for plundering puringloriously poses — short-lived affairs ending enough; but for me and for my schoolmates there were pirates still alive, black-bearded, sailing the seas in schooners and hanging their victims, and being hanged themselves on yard-arms as pirates

In the midst of my speculations my uncle returned. He asked if Captain Horn had arrived, and on my answering him 'yes,' he went into the parlour, where I heard Mr. Slimon introducing him to the Captain. Then he looked into the shop and ordered me to put up the shutters. Mr. Prentice, my uncle's assistant, who did not live on the premises, usually did this,

but he was on a holiday to-day.

When I had finished I lit the lamp, and with my elbows on the counter returned to my books, but my uncle had not quite closed the door of the parlour, and through it I could hear the voices: Mr. Slimon's voice low, and as secretive as himself; my uncle's voice, and the voice of Captain Horn. I strained my ears, but could make out nothing very distinct; only

this, that my uncle seemed to be asking questions and Mr. Slimon and Captain Horn answering them. I had been straining my ears some little time, when a word came to them, uttered by Mr. Slimon in a high-pitched voice.

Gold!

This was too much for me, and moving cautiously along behind the counter till I reached the parlour door, there I stood and listened to the voice of the Captain, low-pitched and deep, and purring with a laugh in it as you might say. 'She won't fight us, gentlemen — she won't fight us,' the Captain was saying, and then the voice of Mr. Slimon seemed to cut into the Captain's voice like a thin wedge: but to be under-armed in a case like this is as bad as to be under-manned, fools' policy; put down a hundred and ten for the arms and ammunition, Richard,' and then my uncle's voice came like the voice of the clerk in church making the responses -'A hundred and ten.' They had lit the lamp in the parlour, and I could see the shadow of my uncle's head on the muffled glass of the door. Boy-like I put out my finger and touched the shadow, fear as though I were touching him, but without the fear of the clip on the head I would have received had he felt my finger.

Then I listened.

'Got that down?' said Mr. Slimon.

· Yes.

'Well, that's all.'

'All?' cried the Captain. 'Why, bless my soul, you haven't put the stores into her. What do yer think we were going to eat - the amminition?

The stores,' said Mr. Slimon, 'I will arrange for.' 'You won't,' said the Captain. 'I ain't going to sea with no condemned Admiralty stores aboard. don't mind weevils, but I must have biscuits as well. Boots on my feet is all right, but I'm going to have no old boots in my stomach, nor in the harness cask neither — and no blackbeetles in the molasses! Bread and beef is all I want.

'Look here,' said Mr. Slimon, 'I'll get the stores at Jervis's - will that suit you? I'll tell him to put

the best he has on board — will that suit you? 'Ay, ay,' said the Captain, 'Jervis is all right; get him to victual me and I don't grumble.'
'Then that's settled,' said Mr. Slimon.

I heard the Captain heaving himself up, my uncle's shadow rose and blocked the whole of the muffled panel of the door, and I darted back to my books on the counter.

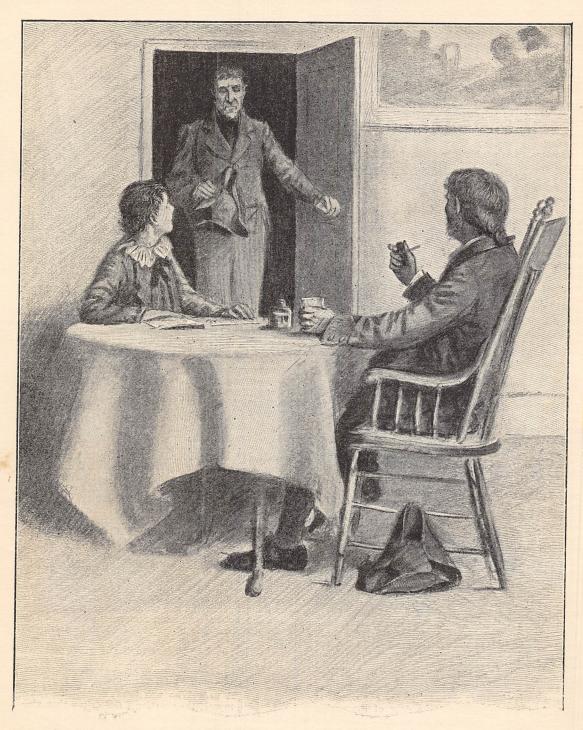
The Captain passed out accompanied by Mr. Slimon, and then Mrs. Service came down to lay our supper. During the meal I made several attempts to speak about the Captain, but my uncle would say nothing to lead the subject on. He seemed thoughtful and not at ease, as a man might seem who had pledged himself to a bargain of which he felt doubt-

As for me, I had come to the rightful conclusion that my uncle and Mr. Slimon were about to furnish out a ship for some purpose other than trade. Those words of the Captain were ringing in my ears: 'She

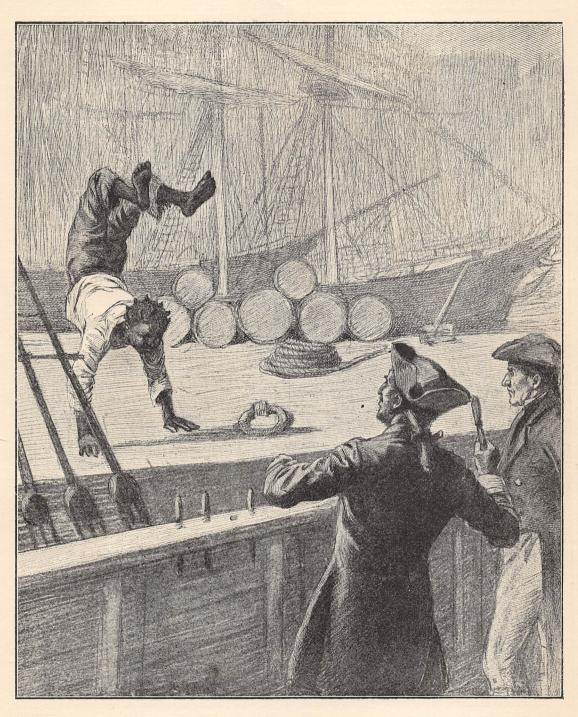
won't fight us.' Who was 'she?'

Asking myself the question I fell asleep that night. It had been the most eventful day in my life, for had I not spoken to a man once actually shipwrecked, and listened to him telling the story with his own lips?

(Continued on page 26.)



"There at the door stood Mr. Slimon,"



"Upside down he went."

BIRD CAY.

By H. de Vere Stacpoole. (Continued from page 23.)

CHAPTER III.

DAYS passed, and weeks, and I heard nothing more of the Captain. I might have fancied the whole thing a dream, but for my uncle, who ever since that night seemed absorbed in some thought of his own, and not a pleasant thought either, to judge by his temper. This was never good at the best of times, but nowadays he would snap up Mr. Prentice, the assistant, for the least fault or fancied fault, and he would give me a clip on the ear for nothing or next to nothing, and as for Mrs. Service he would work her up with grumbling at the food or the cooking till, unable to bear it all herself, she would pay it out on me, so that I was like a shuttle-cock between two battledores, glad enough to escape to school of a morning and sorry enough to return home at night.

Then came the holidays.

The very first morning of the holidays, a Monday, and the hottest Monday perhaps that ever dawned on London, Mr. Slimon appeared at the sign of the compass and ordered me to get myself ready to carry some parcels for him, as he was going down to the docks. I had never seen the docks, and you may be sure I was not long getting my hat. Mr. Slimon had a hackney coach at the door to carry us part of the way, and into it we got, I sitting on the first seat and he with the parcels beside him on the back. He gave me directions to keep my eye on the streets, and notice and remember their names, for he might have need to send me on a message the same way again. Then he took snuff for the rest of the journey and did not open his lips again, or only to quarrel over the fare with the driver when we drew up in the West India Dock Road.

Mr. Slimon pushed his way through the crowd, telling me all the time to keep my eyes open and to remember the way. We crossed the road, passed, making our way between drays and lorries and under horses' noses, and then, all at once, there in the midst of London, so to say, I found myself amongst ships. You'd have thought they had run aground. The ships I had seen up to this were ships in pictures: ships on rocks like that Spanish ship in Robinson Crusoe, ships sailing with the sea round them; but here were ships hove up on the streets, you might say, bowsprits pointing over walls, and figureheads so close you might almost touch them.

The sky was blue without a cloud, and all laced with masts and spars, and the little flags fluttering from the mast-tops seemed alive in the breeze; and I don't know where it came from, but here, though not a ship was moving, a feeling of freedom, and distance, and blowing winds came to me such as I had never felt before, such as I have never felt since, though I have sailed over half the world.

The smell of tar, and the smell of ropes and rotten wood, was strong and faint by turns, and there were green figure-heads all gone dull with sun and salt, and white figure-heads, some with yellow-painted crowns on them. Some of the ships looked new painted, but most of them, those I expect that were in from long voyages, were dull and rusty, with great black blisters where the sun had raised the paint.

As I followed Mr. Slimon, making my way between bales and boxes, and stepping over the great brown hawsers, I peeped now and then over the dock edge at the water between the ships, which, where it was not all glittering and shot over with colours from the coal-tar, showed itself green with the clear green that lies nowhere but in ship-shadows; but what struck me more than anything was the crying of the sailors who were warping a ship out from her moorings, which mixed itself with the creaking of cordage and the clanking of chains, the slatting of loose canvas and the sound of a fife, a shrill and shaking sound that mixed itself with everything from the sunlight to the fluttering flags.

'Here we are,' said Mr. Slimon, as he paused at a plank leading to a ship that was moored broadside

on to the wharf.

We had approached her from the stern end, and I read on her counter the name Albatross, without in the least knowing all that the name would mean to me; but when Mr. Slimon paused at the gang-plank I at once knew that the vessel was the mysterious ship which my uncle and Mr. Slimon were fitting out; and at a stroke all my imaginations and speculations swept down and roosted on her. She seemed enormous, yet she was only a brig of some three hundred tons, and as I followed my leader across the shaking gang-plank and stood on the ribbed deck between the high bulwarks, the great masts springing from the deck, the spars above, the standing rigging, the raffle of the running rigging, the boats, the anchors, the blocks — all cried out to me, telling me things I had never heard before, yet with which I seemed, somehow, acquainted.

A deck-house stood aft of the mizen-mast, and scarcely had we set foot on the deck than Captain Horn appeared from the door of the deck-house and greeted my companion. He nodded to me, and then, Mr. Slimou taking my parcels, they both went into the house, slut the door, and left me alone.

There in the hot sunshine in that strange place, alone, and with the bustle of the wharf at a distance, Adventure herself seemed standing beside me, and the old brig seemed to say, 'Come, touch me, feel me, pull on my ropes, clap your hand on my anchor: I'm real. I get away from the land, and then there's nothing but me, sea all round me and winds blowing, sailors on my deck, and I take them anywhere—

anywhere - anywhere.'

That is what the old brig said to me, and I answered her by playing with her as a puppy plays with its mother. I pulled on some of the falls, I examined the blocks of the purchases, I came forward and tried to shake the great anchor; the fo'cs'le hatch was open, and I peeped down into the darkness of the fo'cs'le; the capstan and capstan bars, the belaying pins, the old green-painted bell, the pump, all these I examined and felt and handled, till the old brig, if she had any pride in her; must have felt pleased, one would think; nay, I even smelt her, and she had twenty delicious smells—delicious to my nose, at least—from the tobacco, and slush lamp, and fusty smell of the fo'cs'le, to the hemp and tar smell of the ropes and hawsers.

I was turning from the galley, into which I had poked my head, when a loud 'Halloo!' from the wharf-side brought me facing round. On the wharf, dancing in the sun, shouting and grinning, all in tatters, and with his hair frizzed out and tied up in

little knots, was the most extraordinary black individual I had ever seen.

I was going to have called him a black man, but though he was of a man's size, his actions were so childlike, his whole appearance was so full of carelessness and fun, he seemed to have so little to do with the serious business of life, that even my boy's mind refused to give him the full title of man.

'Halloo!' cried the creature. 'Hi, massa white boy! ebber got a penny for Jam? Jam jump fo' penny, Jam him turn topside down -

Upside down he went, hands on the granite of the

wharf and bare feet kicking at the sun.

'Hi! Jam topside down now. Hi! Massa Johnson, ebber got a penny for Jam?

"Hi! Massa Johnson him gone out,

And the byes and the girls dey dance an' shout. Hi! Massa Johnson him gone away,

And the byes and the girls come out to play."

Hi! Massa Johnson! ebber got a penny for Jam?' He turned a somersault, then he stood there grinning and frying in the sun.

'Jam's hungry, massa — gib 'um biscuit.'

I was so taken with him that I put my hand in my pocket to search for some money. 'I have only a fourpenny-bit,' said I — just as one would say to a beggar-man, 'I have only a sovereign,' or, in other words, 'I have no change' - 'I have only a fourpenny-bit.'

'Fowpenny-bit! That'll do, massa. That'll do, massa. All the same to Jam. Chuck her up, massa;

see Jam ketch her.'

'What's your name, do you say?' I asked, fingering the coin, for it was my only possession in the way of money.

'Jam, massa. Chuck her up fo' she gets cold.

"Oh, the byes and the girls dey come out to play When the buckra massa him gone away."

I flung the coin to him. He caught it in mid-air, stuck it in his mouth, and next instant he was upside down again, this time walking about on the palms of his hands.

At this moment the door of the deck-house opened, Mr. Slimon and the Captain came out, and the figure on the quay, catching sight of them, and forgetting my existence, made - still walking on his hands towards the stern of the ship.

'Hi, Massa Capting, good-day, sar! Fine day, sar! You want cook, sar? Jam plenty fine cook, sar; bile um taters, sar. Hi! Massa Capting, Jam topside down now. Hi! Massa Capting, ebber got a biscuit for Jam?'

Captain Horn, after one glance at the figure on the wharf, made a dash at a belaying-pin, seized it from the bulwark, and made as if to fling it at his questioner. Next moment Jam was on his feet, and gone.

I never saw any one disappear so rapidly, and I thought I had never seen any one so completely careless and happy as Jam, and I was not a bit sorry I had given him my fourpenny-bit. He was worth it.

Captain Horn put the belaying-pin back without a word, and led the way to the gang-plank to see us off the ship.

(Continued on page 38.)

CROCKERY IN THE CHURCHYARD.

IN a certain country churchyard there is a curious grave. It is covered with broken glass and These fragments are intended to crockery-ware. symbolise the broken heart of an affectionate husband. Every time that a breakage occurs in his home he places the pieces on his wife's grave. Every morning he flings a pailful of water over this broken crockery to keep it clean. On the tombstone is the following inscription:

'She was -

But I forbear to tell you what: You all know what a loving wife should be -Well, she was that.

STONES AND THEIR STORIES.

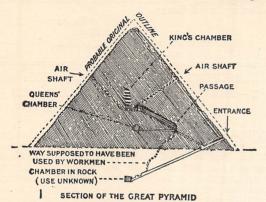
I. - THE BEGINNINGS IN ENGLAND AND EGYPT.

(Concluded from page 15.)

NOW let us look round the world and see where we can find the earliest evidences of architecture in the true sense of the word. Well, the earliest examples of buildings now known were found not very long since in the Euphrates valley, and next in order of age come the wonders of Egypt, remains which have stood in much the same condition for thousands of years, because the dry air keeps the stone from decaying. They are all of stone, and are either tombs or temples. I will describe one of the best-known—the Great Pyramid. There are many pyramids of various sizes, and, as no doubt you know, they are huge masses of stone built on square bases, the four walls being triangular and meeting in a point. The Great Pyramid was built by the order of a king (about 3700 B.C.) to form his grave. The religion of that time taught that a good soul would return to this world after three thousand years, and go back into its original body; so you see that is why they built such strong buildings to enclose their bodies, as they wanted to preserve them for at least three thousand years — and the pyramids have lasted as long as that! Let us see what this pyramid was like inside. In fig. 1 you have a section through the Great Pyramid. According to Professor Petrie, the sides of the base were seven hundred and fifty-five feet long and its height four hundred and eighty-one feet; but you must understand that the original surface has disappeared, and a bit has gone from the top. It was covered with polished granite, but time (and torrents) have worn it away, so that it is difficult to judge of the exact original size, but these figures must be very nearly right. To get some idea of these great lengths, you should measure out, say, twenty feet, and then try to think how much more seven hundred and fifty-five feet would be (nearly thirty-six times twenty feet). Or, better still, go and look at the lengths marked on golf-links; if you find a hole about two hundred and fifty-two yards, that will be about the length of the side of the Great Pyramid. Yet another help for you to judge this great length: it is about eleven and a half cricket pitches!

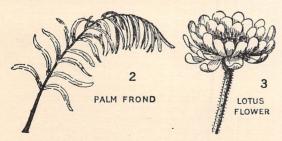
In fig. 1 you see the structure was simply a mass of stone, with quite a small chamber in the middle for the king's body, and another, lower, supposed to have been for the queen. The entrance was by a narrow passage, which ran down below the building in the rock on which it was built to a chamber of unknown use. A little way down there was a branch passage, and this led to the two burial chambers.

There are many striking points about the wonderful manner of building this pyramid, but I will only mention two or three. First, the wonder of the exactness of the measurements, the four sides not differing more than about one and a half inches. (This again is Professor Petrie's result.) The cutting of



the great mass of stone of which it is built was so exact that the joins can hardly be found! Another marvel and mystery is how they lifted and moved these great stones when they had no cranes or any mechanical helps as we have. How did the materials get there, as they must have been brought many miles? Of course time and human life were of no consequence; it is believed that about one hundred thousand men worked twenty years to build this pyramid!

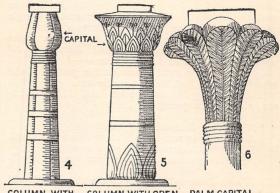
There are lots of other tombs and pyramids in Egypt, and also the remains of wonderful temples, pictures of which I expect you have seen. One of the main features of their temples was the great number and size of the columns they used, and these were of most quaint design. They took their ideas from nature, and the Lotus and the Palm were their two favourites (figs. 2 and 3). The lotus was esteemed by them because it was thought to be a sign of the



coming plenty, as it always appeared when the waters of the Nile fell after the rains. The palm is their chief form of tree. Fig. 4 is a column which has its capital (the upper portion) of a lotus bud, and the lower is supposed to be the stems, bound with cords. Fig. 5 shows a capital of a conventionalised open flower of lotus; and fig. 6 is founded on the palm.

Another curious ornament much used in painting

and sculpture is the Winged Asp (fig. 7). The globe is supposed to represent the sun; the wings, the wings of providence; and the asps were symbols of dominion. The Scarab, or sacred beetle, another



COLUMN WITH COLUMN WITH OPEN PALM CAPITAL
LOTUS BUD CAPITAL LOTUS FLOWER CAPITAL

common ornament, was a religious sign. All these ornaments and many others were frequently used on the walls in a very characteristic way. When made quite smooth the walls were covered with a thin layer of cement and coloured all over. The designs were then drawn on with red paint, the final corrections being made in black. The outlines were then



chipped out, and the enclosed forms slightly moulded by chipping, and the whole was coloured - red, blue, and yellow being the usual tints. Fig. 8 is a very frequent decoration, viz., lotus and water. Very fine representations of Egyptian architecture and decoration can be seen at the Crystal Palace, where whole courts are devoted to it. There can be seen a model of a sphinx (a curious mixture of man and animal) and other interesting objects. Better still are the wonders of the Egyptian collections at the British Museum, where are actual pieces of Egyptian work brought home, and real mummies! Also, we must not forget our 'Cleopatra's Needle' (which is not a needle, and has nothing to do with Cleopatra) which stands on the Thames Embankment as a constant reminder of the wonders of Egypt. You and I may never go to Egypt, but I am sure you will agree it is interesting to know something about it, and if we ever have the chance to go, why, I hope you would remember the little I have told you, and get hold of books and read the subject up well, so as to know what to look for and where to look!

E. M. Barlow.



IT was a gigantic fish, and an object to wonder at, in its great glass case on the wall. It measured nearly seven feet in length, and it was a trophy of which Hal's father was extremely proud.

Opposite the glass case was a window-seat, and here, after dinner, three boys sat and talked and

looked admiringly at the monster fish.

'Father caught it with a piece of mullet, and it weighs one hundred and seventy pounds! Think of that! ' said Hal, on the first night of the holidays, to the two friends who had come to spend a week with him.

'I have never heard of a tarpon,' said Norman Wood, 'It is a whopper!'

'Nor have I,' said the other friend. 'Where do they grow, Hal? Not round England, do they?'

'Donkey!' said Hal. 'They only grow right away in Florida and the West Indies, and some other places out there.'

'When I'm a man,' said Cuthbert, the third of the trio, 'the first thing I shall do will be to go to Florida and catch a tarpon. Think of it! having it always there, and when people looked at it, saying,

"I caught that!",

'Then you'll have to be a precious deal richer than you are now,' said Hal bluntly. 'I've heard Father say that tarpon-fishing is only a sport for the very wealthy. I know it cost heaps of money to get that

one stuffed and mounted and brought home safely.'
'Well,' said Cuthbert, 'I may have to wait till I
have made my fortune, but I shall go then like a

shot.'

'I should have asked Sir John to take me with him if he'd been my father,' said red-haired Norman.

'No, you wouldn't, stupid. There wasn't a me then, nor a you either.'

At that moment Sir John Martin and his wife strolled into the hall. 'Well, boys, what are you talking about?' said

Sir John. 'About the fish, Father,' said Hal.

'What, my old tarpon!' said Sir John, looking at

'Ah, boys, that was something it affectionately. like a day when I caught him!'

'I wish you would tell us how you caught it,'

Norman ventured to say.
'Do you, my boy? Well, come to my study in half an hour, and I will tell you, and show you my tarpon rod and tackle, and the hook I caught him

Sir John passed on to the study, but Lady Martin stayed for a few words with the boys.

'You haven't told me much about the circus,' she

'There was an awfully clever chap there,' said Norman. 'He did the most wonderful things with catching balls. Hal says he's sure he could do it.'

'Of course I mean if I practised,' said Hal, 'and we are going to practise a lot of the things we saw.'
'Very well,' said Lady Martin, 'but do be careful, my dears, and don't do anything dangerous.'

'I wonder,' said Hal, when they were alone, 'why mothers always think boys want to do dangerous things?

'Mothers are awfully nice,' said Norman, 'but I do think they are a little too particular. Fathers are quite particular enough.'

'I know why it is,' chimed in Cuthbert. 'Fathers have been boys, and just remember what it feels like, but, you see, mothers have only been girls.' 'That's it,' said Hal. 'Well, here goes! I s

with the ball-throwing.

'Where are your indiarubber balls? They must be soft, or else you couldn't catch them on your head.'

'You wait a bit, Norman. I am going to use Father's new golf balls. The juggler's were not indiarubber.'

'Golf balls are too hard, Hal.'

'You shut up! Wait till I've fastened a box on

my head to catch them in, then they'll do finely.'
'I'm just going to wait here and watch you,' said
Norman, in an exasperating tone, 'because I don't believe you could do it.'

'Oh, don't you?' said Hal, sneeringly. 'Then

you'll jolly well have to eat your words directly,' and he set to work.

A cricket cap with a cardboard collar-box firmly attached to it was drawn down on his head, the open box forming the cup for the balls.

'Those balls would hurt if any-one did catch them like that, but I've no fears for your noddle,' said

'Will you shut up?' said the juggler, and up went a ball.

'One!'

Hal, with a good imitation of the professional juggler's methods, stretched out his head and neck ready for the tap that would announce its arrival in

'Yah!' cried Norman sarcastically. 'Got him?' The ball had landed on a skin rug, and was nowhere to be seen. Hal waited a moment, and then looked up in the air as though he expected to see it still hovering over his head.

Three more balls went up, and though the 'cup' dodged from side to side, the balls went anywhere

but where they were intended.

Then Hal looked round. 'I shall have to give up,' he said. 'I'm afraid of hitting something.'

'O-ho!' said Norman. 'Say at once that you can't do it.'

'But I can.'

'You never thought of it being dangerous till you found you couldn't do it,' said his tormentor.

I can do it,' said the amateur juggler hotly. He snatched another ball, and with a quick angry jerk threw it up. Crick - crack - crash! There was a horrid sound of broken glass.

'The tarpon! Oh! the tarpon!' It was Hal's

horrified cry

The crash had been heard beyond the hall, and the servants came running. Lady Martin came from the drawing-room, and then Sir John hurried in. A kind of shiver went round. Even the servants knew how proud Sir John was of his great fish. There it stood, partially hidden by a huge irregular star of broken glass, while, apparently stuck into its shining back, was one of its owner's new golf balls.

'Whose doing is this?' said Sir John, and he said it so quietly that every one knew that he was ex-

tremely angry.

Hal stepped out of the group. He was white as the golf-ball itself: 'Mine, Father.'

'Come into the study.'

Sir John strode back to his room, and Hal followed. The door was shut, and no one knew what happened inside.

The servants disappeared, whispering together, and Cuthbert and Norman were left alone in the hall.

They both felt painfully dejected, and sat down on There was no the usual seat without speaking. sound to be heard from the study.

The clock struck nine as Hal at last emerged and made for the staircase, only saying as he passed them, 'Going to bed.'

Norman and Cuthbert looked at each other, and

Cuthbert gave a low whistle.

Then the study door opened again and Sir John came out. 'Well, boys,' he said, 'I am sorry this should have happened, but Hal knew better, and I am very much annoyed with him. I think if I were you I would get off to bed too, and we shall all feel better to-morrow.'

The two young visitors set off very quietly, and it would have been difficult to say which felt the more miserable.

When all was quiet Sir John took his own lamp, and made a careful examination. 'The young

scamp! ' he said to himself.

Lady Martin joined him and held the lamp, while he, with the aid of a paper-knife, poked in among the long glass splinters and dislodged the golf ball from its resting-place.

Is it much damaged, John?' asked Lady Martin. 'Not much,' said Sir John. 'When the broken glass is taken off there is only a slight depression, and I shall wire to Collins to attend to it. But Master Hal must not be let off too easily.'

'Oh, John, don't be hard on him. I felt quite upset when they came to bid me good-night - and just

before they were all looking so happy.

'Young rascals! They were very noisy.'

'Oh, but I shouldn't like it if they were too quiet,' said Lady Martin. 'I should know something was wrong. Hal's friends are such nice boys: I am so taken with Norman.'

'What, the red curly-haired one? Yes, I like the lad too,' said her husband. 'He has such a plain, honest face. What's that?'

Both stepped back from the tarpon-case and Lady Martin set the lamp on the table. Down the staircase came 'the red curly-haired one.' He hesitated a moment, then came boldly over to Sir John.

'I thought you were in bed, young man,' said Sir

John. 'Is anything the matter?'

'I wanted to speak to you, sir,' said the boy. 'I wanted to tell you it was really my fault, and I am very sorry.

'Oh, indeed!' said Sir John. 'How's this? You

didn't both throw the ball, did you?'

No, sir, but if it hadn't been for me, Hal would never have thrown it that time. He stopped before and said it was dangerous, but I told him he only said that because he found he couldn't do it, so he had to do it again.'

'Oh, I see,' said Sir John. 'Well, that does put a

rather different light on it.'

'And I wanted to tell you that I have got two pounds, and that I should like to pay to have the tarpon mended.

Sir John smiled, and Lady Martin, who had been

quite silent, turned away.
'Thank you, my boy. That is very kind of you, and I am glad you offered, but I don't want you to do that. I was very angry, for you know it was a foolish thing to be throwing hard balls indoors with glass about, and I value my old tarpon. But now' and he placed his hand on the boy's shoulder-'I want you to just look in at Hal and tell him I have decided to say no more about it. I shall send for some one to see to it at once, and we will forget the whole matter. I know you are both sorry to have damaged my fish.'

'We are, sir,' said Norman feelingly. 'It's such a

stunner!

It is,' said Sir John. 'Well, that's all. It's holiday-time, and we are all going to enjoy it. Good-night, my boy.'

Norman shook Sir John's hand with a convulsive kind of grip, and with a choking sound that was meant for a 'Good-night, sir,' he made for the stairs. As he passed Lady Martin she held out her hand,

and bending down, gave him a kiss, just as she did Hal, and said, 'Good-night, my dear,' and then he

disappeared up the stairs.

It was half-an-hour later that he stole out of Hal's room in the dark, but he put his head in again to say another word, though it had to be in a whisper: 'Good-night, Hal, old chap; but I say, what a brick of a father!' L. Manville Fenn.

RAIN FAIRIES.

THEN grey clouds and black clouds Cover up the sky, The Rain Fairies hurry up, And won't let them lie: O Rain Fairies, wash the clouds And hang them up to dry!

Grey clouds and black clouds
Were piling high, last night,
But the Rain Fairies worked away
From dark on to light,
And in the morning all the clouds
Were clean washed and white.

Then the little winds came singing, And dried them very soon, And blew them all across the sky Before the afternoon, To the Clean-Cloud-Basket Behind the Silver Moon.

THE PRINCE'S PORTRAIT.

A GREAT painter was once ordered to make a faithful portrait of an Eastern prince. The prince was a good-looking man, except for one blemish on the cheek, just beside his right eye. His father insisted on having an almost full-face portrait, and as this gentleman had a habit of cutting-off the head of any one who displeased him, the situation was rather awkward. What was the poor painter to do? How could he avoid painting that ugly blemish and yet be truthful? But he found a way out of the difficulty. He painted the prince with his head leaning on one hand, the forefinger of which just touched his brow, thus covering the sear. We may attach a good 'moral' to this little tale.

We may attach a good 'moral' to this little tale. Just as the painter made the best of the prince's face, so should we make the best of other people's characters. Never unkindly expose their defects.

characters. Never unkindly expose their defects.

'We surely owe to men,' says Emerson, 'the same duty as we owe to pictures—to try to see them in the best light.'

E. D.

ELECAMPANE.

HIGH was the place during past centuries that the Elecampane had, amongst the plants held in esteem because of their virtues; but we do not hear much about it now. The plant has not changed; perhaps it was over-valued. The fact certainly remains that many of these old herb remedies worked out cures quite as successful as those of modern science. It may have been that folk then had more faith in their simple remedies than we have in stronger ones, or somehow they were easier to cure. Even now, however, the elecampane is employed in physic, and helps to flavour sweetmeats too, for in some English counties 'elecampane rock' is made and regularly eaten by youngsters, though I have not come upon a sample of it. The flavour is warm or aromatic; it would not be a bad thing to have

a piece before going out on a cold winter's night. Two thousand years ago, or more, the cooks of old Rome used this plant to flavour sauces and broths,

much to the pleasure of epicures.

If we know a little about flowers, we at once see that the elecampane belongs to the large family of plants called Composites, being related to the colt'sfoot, the camomile, the daisy, the garden cineraria, the sunflower, and many more of all sizes. Formerly, the elecampane was often grown as a garden flower, and it may still be observed adorning cottage gardens, in the South of England chiefly. It grows wild in various parts of Britain, and there is also a smaller species, with fleshy leaves, the flowers rather of an orange tint. The great elecampane rejoices in moisture, preferring the banks of streamlets or marshy ground. Its stem may be three or four feet high; the leaves, which are woolly, cling round the stem. The flowers are few and of a bright yellow, but of good size, and the rays stand up all round the disc.

The name of elecampane is supposed to have been taken from the words enula campane in some jingling Latin rhymes, written in praise of the plant by some of the old monks. Pliny, the Roman, recommended people who had loose teeth to chew the herb, because it would tighten them in the gums. It is not, however, particularly astringent like some plants, though very bitter and aromatic. The root was the chief part used in medicine, being dried and powdered, or else boiled in water. Owing to the belief that the plant was very good for horses, it had also the name of 'horse-heal,' and the Danes formerly knew it as the elf-wort: the idea was ever prevalent that elves or fairies visited the plant, and hence its good qualities. Elecampane was specially esteemed as a cure for colds and coughs, or any kind of weakness, and the juice was supposed to prevent the ill-effects of bites or stings. J. R. S. C.

SALUTING A VISITOR.

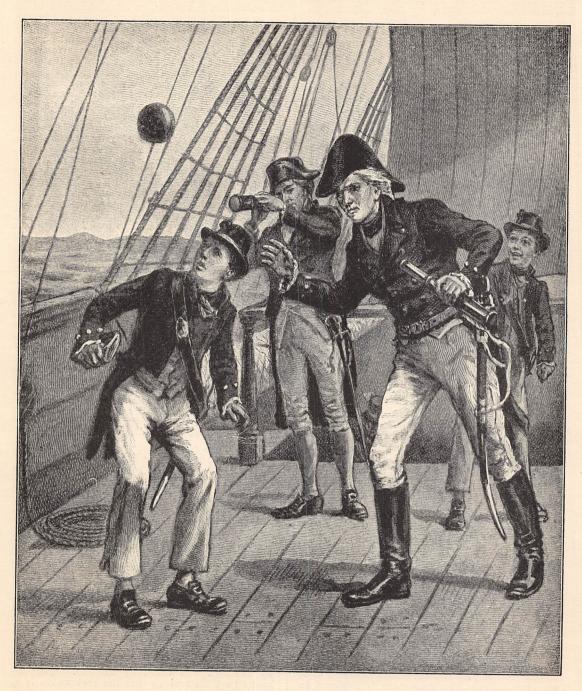
DURING an engagement in the Napoleonic wars between a French corvette and an English frigate, the following incident, according to a midshipman, occurred directly after the Frenchman opened fire.

'At three o'clock we had the Jean Bart perfectly in sight, and we could from the foreyard observe well the motions of those on deck. The Frenchman was getting aft his two long brass bow-chasers, and very soon we had the report from the said brass bellowers themselves, followed by the whistling of the shot, one wide of the ship, but the other smack through our foresail.

'Most of our officers, myself with the rest, were standing on the forecastle. Though not the first shot that I had seen fired in anger, it certainly was the first that had ever hissed by me. This first salute is always a memorable epoch in the life of a

soldier or sailor.

'By the rent the shot made in the foresail, it could not have passed more than two yards directly over my head. I was taken by surprise. Everybody knows that the rushing that the shot makes is excessively loud. As the illustrious stranger came on board with so much pomp and ceremony, I, from the impulse of pure courtesy, could not do otherwise than bow to it, for which act of politeness the first lieutenant gave me a tingling box on the ear.'



"I could not do otherwise than bow."

ing the light of the same of



"I kept my gun in my hand and waited."

THE WHITE BEAR'S CHALLENGE.

CAPTAIN RONALD LANG, who had spent more than thirty years on board whaling ships in the Arctic Sea, could claim with some pride that he had never set forth on a hunting expedition without bringing back some kind of trophy. Consequently the little 'snuggery' in his home at Tunbridge Well's was practically a museum.

When Captain Lang showed me the room, he told many stories of the dreary land of snow, and explained that after each hunting expedition he had prepared a short record of his adventures, to be placed beneath the booty when he returned to Eng-

'All these stories,' he said, 'are fixed on to the skins and the horns and the various other things in this room, with one exception. There is one record which is written out in plain English letters, and vet I can't leave it here with the others. bound to carry it about with me all my life.

'The incident happened when I was second mate of the Ocean, a whaling ship of four hundred and fifty tons, and a friend of mine, John Latham, was the mate. We had come pretty deep among the ice, the winds were light, and there was little to do, so Latham and I took our guns and got into a boat with two of the crew. Half a mile away was the edge of an ice-field, and at the nearest point a huge block of ice stood out of the water like a great cape, which, in honour of our mate, we had named

Latham's Point.

'Well, we rowed in the direction of the ice, and when we got near we saw, standing on the edge of it, a big white bear. She had seen us before we saw her, and she stood still, wondering, apparently, whether we were going to attack her. We got our guns ready, and then the bear retreated slowly, watching us all the while, until she was about twelve feet from the water. Then she came forward again and stood watching us fixedly, while I stood up in the boat to look at her and to get ready to fire. Once again she retreated, and once again she came back, until it seemed to me that she was inviting us on, just as a dog is said to summon its master in times of danger. I kept my gun in my hand and waited. The white bear repeated the manoeuvre several times, until I was convinced, as clearly as if she had spoken, that she was actually daring me to come ashore and fight her on her own ground. I dare say I was quite wrong, and that the truth was she had never before seen a man, and was doubtful as well as curious as to the meaning of what she saw; but I was then neither very old nor very wise, and at any rate I understood her to be making a challenge, and I was ready to accept it. If she was anxious for a fight, I was willing to attack her on her own terms. "After all," I told myself, "a fair duel is always better than one-sided hunting, and if she is ready, so am I."
'With that I had the boat pulled close to the ice,

which at that place stood some four feet above the water, and I asked the other men in the boat not to give me any help. First I placed my gun on the ice, and then caught hold of the slippery "field" with my hands. I dragged myself up a little way, and got one leg up. There I hung, clinging to the ice with two hands and one foot, in imminent danger of slipping back into the boat. Then I looked

up at the bear, who all the while had been standing some few yards away, watching me with a curious expression as if she had no idea of my purpose. Before I had time to get a firmer hold of the ice, she came towards me with a shambling sort of a trot, which was too slow to be called a charge, and too quick for a walk. Letting go with one hand, and supporting myself with difficulty, I seized the gun midway between the stock and the barrel. bear came up, and I struck at her with all the strength I could spare, hoping that she would then retreat and give me time to clamber on to the ice. But, thanks to the awkwardness of my position, the blow was a weak one, which she hardly felt and entirely disregarded. Instead of stopping, she came on, and a second later I felt her claws in my arm, and knew that an undignified retreat was now my only chance. For an instant she shifted her claws, and at the same moment I let go of the ice and fell back into the boat.

'The men rowed rapidly away, leaving the bear still watching us from the edge of the ice with an expression of great interest, and undoubtedly mistress of the situation. Latham, who knew something of bandaging, tied up my arm as best he could, and then stood up in the boat with his gun at his

"Let her go," I said. "Let her go, man. She has won the battle, and she deserves to live in her

glory."

'Latham was very unwilling to leave so magnificent a chance of avenging my wounds and at the same time securing a valuable skin, but my entreaties prevailed, and we rowed back to the ship.

'And now,' added Captain Lang, 'I suppose you would like to see the trophy that I kept after that little expedition. Well, here it is.' And with that he rolled back his sleeve and showed me the four scars that marked where the bear's claws had pierced his flesh.

'There,' he said, 'is the record which, as I told you, I always keep.'

Underneath the scars I saw that he had tattooed upon his arm in four rings these words: 'The white bear of Latham's Point was victor in a fair duel.'

SOME NOTABLE ROSE-BUSHES.

O far as is shown, the oldest rose-bush is that on the wall of Hildesheim Cathedral. At any rate, it can be traced back with certainty to the eleventh century, when, as the records testify, it was an item of expense to the caretakers of the Cathedral.

The rose-bush at Hildesheim is not only very old; it is also very large. Its main trunk has a thickness of twenty inches, and the branches spread over

the wall to a height of twenty-five feet.

Another very big rose-bush is one of the 'Banksia' variety at the Castle of Chillon, on Lake Geneva, and there is a still larger one of the same kind in the Marine Gardens of Toulon. The latter spreads itself over a space eighty feet wide and fifteen feet high. It has as many as fifty thousand flowers in bloom at the same time!

In the Wehrle Gardens in Friesburg is a bush one hundred and sixteen feet high. The stock is wild rose; the graft, made about thirty years ago, a tea rose of the kind called 'Chromatella.' This is the very biggest rose-tree in Germany - probably in Europe,

PUZZLERS FOR WISE HEADS.

2. — CHARADE.

If you spell another way My first syllable, you'll find Dinner for a winter's day, When you're carefully inclined.

If my second one you say Otherwise, you then will see What we'll have to do one day, Whether it be you or me.

If you take my third ('tis brief), You will get a simple sound; Sometimes it is pain or grief, Sometimes ecstasy profound.

If you take the three in one They will show to you a place Where good work is often done, Where are beauty, art, and grace.

(Answer on page 75.)

ANSWER TO 'TWO DOZEN BURIED CAPITALS OF THE WORLD' ON PAGE 3.

1.-1. Delhi.

9. Kingston. 10. Berlin.

2. London, Rome.

3. Bombay, Teheran. 11. Washington, Wellington.

C. J. B.

4. Cairo, Berne. 5. Pretoria. 6. Pekin.

12. Victoria, Lima. 13. Madrid, Lisbon. 14. Paris, Adelaide.

7. Durban. 8. Cape Town. 15. Christiania, Ottawa.

16. Buda-Pesth.

FALSE ALARMS.

HOW late you are, Cecil! What has kept you?' Cecil flung his satchel of books on to the nearest chair, and seated himself opposite his sister at the round schoolroom table. 'We've had such a row on at school,' he said. 'I'll tell you about it if you promise to keep it to yourself.'
'Of course I will!' Dora's voice sounded rather

hurt. 'You know I never let out secrets.'

'Well, it was about those alarum watches that some of the chaps have got,' began Cecil. know I told you how Tomkins set his so that it would go off in the middle of science class the other day, and then slipped it into a new chap's pocket. Well, that's been done to three or four different fellows now, and old Dale has got just about sick of it. He called us into the hall to-day and gave us a fearful lecture, and said that the next time a boy was found with an alarum watch on him in school hours, he should knock off all his conduct marks for the rest of the term.'

'It's a good thing you haven't got one,' remarked Dora. 'How awful if you lost all those marks just as you've worked up so splendidly for Mr. Dale's prize! Mother has so set her heart on your winning

it!

Cecil munched his bread and butter in silence for a few minutes; then he spoke again, rather hurriedly: 'As I was coming home to-night I came across the new chap whom Tomkins played the trick on. He didn't know any one was near, and he was snivelling to himself, so I got off my bicycle to see

what was the matter. It took some time to get it out, but at last I got him to tell me. He's had next Saturday's holiday stopped because of the row about the watch, and he didn't like the idea of going home and telling his mother. Saturday is her birthday, and they were going to have some treat.'
'Poor boy!' exclaimed Dora. 'How mean of Tomkins to let him get punished. Can't you do anything to stop it, Cecil?'

'I'm going to try,' replied Cecil. 'I'll tell Tomkins about it, and see if he won't clear the kid. The worst of it is, he and I are practically level for Mr. Dale's prize now, and if he owns up he may lose a lot of marks. I'm so afraid he will think that's why I'm asking him.'

He couldn't think such a thing of you,' exclaimed Dora, indignantly. 'You simply must try to get the

new boy's holiday back — it's only fair.'

Tomkins leaned back against the palings of the cricket-field and laughed in Cecil's face. 'Don't be an ass! Of course I'm not going to get myself into a scrape for a kid like that. Every new boy has to put up with a bit of ragging. We've all been through it, and it's only fair we should do our share later on.'

Then he suddenly stopped laughing, and looked at cil sneeringly. 'Oh, I see!' he said. 'It's only Cecil sneeringly. 'Oh, I see!' he said. 'It's only just struck me! I wondered why you had started this idea of helping the new boys. Of course it would give you a fine leg up from me in marks.'

And with this parting thrust he turned away and

left Cecil alone.

Dora's disappointment and anger knew no bounds when Cecil told her that night of the failure of his efforts. He was tired and out of spirits, and started off to school next morning with a heavy heart. The early hours of lessons seemed to drag slowly by, and the eleven o'clock 'break' was more than usually welcome. Cecil seized his hat and was running down to the cricket-field when Tomkins overtook him and caught him by the shoulder. 'You sneak,' he began, his face ablaze with anger, 'I'll teach you to write anonymous letters and get me into scrapes — I'll pay you out! '

Cecil looked at him with a white, startled face. 'I don't know what you mean,' he said.

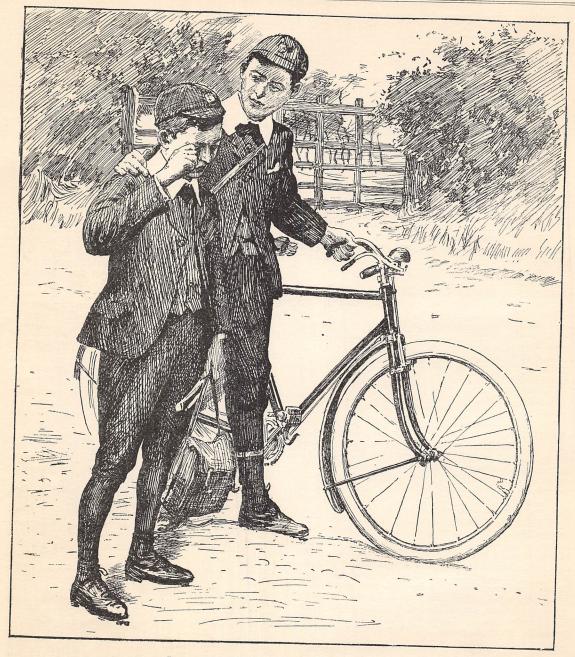
It's no good telling lies about it,' retorted Tomkins. 'Old Dale called me into his study this morning and showed me the letter — I read it myself! Just what you said to me in the field yesterday. Oh, well, you've got what you want now. The kid's got his holiday, and you're a hundred marks ahead of me.'

So saying, and without waiting for a reply, he turned away and joined a group of boys who were making their way towards the playing-ground.

Cecil stood quite still in the pathway. His mind felt dazed, and he put his hand confusedly to his head. What did it all mean? Who could have written the letter? Would he ever be able to convince Tomkins that it was not his doing?

Dora had finished tea and was writing at the schoolroom table when Cecil came home that eve-

ning. 'Dora, I'm done—I've lost the prize, he sale slowly. 'The school missionary came down to address us this afternoon, and in the middle of it all I'm done - I've lost the prize,' he said an alarum went off in my pocket. Old Dale sent me



"I got off my bicycle to see what was the matter."

out of the room there and then, and I'm disqualified for the prize.'

'Oh, Cecil! Whose watch was it?' cried Dora.
'Tomkins', for a certainty,' replied Cecil, and then
he told her the story of what had happened that morning.

Dora's eyes grew big with misery as she listened. 'Cecil, how can I tell you?' she said at last. 'I

wrote the anonymous letter! I wanted to help the other boy, and I never thought it could hurt anybody but Tomkins.'
'Dora!' called her father's voice from the study below, 'I want you to take a message at once to Colonel Simmonds. Come down, and I'll give it you.' Dora raced downstairs, and it was half-an-hour before she reappeared. She burst excitedly into the

schoolroom. 'Cecil! It's all right!' she said. 'I've been to the school and seen Tomkins and Mr. Dale, and everything's cleared up. Tomkins was quite a brick. He said it was an awfully mean trick to have played on you, but he really thought you wrote the letter, and was simply mad with you. When he heard that I wrote it he never stopped for a minute, but went and told Mr. Dale. And then I saw him and explained to him too, and begged him to let Tomkins off, as it was mostly my fault that he'd done it.'

Cecil's face glowed with happiness. 'You're a real sportsman, Dora!' he said. 'I'll go off at once and make it up with old Tomkins, and —I know what I'll do! I'll spend the half-crown Uncle Tom gave me on a ticket for him to see the motor races with us on Saturday —I heard him say he'd give anything to see them, and I'd like to do him a decent turn.'

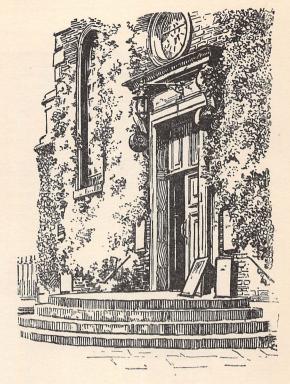
Viola Vivian.

OLD ENGLAND.

I. - COVENT GARDEN AND ITS MARKET.

SEVEN hundred years ago, there stood near the eastern boundary of the city of Westminster a shady garden, planted with trees and flowering shrubs, and tended by the monks from the Abbey of St. Peter. For in those days the monastery of the church of St. Peter (which is now called Westminster Abbey) owned many acres of land in different parts of London, and among them this Convent Garden. By the side of the Thames for a quarter of a mile, and then across the little lane that has now become the Strand, the monks came daily to water, dig, and plant, and occasionally to rest under the shady trees.

After King Henry VIII. dissolved the monasteries



The Entrance-St. Paul's Church, Covent Garden.



St. Paul's Church, Covent Garden, and the Market.

and gave their lands to his courtiers, the Convent Garden of Westminster came into the hands of John, Duke of Bedford. The Duke built himself a mansion beside it, and laid out as a park the land between it and the Strand. The trees that grew close to the wall in the park spread as they grew until their branches mingled with those of a small grotto in the garden whose shade was found 'most pleasant in the summer season,' and it was here that were placed the tables and benches for the first stall of Covent Garden Market. But although the use of the garden was changed, it still kept its old name, since 'Covent' was only another form of the word 'Convent.'

From a few benches and stalls the market grew to be a little cluster of sheds along the south wall of the square. Then when Bedford House was pulled down, and Southampton Street and Tavistock Street were built in its place, the pressure of traffic drove the salesmen towards the centre of the square, until they reached the spot over which a later Duke of Bedford has built for them a large stone arcade and courtyard.

In the time of King James I., Francis, the fifth Duke of Bedford, sent for Inigo Jones, the most famous architect of his day, and said that he wished him to build a church close to the walls of Bedford House. 'But I would have you take care that it be not costly,' insisted the Duke. 'If needs be, the church must be plain and bare, even if it is no better than a barn.'

'Then,' said Inigo Jones, 'you shall have the handsomest barn in England,' and he set to work to model his designs on those of a barn, with plain square walls and a gabled roof. Yet the overhanging eaves of this roof give beauty to the church. They slope down for more than a yard beyond the walls, and give to the building a rustic air that easily suggests an old wooden barn in some village field. The only decoration on the outside of the church is a great stone portico with high arches at the sides and two pillars in the middle. But unfortunately the portico is useless, for there is no door behind it. The ornamental portico had to face the Duke of Bedford's house, which was at the east: and the chancel had also to be at the east end of the church. So that, since the entrance could not be behind the chancel, a false doorway is built into the wall at the back of the portico, while the true entrance is at the west end, farthest from what is now the market.

In the year 1795 the whole of the church except the stone portico was destroyed by fire, but three years later it was rebuilt from the old designs. The portico itself had to be renewed forty years ago, but the church that overlooks the market to-day is in shape and design the same as that built by Inigo Jones.

The square at Covent Garden was at one time a favourite promenade. The Dandies, who were so much heard of in the reign of King George the Fourth, met here to walk and talk with their friends and to display their fine clothes. Some of the richest of them lived in the houses that looked on to the square, and the colonnade or piazza which was built round two sides of it was often chosen for the scene of their duels. At the old Covent Garden Coffeehouses they met in the evenings, to laugh at the doings of their fellows and to boast of their own adventures.

The Market-place began as a grass-covered garden; it was paved with stone and became a fashionable walking-place; now it has become the largest and busiest flower and fruit market in the world. At three o'clock in the morning its courtyard is crowded with waggons and trucks, bringing fruit and vegetables from farms in the country and from fruit gardens in every part of Europe to be distributed over London, and throughout the day the scene is one of continual bustle and noise. The roadway is crowded with carts, and the pavement is piled high with boxes and baskets of fruit, so that it is difficult for any one who stands in Covent Garden to remember that this was once the quiet and peaceful garden of the monastery of St. Peter at Westminster.

G. Belton Cobb.

BLOSSOMS OF THE YEAR.

II. — CELANDINE.

CELANDINE, thy star-like face, Now in every sunny place, Tells us spring creeps on apace.

Many a promise thou dost bring, Many a tale of coming spring, Flowers, and birds that soon will sing.

Golden star of many rays, Shining in these wintry days, Who could fail to sound thy praise?

Well may we rejoice, and thank Him Who filled this sunny bank With such treasures, rank on rank.

E. M. H.

BIRD CAY.

By H. de Vere Stacpoole. (Continued from page 27.)

M.R. SLIMON went first, and as I followed my eye caught the eye of the Captain, who winked at me solemnly, and made a jerk with his thumb in the direction of my uncle's partner. His opinion of that gentleman could not have been conveyed in a better manner by words, and, though we had never spoken on the subject, Mr. Slimon formed a bond of union between us; for, much as Captain Horn disliked and disrespected his new owner, he could not have disliked or disrespected him more than I did.

'I have to see a merchant on business,' said Mr. Slimon, when we were back in the West India Dock Road. 'Here is threepence; you will return to Cornhill, purchase yourself some bread and cheese on the way. It is scarcely an hour's walk, and as you return note well the streets you pass through, as I may require you to take a message on a future occasion.'

He walked off, his mean figure buttoned up in the snuff-coloured coat, and I took my way back, glad enough to be free of him.

CHAPTER IV.

Several times during the next few weeks I was sent on messages to the docks. The old brig was all of a bustle now, for the hatches were off, and the cargo going in. Captain Horn would take Mr. Slimon's messages without a word more than 'Ay, ay!' or 'All right, sonny!' He would be without his coat, sitting on a hatch-edge, or leaning on the bul-

warks, either chewing or smoking tobacco, and with his eye on the lading, breaking out now and then to shout to an acquaintance on the wharf, or to abuse one of the stevedores; but he did not mind my idling about the ship and asking him questions.

There was one question that burned my tongue, but I never asked it: the question about the bars of gold and the ship that would not fight. Here there was nothing to hint of anything but in the way of trade: a trading brig with open hatches, barrels and crates and boxes being lowered into the hold; an old sea-captain, with a mahogany-coloured face, watching the lading; yet something beyond the conversa-tion I had overheard told me that this was no trading voyage, or only a trading voyage in part. It may have been Mr. Slimon's frequent visits to my uncle, and the fact that they would sit consulting for hours at a time in the parlour, with the door shut; it may have been the alteration in my uncle's manner; whatever it was I had the conviction that something secret, unlawful, and delightful was going

All I had ever read or heard from my companions of smugglers, pirates, and desperate deeds of the sea came back to me, and at night, lying in bed, I would be on board the Albatross, surrounded by all sorts of ruffians armed with cutlasses, and the deck would be laden with bars of gold taken from the ship that wouldn't fight.

The most blood-thirsty project would not have stirred my imagination nearly so much as that halfheard conversation. What sort of ship was she, gold-

laden, yet unable to defend herself?

Every summer my uncle, towards the end of July, would take me down for a fortnight's holiday to a cottage which he rented near Ware, in Hertfordshire, but this summer he had determined to go alone. Mr. Slimon wanted me, it seemed, at the factory and to run messages. The prospect did not please me at all; running on messages I did not mind, but the factory and Mr. Slimon both together were too much for me, and I determined to run away. I determined to run away and hide somewhere about the docks, to wait till the brig was about to sail, and to hide myself on board of her. The idea came to me as naturally as the idea of eating my dinner; the old brig had been calling to me for weeks; it seemed as easy as possible, boy that I was, to put my project into execution, and the very day my uncle left I began directly after breakfast collecting such things as I thought I might want and making a bundle of them.

Whilst I was thus engaged I heard a voice hailing me from below. It was Mr. Slimon's. I came down with a very red face, and if he had been in his ordinary watchful mood he would have noticed my confusion, and maybe asked questions; but he was in a hurry. He had a small box to be carried after him to the docks, and, just as on the first day, he had a hackney coach at the door to take us to the Dock

It would have cost him sixpence for a boy to do the job, and that is why he took me; so that to Mr. Slimon's meanness I may attribute the part I played

in Captain Horn's adventures.

When we got to the wharf, I instantly noticed a difference in the Albatross. Not only were the decks swarming with men, but a blue flag was at her fore; the sails were half-slacked, loose, and the old brig had altogether an indescribable appearance of life;

she was like a person awakened from a long sleep, and rubbing her eyes. 'I'm off, I'm off!' - if she had cried it to me with a human voice she could not have said it more distinctly; her fluttering bluepeter, the bunts of canvas slatting to the breeze, the sailor-men shouting, all told the same tale.

'Mr. Slimon,' I said, 'when does she start?'
'In an hour,' replied Mr. Slimon, elbowing his way through the crowd that a departing ship always draws to her. 'In an hour, when the tide turns. Now, mind that box, and don't be star-gazing! Dear, bless my soul! have you no eyes in your head?' A hawser had nearly tripped me up, but I did not

heed the shock or the anger of Mr. Slimon. The thought that the old brig was to start without me cast everything else out of my mind. The brig, absurd as it may seem, had become a human thing for me. I vow that I loved her decks as much as ever a boy loved the face of some mature charmer of thirty or forty. The blocks and sheets and tackles, the standing rigging, the masts and spars — all these had for me a romance and power of attraction extraordinary and beyond telling; and now she was crying, 'I'm off, I'm off!' waving her flag to me, and not seeming to care a bit.

'Are you going with her, sir?' I asked, emboldened by my disappointment, and not caring much whether Mr. Slimon gave me a clip on the ear or

not for my inquisitiveness.

'Only as far as Tilbury,' replied Mr. Slimon. 'Here, give me the box, and now cut away back. Go first to the factory, and give my respects to Mr. Tellson, the overseer; tell him I shall not be back to-night, but to expect me to-morrow morning; then you can return home and have your tea. Here is fourpence for your trouble; now be off.'

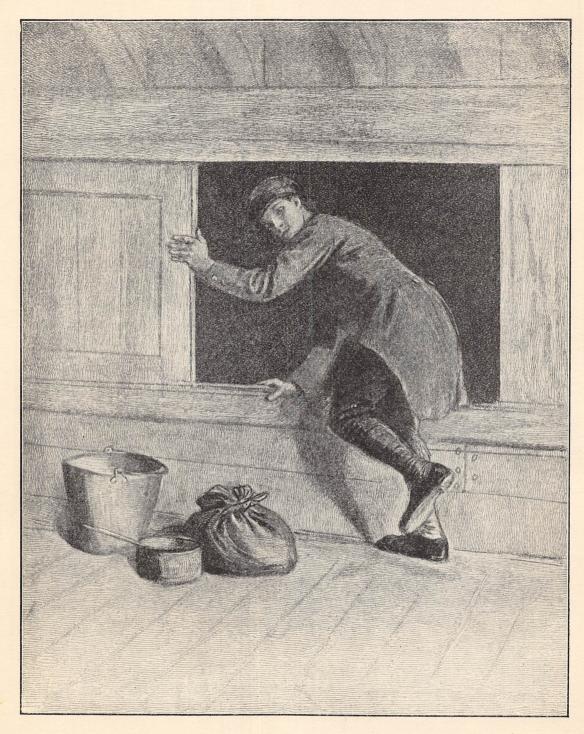
He took the box, which was fairly heavy, and crossed the gang-plank with it, leaving me there on the wharf with the fourpence in my hand and a feel-

ing near to despair in my heart.

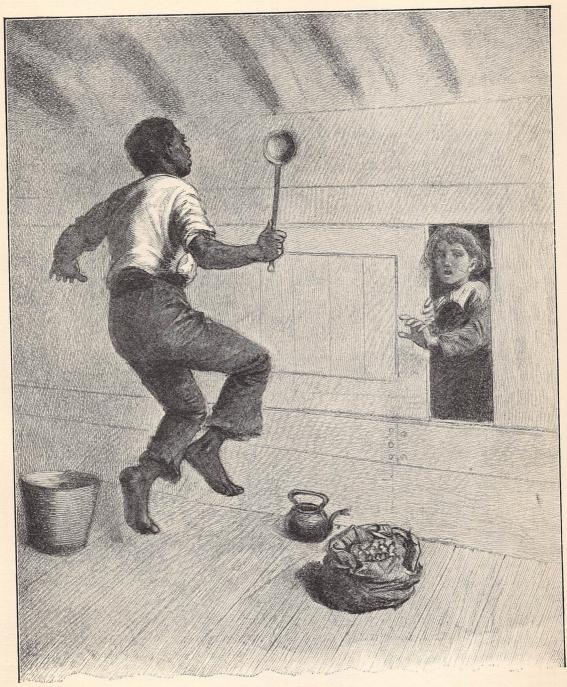
As I have said, the decks were bustling with sailors; some of them had wives who had come to see them off; some of the wives had brought children, and the squalling of the children, the laughter and shouts of the sailors and their wives (who, from all they showed, had little enough sorrow at parting), the shricking of a fife, and the hubbub of the dockcrowd made me giddy, so that for a while I could not think, but just stood there like a stock, without

turning to go or making to stay.

Then suddenly, as if it had stepped out of the crowd, an idea came to me and took me by the arm; more than that, it led me across the gang-plank on the deck of the Albatross. Mr. Slimon was not to be seen, neither was Captain Horn. They were both in the deck-house, most probably, for its door was shut: no one observed me or questioned me. A big man with a red face - Mr. Clopping, the mate, as I afterwards found - was bawling directions to some hands forward of the galley; the galley door was open, and unperceived I slipped in. Close to the copper, and forming part of the galley wall, was a huge locker which I had explored one day, little thinking of the use I was presently to put it to. It had a sliding door. I pushed the door open; the locker was empty except for some bags of peas and some old raffle, and in I popped, pushing the door to as far as I could get it (Continued on page 42.)



" In I popped,"



"Putting my head out, I said, 'Jam!""

BIRD CAY.

By H. de Vere Stacpoole.

(Continued from page 39.)

SCARCELY had I got into the cupboard than a shout of laughter came from the deck outside the galley door, and I heard a voice I knew.

'Hi, you sailor-men, make way thar! Hi, Massa Bos'un, here's Jam come aboard; cook yo' taters, bile yo' pork. Hi! hi! hi! you lebe my bundle alone. You want to know what's in it? Jam's collars and shirts. Claws off, impidence.

Then a rough voice: 'Here, you nigger, stick your bundle in the galley, and lend a hand with the capstan bars. Look lively, or I'll brighten you up with

a rope's end.'

A shrill whistle followed the words, a bundle was flung with a thud on top of the locker; I heard Jam's voice shouting, 'All right, Massa Bos'un, here's Jam!' and then such a hubbub as I never heard before.

Women and children were being bundled off the ship, the gang-plank was going, the great hawsers creaking, men were shouting, and the fife, which had ceased its noise, broke out again, piercing every sound as a needle pierces layers of fabric. They were warping the brig out, kedging her too - that is to say, a rope was tied to a kedge anchor, while the other end of the rope was wound in on the capstan. The tramp of the men at the capstan bars came to me distinctly, mixed with the chanting—a roaring, bellowing chorus that raised my heart in me, and to which the old brig seemed to answer, for I felt her trembling under me, and stretching and straining, making as if to get at the sea waiting for her.

So Jam was on board! I do not know if the fact gave me any pleasure, but it certainly lightened any gloomy thoughts that may have lain at the bottom

of my mind.

I was doing a desperate act — flying in the face of my elders. I had never been treated badly, but quite the reverse, by my uncle, and I was leaving him, to embark on an adventure of which I knew nothingnot only leaving him, but leaving my school and my prospects of education. Why? To this day I don't know why. I only know that I was moved by a force over which I had no control, just as the iron is moved by the loadstone. I believe honestly that it was the spirit of the old brig that took me, for ships seem to have spirits just like men, some evil, some good. Whatever it was, I had embarked on a course which I knew would be in direct opposition to the wishes of my elders, and a boy, if he has any proper mind in him, cannot act like this without some misgivings and feeling of gloom. It was strange that the thought of Jam being also on board gave me heart, and made me feel more at home and less of a sinner. It was as if I had been followed by a dog I had known.

Captain Horn had evidently taken him on as cook, and this was soon made more evident to me when he was released from the capstan bars, and the ship, with breeze and tide in her favour, was floating down the river. Then, bursting into the galley, he began to bustle about, lighting the galley fire, cleaning kettles, and so forth, talking to himself, talking to the things he was cleaning, shoving his head out of the galley door every minute to converse with the passers on the deck, and making as much noise as

a bee in a bottle.

Nebber did see such a galley as this befo', no bigger 'n a copper, and copper no bigger 'n kettle, an' kettle no use at all. Hi! what you call yoreself a kettle for? Where yo' lid, hey? Hi, Massa Johnson, where's yo' lid, hey?' banging the kettle against the copper as if to make it answer. 'Here, yo' set thar. Yo' move, an' Jam will kick yo' out the galley door. Humph! what's dis, taters? Yo' call yo'selves taters, why yo' ain't no bigger 'n marbles! I'll teach yo' call yo'selves taters. Jam'll bile you. Yo' set there an' wait an' see.'

As he cleaned and bustled about, I gained heart, and sliding the door of the locker a bit open, I waited for a lull in his clatter. Then, putting my head out, I said, 'Jam!'

His back was towards me, and he took a spring into the air as if a snake had bitten him, and came down on his feet with his face towards me, and such a face that I burst out laughing. This saved me, for he was on the point of crying out, taking me to be a ghost.

'Why, if 'taint the buccra boy; why, if 'taint the boy flung Jam th' fourpenny piece. Hi, Massa John-

son, what yo' doin' thar in Jam's locker?'
'Pull the door to — don't let any one see me,' said 'Quick, Jam, I'm running away. Put your back against the door so that no one can come in.' He did, and with my head out of the locker I told him all.

Jam did not seem to see anything extraordinary in my proceedings; he had run away often enough himself, no doubt, and he was but a piece of flotsam, as I afterwards discovered, with no knowledge of father or mother, sister or brother, no care, no tie, and no country, so that he could not appreciate the full gravity of my act.

'Stick yo' head in,' said Jam, when I had finished. 'Ship clear river t'-night or t'-morrow mornin', then yo' can stick yo' head out, stick yo' body out, an' cry, "Hi, Massa Capt'in, here I is stow'way." Stick

yo' head in an' lay low.

I did as he directed, and he pushed the locker door to, leaving a chink open to give me air. Then he opened the galley door and went on with his business, making even more noise than before. though I was sufficiently hidden I could speak and make myself heard, and lying there with my mouth to the opening, I talked to Jam now and then, telling him of Mr. Slimon and how he was to leave the ship at Tilbury.

Jam, who knew the river as well as I knew Cornhill, would keep popping out every now and then, telling me of the places we were passing, places whose names were Greek to me. He pushed biscuits in through the chink, and opening the door once, put in a pannikin of water - musty-tasting biscuits they were, too. Before reaching Tilbury — maybe an hour before — I was suddenly stricken paralysed by Captain Horn's voice at the galley door. 'Here, you black imp, show us the bread-bag,' cried he. 'Bread-bag, sar?' cried Jam. 'Sartinly, sar, here 'Here, you

he be and mighty bad bread too, sar - look at

this, sar!

'Come here!' cried Captain Horn, and I heard Mr. Slimon's voice answering, 'Well, well, what's the matter now?'

'Matter! You told me you'd victual the ship from Jervis's; look at this - there's bread for you. What do you say to that?'

'Biscuits,' said Mr. Slimon. 'What's wrong with

them?'

'Smell 'em!'

'I can't smell anything wrong.'

'Taste 'em! 'They taste all right.'

'Eat one, then!' I heard the noise of Mr. Slimon's teeth meeting in a biscuit.

Best biscuits I ever ate in my life.'

'Then you must have eaten some bad ones. Here, Jam, what's the condition of the beef and pork? 'Here's the

'Bad, sar,' replied Jam promptly. 'He piece o' pork I just fish from harness-cask.'

'Go and fetch us a bit of beef.'

Jam departed on his errand, and the Captain and Mr. Slimon came right into the galley, much to my terror, the Captain storming and Mr. Slimon trying to soothe him.

'What you think sailor-men are made of?' cried 'How'm I to work my men on old the Captain. leather? You've swallowed one biscuit, but how would you like to swallow them for a week or a month? Look at the potatoes—why, they're sprouting! You call them potatoes? What's in this locker? Some more rotten stuff hidden away, I ex-

He seized hold of the locker door and tried to open I, inside, fixed my feet against a bulkhead and jamming my back against the door, held it as tight as I could, for I knew that once I was discovered all would be up with me and Mr. Slimon would claim me; and I believe I should have won and the Captain would have given up, thinking the panel immovably jammed, but for Mr. Slimon, who added his strength to that of the Captain. Next moment the panel gave, and I was seized upon and hauled out by the (Continued on page 54.) foot.

THE ROLLING-MILL.

IT is an interesting thing to see the interior of a great ironworks by night. Dazzling lights are flashing from the furnaces, men are running hither and thither with white-hot iron, the great steamhammers are thumping away with heavy blows which keep the ground in a continual tremor, and engines and machines are snorting and groaning over

their mighty tasks.

Let us take our stand by the rolls in the rollingmill, since that is a position from which we are likely to learn as much of the work at one glance as we shall do anywhere. Perhaps you will ask, Which are the rolls? These great steel rollers, arranged in pairs one on the other, like the rollers of a wringing machine, are they. There are several pairs arranged in a line, and at one end of this line you see the great cog-wheels by means of which they are made to turn round, and also the steam-engine which puts them in motion. The rollers are about two feet in diameter, and exceedingly heavy; and consequently they have to be mounted on very strong steel supports. You will notice, too, that the rollers are grooved, and if we take any single pair of them, we shall find that the grooves vary in size, becoming

smaller and smaller as we proceed from one end of

the rollers to the other. Standing, then, by the side of the rolls, and looking along the mill or space in front of them, we see on our left a row of puddling furnaces. They look rather like great iron-bound boxes somewhat higher than a man. In the centre of each of them there is a door, having a sort of open pigeon-hole, from which a dazzling light is thrown out upon the puddler, who stands in front of the furnace, stirring up the melted metal inside with the aid of a long iron bar thrust through the pigeon-hole. It is no easy work. The iron bar is heavy, the heat is scorching, and all the while the man is watching what he is doing in that

dazzling glare. And what is he doing? A little while ago a few hundredweights of cast iron were placed in the furnace, and the intense heat has melted it, until it is as fluid as water. It is the puddler's first duty to keep stirring it, so that every part may come up to the fierce flames, which are passing over the top of the liquid in their course from a fire at one end of the furnace to the chimney at the other. But byand-by a change comes over the iron, and it begins to gather into little, sticky clots, which are scattered in the fluid formed by the melted waste or slag of These clots of iron stick to the pudthe furnace. dler's bar, and as soon as they begin to do this, it becomes his duty to gather them up from the slag, and to roll them into balls one at a time on the end of the bar. At this moment he has a ball weighing six stones on his bar, and he is still moving it about, in order to gather up the last clots of iron remaining in the furnace. Can we wonder that he is hot, thirsty, and exhausted? These puddlers are strong men, but often on a hot summer's day they drop exhausted in front of their furnaces.

But see, he has finished the ball, pulled up the door of his furnace, and rolled the glowing metal on to a little iron truck, and he is off with it to the steamhammer. A workman, known as the shingler, takes up the ball with a pair of iron tongs, and holds it under the hammer-head, while the hammer-man starts the hammer. We feel the vibration of the hammer's mighty blows, and we see the slag squirt out of the beaten, spongy ball, and patter against the shingler's leather apron and guards. The slag is soon beaten out, and in a minute or two the ball is hammered into a sort of brick of solid iron.

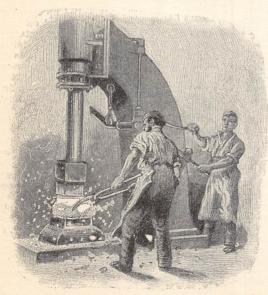
While it is still hot, this brick is carried to the rolls, and a workman, taking it up with a pair of tongs, puts one end into the largest groove of one of the pairs. As the rolls turn round, the iron is drawn through to the other side, being squeezed to the shape of the groove, and slightly lengthened as it passes through. The whole of the floor of the rolling-mill is paved with iron plates, so that if by chance a ball or brick of red-hot iron falls upon the ground, it neither suffers nor does any harm. When the iron has passed through the rolls, it is taken up by a workman behind, who rests one end of it on the top of the upper roller, which, turning in the opposite direction from the lower part of the roller, carries the bar back to the front of the rolls. It is then passed through the next groove, which is smaller, and in the same way through each of the others. When at last it has passed through the smallest groove of the rolls, it is a long, thin rod of iron.

In order to obtain a better quality if iron, it is customary to cut this rod into short lengths, which are bound together in a bundle, placed in a furnace



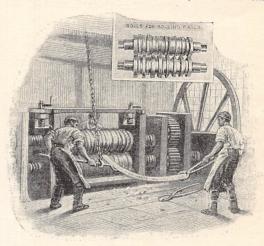
"Stirring up the melted metal."

similar to the puddling furnace, and treated again to all the operations which we have just seen. The last set of rolls will give the iron its final shape.



"He now goes to the steel hammer."

You will easily understand that if the grooves on the rolls are rounded or semicircular, they will roll out a round bar of iron; while if the grooves are cut straight-sided, they will roll out a square or rectangular bar. By notching the rollers in various ways, other shapes may be obtained. These bars are usually described by the shape of a section or slice cut off the end of them. Thus, a slice cut from the end of a bar of 'angle-iron' is shaped like a letter L, the two strokes of which form a right-angle. In a similar way there are bars of T section, Z section, channel section (U), and so forth; all of which are rolled by suitably notched rolls. Such bars are used for the frames of bridges, iron roofs, and iron ships.



"The bar is then passed through the next groove."

Steel is rolled in the same way, and, in fact, the rails of our railways are all rolled.

If a number of the iron balls, which the puddler has made, be beaten under the steam-hammer into one great mass, and if this be passed between plain, un-notched rolls, it will be flattened out into a broad sheet of iron. Such sheets are used in the manufacture of boilers for steam-engines, of gasometers, and the outer shell, or 'skin,' of iron ships. By enlarging or reducing the space between the rolls, through which the iron passes, thick or thin sheets may be rolled as required.

W. A. Atkinson.

THE MODEL-MAKER.

II. — A WATER CLOCK.

BEFORE beginning any mechanical task, we should collect together all the tools and materials required, and place them in a 'get-at-able' position.

For our water clock we shall be in need of:

(1) A pair of scissors.

(2) About five inches of stiff steel wire. (A thin bonnet pin will do instead. Three of them can be obtained for one penny.)

(3) About one foot of very thin wire, such as that used by milliners for binding artificial flowers. A penny reel from the nearest ironmonger's would supply much more than we shall want.

(4 A cardboard box, about four inches square.
(5) Two tin canisters or cans (absolutely clean).
One about seven inches deep by four inches in diameter; the other of the same size, or preferably, for

appearance sake, shorter and wider, but not holding less.

(6) Two common corks.

(7) An empty pill-box (or instead, a cork bung) about one and a half inches in diameter.

(8) A few pins.

(9) A reel of thick cotton.(10) Some gum, glue, or paste.

Having supplied ourselves with these materials, we will begin to put our water clock together.

First, take the longer canister, and having removed the lid—which will come in handy for a special use, to be mentioned presently—bore, with the sharp point of the scissors, the smallest possible hole in

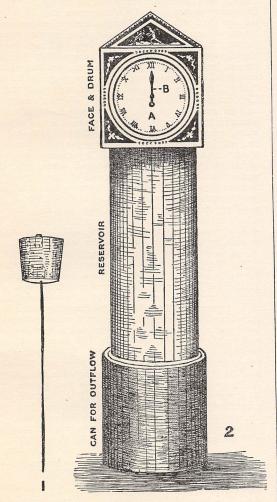


Fig. 1.—The Float. Fig. 2.—A Home-made Water Clock.

the bottom. It does not matter where the hole is made, but it must be small, and in order to secure this, you should hold the can up between you and the light at frequent intervals so as to catch the first glimmer when the tin is pierced.

Now cut off about seven inches of the thin wire

(No. 3 in our list); take one of the corks, and with the scissors pierce it from end to end; push the wire through and bend it over to keep it in place (see fig. 1). The longer portion, protruding from the bottom of the cork, should measure a little less than

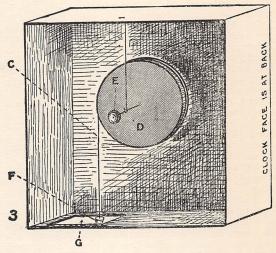


Fig. 3.-The "Works" of the Clock.

the depth of the pierced canister. This wire is intended to pass through the hole in the bottom. and it would be well before placing it finally in position to assure yourself that it will enter the hole easily, but with very little space to spare. This point settled, thread it carefully through from the inside till the cork rests on the bottom of the canister. Now cut an opening in the lid of the second canister nearly as large in diameter as the first canister. You will not find this difficult if you puncture a rough hole to start from; it can be done with a tin-opener if other means fail. This task completed, stand the first canister over the opening in the second so that the wire hangs down from one into the other. With the object of discovering if the hole pierced in the upper tin will allow the water to pass at a satisfactory speed, we now fill the upper can (or 'reservoir'). As the water is poured in, of course the cork rises on the surface, but never withdraws the wire entirely from the hole, because the wire is longer than the depth to which we shall fill the reservoir. By lifting the latter, we can watch the outflow. If it is a constant stream, the hole is too large, and rather than try to take up the space by means of thicker wire, it is advisable to plug it entirely with a tiny splinter of wood, and pierce the tin again. Perfection as to the outflow will not be reached till the water falls drop

When this is secured, it may be noticed that the drops cling to the bottom of the can, and in their reluctance to fall, cause considerable irregularity of flow. This can be remedied by rubbing the tin all round the hole with a little grease. Indeed, it is a good plan to serve both sides of the bottom of the reservoir in this way, as it is a check on fragments of rust blocking the hole, though the wire attached to the floating cork is largely helpful in this particu-

lar on account of the slight stir it keeps up by constantly descending with the sinking water.

Having seen to these small matters, let us turn to the clock-case and works. The square cardboard box is the case to contain the mechanism; the canister lid, before referred to, is the disc on which we are to gum the dial. At four different points, i. e., at top and bottom and on each side, make a small pinhole. Also, in the centre of the disc, pierce a fifth hole, sufficiently large to allow the passage of the bonnet-pin after the point has been broken off. It should turn freely in the hole. This done, fasten the disc to the bottom of the box (of course, on the outside) by pushing four pins through the holes already mentioned, and clinching them on the inside.

Now, on a blank sheet of white paper, describe a circle the size of the intended dial, and mark it off in twelve equal parts with the hours. Next prepare the hand (B in fig. 2), which should be cut off from a piece of stiff paper. The pattern may be according to choice, but the material, if not paper, should be exceedingly light. The hole in its end must be small enough to secure a 'pinch' on the shaft when in place. As there is only one hand, it would be well to divide your hours on the dial into quarters or eighths for a more detailed record of time. The tin disc, I need hardly say, could be dispensed with, and the paper dial gummed direct on to the bottom of the box, but it has the advantage of furnishing a much better bearing for the shaft to revolve in than the mere cardboard would give. Furthermore, it adds considerably to the appearance of our clock. Do not fix the dial (A in fig. 2) till the case is fitted with the necessary works, because constant handling is likely to soil it.

The works consist of the bonnet-pin (which is to act as a shaft and turn the hand), the pill-box (to make a wheel or drum), a length of cotton, and the second cork.

Make a pin-hole in the circumference of the pill-box, and slip the thread (C in fig. 3) through, tying a knot on the end to prevent it coming out again.*

Now pierce the centre of the pill-box (D) with a hole to let the bonnet-pin (E) pass through tightly, for the pill-box must bind on the shaft. The other end of the thread must now be fastened to the second cork (F), which is to act as a float on the sinking water.

To furnish a communication between the clock-case and the reservoir, cut a large square opening in the floor of the case, as shown in fig. 2, and adjust the pill-box on the shaft (E) so that it is directly over this 'trap,' when the shaft is in position. Having roughly estimated this, measure the distance from the top of the case to the hole in the centre of the disc. Then pass a piece of wire through the roof of the case near its rear, bending up the lower end at a point on a level with the hole in the disc. This is to form a support for the back end of the shaft to revolve in. The bonnet-pin knob, having been left on, should form a convenient key to wind up the clock.

The dial may now be gummed on the disc, and the centre pierced to make a way for the shaft. To put all in place, wind up the drum or wheel (alias pill-

*If a bung is used instead, a groove should be cut all round it, and the thread can be tied to a pin, driven in up to its head. box) until the cork is fully home. Then, still holding the shaft by the knob, lift the shaft over the wire hook hanging from the roof, and pass its front end through the central hole in the disc. It should protrude about one-eighth of an inch. By the time this is done, the drum should be well over the trap, but before allowing the shaft to rest released in its rear hook, let the drum unwind sufficiently to lower the cork on to the floor of the case, or it will drop through the trap before you are ready for its escape. Next fix the hand in place; fill the reservoir, and place the case on the top of it. Immediately it is in position push the cork through the trap, so that it floats, and — the clock begins to work.

Now while checking its performance by means of the more professional timekeeper on the shelf, let me say that ours is the simplest kind of water clock. I have chosen the design because it is easy of manufacture, but, as all boys of resource will see, many improvements and decorations are possible. For instance, instead of the pin-hole in the bottom of the reservoir, a tiny tap, such as those supplied by toy dealers, for use in model engines, might be used. This would afford a good means of regulating the outflow exactly, but care would have to be taken in fixing it, to see that no leakage was set up. Furthermore, greater regularity as to time registering is secured by a more elaborate system of reservoirs. Thus, in the famous clock built by the barber's son of Alexandria, some two thousand years ago, the water descended from a tank which was kept full from an independent source. The weight in the tank was therefore always the same, and the water, descending into a lower chamber, caused a float to rise which marked the time on an upright column. In such a contrivance, however, we should find difficulty in making use of the old, familiar, circular dial.

And now a word or two about figures. The clock we have been making will go for sixteen hours, because the fall is six inches, and the diameter of the pill-box drum is one and a half inches. Of course every boy knows that the circumference of a circle is roughly three times its diameter (22:7 is a more exact proportion). The drum is consequently four and a half inches round it, and will make one and a third revolutions while the cork is falling through a distance of six inches. With these facts in remembrance it only remains to adjust the outflow to suit the figures, and an accurate timekeeper is the result so long as the water flows smoothly. A drum half the size would (with a six-inch can) give thirty-two hours of activity, but in that case the outflow would be reduced to half the speed.

This is a water clock with only one hand. We will see next how to make one with two hands.

John Lea.

SOME AFRICAN PROVERBS.

A SHES fly back on the face of him who sows them.

The dawn does not come twice to wake a man.

The ox that arrives first drinks the cleanest water.

Hope is the pillar of the world.

He who forgives ends the quarrel.

A fool is the wise man's ladder.

Not to aid one in distress is to kill him in your heart.

The camel has his own opinion, and the driver has his. E. D,

THE SAND-BOY.

A T a village in Germany a little orphan once lived with his grandmother. These two dwelt in a tiny cottage. Behind the cottage was a fenced-in piece of ground wherein they grew potatoes, but it had many sandy spots in which these could not

The old woman was very poor, possessing nothing except her potato-patch and a goat. But her grand-

son earned a little.

Three times a week Hans visited the farms of the neighbourhood. The farmers' wives placed eggs in his basket (which was almost as big as himself), and each woman chalked on it the number of her eggs and their price. Hans then carried the eggs to the town, which it took him a good hour to reach. he there sold the eggs to the satisfaction of the farmers' wives, he received from each woman twopence for his trouble.

In summer, this walk was a pleasant one; in winter, when the bleak wind whistled through the boy's thin jacket, and chilled his feet through the holes in his shoes, it was a different matter! But Hans,

being a brave fellow, did not complain.

Now it was early summer; Whitsuntide was at hand. Hans was carrying more eggs than usual, because people need plenty at festival-times for their rich cakes.

As he went along the road he saw two boys in a ditch at the side, and wondered what they were doing. On coming nearer, he saw that they were tor-

menting a dog which lay there.

Although not a small one, the dog was evidently too weak and ill to defend himself. His tongue was lolling out of his mouth and he panted painfully. The boys, taking advantage of his helpless condition, were beating the poor creature and making him whimper.

Let that dog alone!' shouted Hans, as he came

up with the little group. 'What business is it of yours?' was the retort. 'He is half-dead already.

'Come along,' said one boy to the other; 'let us drown him in the pond.'

'So we will!' said the other boy. Drawing a bit of cord from his pocket, he tied it round the dog's neck, that he might drag him to the pond.

'Let the dog go!' cried Hans again, 'or I will make you do so!'

The youngsters only laughed, and tugged at the

cord. The dog looked appealingly at Hans.

In a moment, his young champion, hastily setting down his basket, rushed with clenched fists at the tormentors. Though younger and shorter than they were, Hans was a strong lad, and his sudden, vigorous onslaught knocked them both down. As they picked themselves up, they bellowed with pain and fright; then they slunk off.

Victorious Hans, left alone with the sick dog, looked round for his basket. Alas! it had been overturned in the fray; not a single egg remained unbroken! At the sight of the smashed eggs even our

brave little hero broke down.

As he sat dejectedly by the roadside, the dog walked painfully to him, and licked his hands affectionately.

'You poor thing!' said Hans, kindly, 'it is not your fault that the eggs were broken. I ought to

have been more careful. Come along home with me!

He placed the dog in his big basket — curling him up carefully to make him fit in - then turned towards home. The animal was heavy, but there was

a heavier weight upon the boy's mind.

His grandmother was horrified when she understood that he had not brought her any money, and that he had brought an invalid dog. Hans went to the farmers' wives and explained matters, but they refused to believe his story; every one of them declared that he should do no more business for her. 'What shall we do now?' asked the grandmother,

when Hans told her what the women had said. 'We

shall starve!

Hans sat down beside the dog.

'You can't keep that animal,' said his grandmother. 'He would be of no use to us, and we do not want another mouth to feed!'

'Oh, Grandmother!' pleaded Hans, 'do let him stay here until he is well again!' and to this the

old woman agreed.

In a week's time the dog was quite well and strong. Caro (as Hans named him) had a broad chest, beautiful brown eyes, and a coat of long, yellowish-white hair.

'It is hard on the dog,' said the grandmother, 'but he can earn nothing, therefore he must go.

Hans went out with Caro (who followed him everywhere), and sat down on the sandy strip behind the potato-patch to think. Was there no way in which he and Caro could earn their living together? Dreamily he dipped his hands into the sun-warmed sand, then allowed it to trickle down between his fingers.

How white and fine it was! How useful it might be to the townspeople in their housework! bright idea came to Hans. He jumped up, and ran

'Granny!' he said breathlessly, 'is that little cart still in the garret - that one in which Father used to take the potatoes to market?

. 'Yes, but it is badly broken.'

'I could soon mend it. Cheer up, Granny! I have thought of a splendid way in which Caro and I can earn money for us all.'

What is it?' asked the wondering woman.

'I will load the cart with the white sand; then Caro will draw it to the town for me. People will buy the sand. Oh, Granny! is it not a fine plan?' Although not so hopeful as her grandson, the old

woman allowed him to patch up the cart, and to make reins for Caro with some bits of rope.

The very next day Hans and Caro took sand to the

town, where they did a good trade.

Thus began a happy life for boy and dog. Every bit of money earned Hans gave to his granny, who stored so much of it as she was not obliged to use at once in an old stocking. By the time winter arrived there was enough money in the stocking to buy a pair of stout shoes for Hans, and a nice warm cloak for the grandmother.

In the spring, the old woman was able to add another strip of land to her potato-patch, and to buy some fowls. A larger cart, also, and new leather

harness was bought for Caro.

How grand and important boy and dog felt the first time they went out with their new things! Hans whistled or sang every step of the way; Caro trotted along proudly and joyfully. E. Dyke.



"The dog licked his hands affectionately."



"It is only a frog, silly!"

THE SPOIL-SPORT.

SWALD shut the nursery door with a bang and ran downstairs whistling, leaving anger and tears behind him.

His step had scarcely died away when Theo popped his head into the room. 'Hallo, kiddies!' he began, and then stopped. Joyce was seated in the armchair weeping copiously, while Lily stood beside her trying to comfort her. 'What's the matter, girlie, and what are Ralph and Ted up to?' he said, picking up the sobbing child.

The twins, who had been scrambling frantically under the furniture, came out at this moment with

angry faces, each holding a white mouse.
'It's that—that Oswald!' began Ralph furiously. 'I wish he'd go to boarding-school for ever and ever! He spoils all our fun. He asked Joyce if he should play "Prince Arthur" with her, and he'd be Sir Hubert, and when she said "Yes," he poked in the eyes of her best boy doll.'

'And then,' continued Ted, equally furiously, 'we told him he was a cad; so he opened the door of our

mouse-cage and let the mice out.'
'What a shame!' said Theo. 'Cheer up, Joyce. I'll see if the doctor can put dollie's eyes in again. How would you all like a row up the river and tea in the woods?'

The four faces cleared as if by magic.

'Can I bring Philippa?' asked Joyce, picking up another doll. 'I think a breath of fresh air would do her good.'

'Bring everything you like, and meet me at the

boats in half an hour.'

Theo sauntered away, leaving sunshine where everything had been shadow. Theo was much older than his brothers and sisters. His unfailing kindness and the treats he was always arranging made the youngsters look forward to his home-coming with delight.

'What a menagerie!' he exclaimed with a laugh when he joined the excited children who were awaiting him with Oswald. Lily was carrying a kitten, Joyce had Philippa, and the twins a puppy. 'Hop

in, youngsters!

For a time all went well; then Oswald grew tired of doing nothing, and rose to his feet. 'Let me steer

now, Ralph; you've had your turn.'

'Sit down, Oswald!' said Theo sharply. 'I won't have you changing seats in the middle of the river.'

Oswald continued standing, swaying the boat from side to side, while the little girls clutched each other

'Did you hear, Oswald? Sit down at once! You're frightening the little ones!'

Oswald sat down sullenly.

'Oh! Theo,' called Ted, 'can we go to the bank? There are some ferns I want for my collection.'

'All right,' said his brother good-naturedly. 'Pull

the right-hand rope, Ralph.'

Ted leaned over and dug out what he wanted. Suddenly Oswald made a grab at something in the water. 'Here's a present for you, Lily!' he shouted, flinging it over.

It alighted, wet, cold, and slimy, on her hand. She gave a shriek and sprang to her feet to shake it off. The boat rocked, and, had not Theo caught her, poor Lily would have had an unexpected bath.

'It's only a frog, silly!' said Oswald, laughing

Theo looked sternly at him. Oswald grew red. shuffled about in his seat, and muttered something about 'a fuss about a trifle.'

'If I have to speak to you again I shall turn you out of the boat. You spoil every one's pleasure. So you understand!

For some time Theo rowed lazily, while the four children dabbled their fingers and chattered like magpies, till they came in sight of a large, flat rock in the middle of the river, which they had named 'The Desert Island.' Then again the spirit of unkind mischief entered into Oswald. He slily caught hold of Philippa, and, as they passed close to it, he slipped her on to the rock.

Unfortunately for him, a moment later Joyce looked round for her treasure, calling out, 'Oh,

where is my dollie?'

Every one but Oswald began looking under the seats and among the coats and wraps, till Ted suddenly cried out, 'What's that on the Desert Island?'

Theo turned the boat and rowed back. There was Philippa lying face downward, a picture of desolation. There was no need to ask any questions. 'Get out, Oswald!

Oswald made no reply, and did not move. 'Get out, Oswald!' repeated Theo.

Oswald looked at his brother's stern face, hesitated, opened his mouth to say 'Shan't!' thought better of

it, and got out on to the rock.

'You've done nothing but make yourself unpleasant. A few hours by yourself to think over things will do you a world of good. You can keep the doll for company, and if you do it any harm I shall not take you out with me again the whole of the holidays.'

Oswald gazed after them, too furious to speak. When they were out of sight he dropped down and

stared at the water.

He was roused by the sound of voices. It was a boatload of his schoolfellows.

'Hallo! who's here? My word! if it isn't Oswald Layton — Oswald Layton sitting on a rock playing at dolls! How did you get there, Layton?'

'I say, you fellows, you might take me off! left me here.'

'Theo!' shouted one of the boys, 'I guess he had good reason. No, thanks, old fellow! We don't want you. You've spoilt our fun too many times. Ta-ta! Give my love and a kiss to dollie.'

They passed on, and for the next two hours Oswald sat and thought. What had that fellow said? You've spoilt our fun.' What a familiar sound that sentence had. There was nothing to do but think, and there seemed nothing to think of but those words.

He was roused again by the sound of oars, and saw

Theo coming.

'I had no intention,' began his brother, 'of coming for you till our return, but the children, especially the little girls, begged hard that you might be forgiven and allowed to come to tea. Do you feel inclined to try and be pleasant? If so, come on.'

He brought the boat close to the rock. Oswald picked up Philippa, laid her carefully on the seat,

and got in himself.

Two hours of loneliness had subdued him very much, and when they arrived at the landing-stage, and the children ran forward shouting, 'Come on, Oswald! tea's ready!' he handed Philippa to Joyce, feeling more ashamed than he had ever done in his

The rest of the day was a great success, and it was a tired but happy little party that arrived home.

'Come out into the garden, old fellow, and have a chat,' said Theo, slipping his arm through Oswald's when the younger ones were in bed.

For a long time they strolled up and down in the dusk, while Theo talked kindly to the boy; and when they parted it was with the determination in Oswald's mind that he would try to do better.

He stuck to his determination, and the time came when it was no longer wished that he would 'go to boarding-school for ever and ever.

C. E. Thonger.

HOW GEOGRAPHY CHANGES.

THOSE who are fond of geography need not fear that what they learn to-day will be out of date to-morrow, though a change in the shape of the map will certainly have taken place. Old Ocean is always hard at work altering our geography. He beats on the sand and the shingle, and the chalk and the rocks, without a moment's rest, and of course such industry as this must have a result.

What that result really amounts to has, of late years, been carefully examined, and it is found that during the last two hundred years the quantity of land that the sea has stolen from England is less than has been added to it by other forces of nature. But the change in the map during that time has been quite noticeable - capes being added here and bays scooped out there, while many a cliff has been undermined, to crumble at last into a heap of debris.

It is on our eastern shores that the sea has triumphed most. From Spurn Point, at the Humber's mouth, it captured and destroyed, some centuries ago, the flourishing port of Ravenspur, where, as every schoolboy knows, the bold Duke of Hereford landed with his forces when he came to take the crown from his cousin, Richard II.

The same boys will remember that the Goodwin Sands were part of old England till 1099, when a terrible inundation cut them off from the Kentish shore. Much more recently than that, in fact during the last three or four years, Yorkshire and Norfolk have suffered 'heavy losses.' In May, 1910, twenty thousand tons of cliff fell near Scarborough, while three years before a similar 'slip' at Lowestoft carried a row of houses with it. A huge fall of cliff occurred near Dover in 1912.

But if the sea robs, it also gives. At Dungeness, in Sussex, the rolling waves, blown boisterously shorewards by the south-west winds, are constantly piling up a long ridge of shingle, extending already for four miles into the English Channel. The building of this natural causeway continues at the rate of

about three feet per annum.

On the coast of Cumberland the sea is retreating, the shore being added to by soil brought down by rivers and streams. The Solway Firth, for these reasons, is slowly closing its mouth, and does not come as near to biting England and Scotland in two as it did in ancient times.

However, though the sea is not wholly triumphant,

means are being taken to check its attacks on the coasts of our island; some of these measures most of you are familiar with at our various seaside towns those long wooden walls, stretching one after another from the dry land down to the margin of low John Lea.

STONES AND THEIR STORIES.

II. - EGYPT AND GREECE.

ONE of my great objects in this series is to show you that there is a real connection between the different styles of building which have developed throughout all ages - I mean that each style has left its mark on the next, a relationship or likeness which has shown itself even though various materials have been used and buildings erected by different peoples in different lands. Every form of building, even from the early tents, was influenced by the materials to hand. One can picture, for instance, that the tents built by our ancestors here in England (or anywhere where the trees were branched as are ours) would have a different shape from those built, say, in Egypt on the banks of the Nile, or in Asia on the banks of the Tigris, where there were only palms and reeds, both having simple, long, straight stems so it is evident that local material is an influence.

Then, again, there is the influence of climate. For instance, you will find (if you look out for these things, as I want you to do) that the buildings in a country where the sun is very hot for many months in the year have overhanging roofs to give shade, and flat roofs, where awnings are often placed and the life of the family carried on in hot weather. This is the case largely in Egypt.

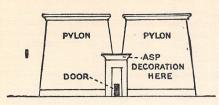
Then, yet again, there is the influence of religion. This has in all times been a great incentive to builders, and according to the objects of their worship and the reality to them of their religion, so were the people impelled to build in honour of their gods.

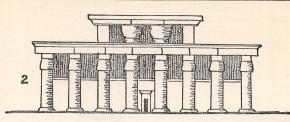
The social state of a country has always affected its buildings; where there is 'peace and plenty,' beautiful buildings with much decoration are sure to appear; also in times of great public enthusiasm, as after some great victory, buildings of beauty always follow. (For an instance of enthusiasm and patriotism in our time, see the erections in memory of Queen Victoria and others that will come to the memory of King Edward.)

Then there are the details of the buildings themselves; these we will examine according to the plan usually followed - namely, plan, walls, roof, openings (doors and windows), columns, ornaments.

Now, if we inquire as to all these circumstances and details for each style, as we meet it in the course of our series, we shall thus connect up the subject and make a continuous narrative. Just in a few words I will try to apply these influences to Egyptian architecture. In their earliest works (some only discovered quite lately), brick of sun-dried mud was their material; but we know that stone was later used because of their desire, for religious reasons, to make their buildings last for centuries (as has been said already).* The dry climate allowed them to

^{*} See pages 27, 28.





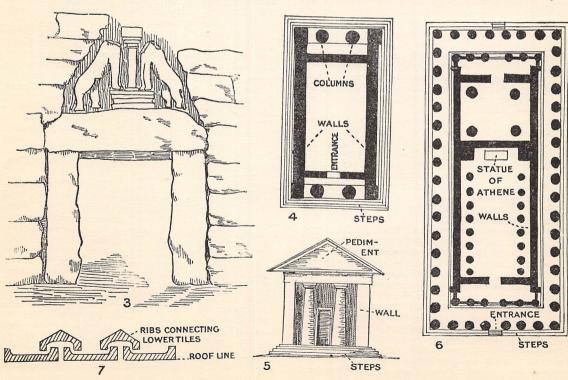
have much painting on their walls, for 'weathering' did not have to be considered. In plan, their buildings were generally squares opening from one another. Their walls were very thick and had usually a tendency to slope inward (fig. 1), supposed to be a relic of times when they built with mud! Roofs were flat, being composed of slabs of stone laid from column to column. Openings were few. Light in temples was admitted between upper parts of columns and by having some columns taller, so that they carried part of the roof higher (fig. 2), admitting light somewhat in the way in which we get light in the upper parts of our churches, the roof being higher in the middle than at the sides. Of columns and ornaments I said enough in the last article.

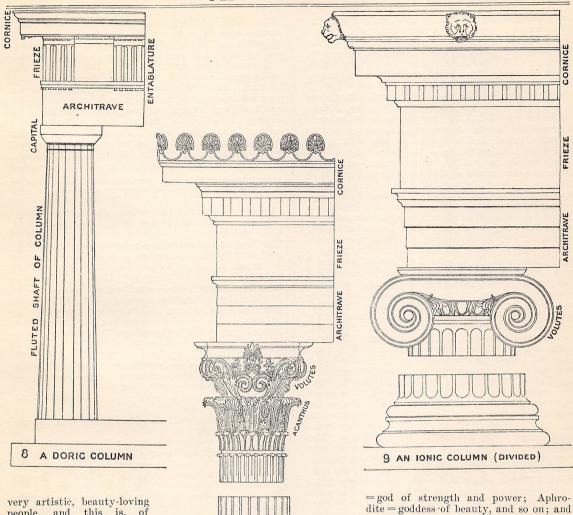
Now you must understand that while the Egyptians were busy developing their faculty for building, other countries were not all idle, and in fact it is even now doubtful whether the story of architecture ought to begin in Egypt or not. Constant discoveries are being made by learned men (archaeologists, as they are called) of all lands, and hardly a month passes but we see in our daily papers reports of new discoveries, and we must never be sur-

prised if even older remains are found than we know now. Wonders have been discovered in Babylonia (i. e., in the valley of the river Euphrates), in the island of Crete, and at Mycenae in Greece. The great Lion Gate at Mycenae cannot be passed by without a few words. It is a gateway in a great wall (fig. 3) composed of huge masses of stone suggesting Egyptian work. These stones are placed together without mortar, a state of things known as Cyclopean work (from the fabulous race of Cyclopes, or giants). Note the suggestion of an arch by an arrangement of stones, each overhanging door-space more than the last (just as we tried to build arches as children with play-bricks). The sculpture represents two lions and a column, and is considered very wonderful, but is not now complete, as you see. There is a good picture of it in the British Museum.

But I do not mean to worry you with all the controversies as to the ages of the different wonders discovered, so we will here make a jump into the great Greek period of perfection in architecture.

Now we will put our plan of investigation into force and see what we discover; but first of all we must remember that the Greeks were naturally a





10 A CORINTHIAN COLUMN (DIVIDED)

very artistic, beauty-loving people, and this is, of course, reflected in the buildings they erected.

First, as to materials—all about Greece there are great quantities of beautiful marble only requiring quarrying, so naturally the builders made use of it, and to a great extent it super-

seded bricks, and was capable of much finer working than the stone and granite of the Egyptians. Silver, copper, and iron were also known here and used in decoration.

Next, as to climate. Here again it is very hot, and the people of those times were much given to personal comfort, and so their houses were provided with large baths, and colonnades for rest and shade. Their temples were fronted with porticoes, most likely for shelter from sun and rain. Their religion was more peaceful than the Egyptian, and not so wrapped up with ghosts, spirits, and mystery. They had many gods and goddesses which represented various occupations and natural gifts, such as Demeter = god of earth and agriculture; Heracles

= god of strength and power; Aphrodite = goddess of beauty, and so on; and according to the tastes and occupations of the peoples of the country, so they erected temples to the gods they esteemed. Their social life was largely an outdoor one; they were fond of games and sports (the Olympic Games of our times are in imitation of a great Greek festival), and built great open-air theatres suitable for their purpose. Their

temples were their chief buildings, and these were like the Egyptian in having many columns, but the columns were placed outside instead of inside and were more slender. The Greek temple was the home of the statue of the god or goddess to which the temple was dedicated, and was not intended (as the Egyptian was) to hold a huge congregation, for the actual worship was done outside, anywhere within sight of the temple. In fig. 4 you have a ground plan of a very small temple; it stands on a number of steps and has a portico at each end supported by two columns. Fig. 5 is a front view, or front elevation, as it is called, of the same building, and here you see the portico and the gable or pediment formed by the sloping roof. (The Royal Exchange, London,

has a portico and a pediment filled with fine sculpture: be sure you notice it next time you see it!) The walls were very thick (not so thick as the Egyptian, because there was not so great an aim for durability), but in the temples as a rule not very visible, because there was generally a colonnade (rows of columns) all round.

In fig. 6 you have the ground plan of the Parthenon at Athens, erected to the goddess of victory, Athene (built 447 to 435 B.C.); here you have the columns all round the temple. It was small as compared with Egyptian temples. The Parthenon was built in the time of greatest perfection of Grecian art, and is perhaps the finest building ever erected anywhere. There is a fine model of this building at the British Museum. The roofs were of tiles of dry clay or marble fashioned as in fig. 7. Of openings there is not much to say: they were square, and the doors themselves were often of marble, and when of wood were elaborately enriched with inlays of ivory, bronze, &c. The windows are said to have been few.

Now we come to the columns, and here we have the great feature of the Greeks. All the information I have thus far given about Greek work is general, but as a matter of fact the Greeks had three great styles which followed one another very quickly, and whichever style they adopted for a building, they built the whole in keeping. These styles are known as the 'three classic orders,' Doric, Ionic, and Corinthian, each more elaborate than the last. Here (fig. 8) is a drawing of a Doric column and its entablature (as the whole upper part is called), and I have indicated on it the most important parts. You must note that the shaft of the order just stood directly on the steps. This order is very plain, but the proportions of its parts give it its great beauty. Fig. 9 shows the Ionic order with only a little bit of the shaft; the bottom of the shaft (here cut off, for convenience) has a base which is composed of mouldings. You know what I mean by 'mouldings,' I am sure; you have only to look at a picture-rail, decoration of ceiling, or panels of doors, in your home to see some; all the different curves and angles have names, but I am not going to bother you with those! The great characteristics of the Ionic order are the volutes (those beautiful 'curls' on either side of the capital). The lions' heads on the cornice act as water-spouts, the water running off the roofs through the mouths of the lions. Fig. 10 shows a specimen of the Corinthian order with only a little bit of the shaft. (All these columns, though they 'bulged' a little at the middle, were thinner at the top than at the bottom.) Here you have the small volutes of the Ionic, and beautiful foliage known as Acanthus. The base for this order, moulded like yet unlike the Ionic, is shown cut off. There are lots of things I could tell you about these orders, but I must just content myself with giving them, and pointing out the growth of beautiful ornament. I feel I understand this, because I know how it is with me if I make several designs of the same object: if really interested in my work, I am sure to make each one a little more elaborate than the last, and add features which did not at first suggest themselves. That is what the

Greece must have been a very beautiful country when occupied by numbers of these majestic buildings; none now stand entire, for war, that enemy of all beauty, came, and if it had not been for the

efforts of Lord Elgin and other antiquarians, who caused specimens to be brought to England and placed in our British Museum, very little could now be known of the works of the great architects and builders of those ancient times. You perhaps will not appreciate now the beauties of these orders, but I want you to be able to recognise them, because you will constantly see copies of them in our modern buildings. There are many classic buildings in London: the British Museum itself is Ionic as to order. In my next article I propose to show you some Greek ornaments and their origins, and to compare the Roman work which followed with the Greek.

E. M. Barlow.

THE LION OF THE PARTY.

A STORY you will like to hear, about a forest tea: The Monkey sat at ease amidst the branches of the tree;

The Lion of the party was most sociably inclined, And felt, I'm bound to tell you, in a chatty frame of mind.

The Dromedary tried to start a topic of his own, But Mr. Lion talked him down in quite a lordly tone. The Camel had a story too, 'twas full of mirth and fun.

But he was quickly silenced ere his tale was scarce begun.

The Kangaroo was ready with his little share of chat, But there was only time to say 'Dear me!' and 'Fancy that!'

And when the Lion rose to go, and bowed his very best,

'Good riddance!' said the Chimpanzee, and so said all the rest.

Now, little lads and lasses all, I've just one word for you,

(Don't miss the moral of the tale, whatever else you do!)

Although you may be clever, and have many things to tell.

Take my advice, when out to tea, let others talk as well.

Marian Isabel Hurrell.

BIRD CAY.

By H. de Vere Stacpoole.

(Continued from page 43.)

'WELL, if it ain't Dick!' cried the Captain, after the first whoop of surprise which brought heads crowding round the galley door. 'Why, you young sculping, what you mean, stowing yourself away like that? Here, shut the door.' He shut the galley door in the face of the crew, who had gathered round, and Mr. Slimon, who had recovered from his surprise, seized me by the shoulder and shook me.

I never knew that Mr. Slimon was so strong, and I never knew that he could look so cruel and hard, and I never knew how a shaking knocks one to pieces both in mind and body, and either makes a person cry out for mercy or raises all that is evil in him. I had been bullied by bigger boys at St. Paul's, knuckle-screwed and arm-twisted and buckled, but I

never had been shaken before, and I knew that the punishment was caused less by my offence than by the anger of Mr. Slimon at the manner in which the Captain had talked to him about the stores. I was a big boy for my age, and I let out with my foot and kicked him on the shin, so that he fell back in a corner of the galley, standing on one leg like a stork for a moment, and holding up the injured leg till the knee touched his chest. Then like a flash he seized the big iron ladle that Jam had been using. Next moment the Captain had seized him by the arm.

Come, you drop that ladle. I'll have no murder on my ship; what did you want to handle the boy like that for, eh? Come, you drop that ladle — that's right.' The ladle fell on the floor, and the Captain kicked it away out of danger. 'Now be sensible, and just you keep your hands off the boy, or maybe he will land you another the same as the last. then, Dick, what's all this here? Speak out with the truth, and if you tell a lie I'll take the truth out of you with a rope's end. Horn's my name, and Horn's my nature to them that crosses my hawser; come, speak up.

'I don't want to tell any lies,' replied I. 'I hid in the locker because I wanted to go to sea - that's

'Is it all?' cut in Mr. Slimon. 'You wait till I get you on shore - you wait till I send for your uncle, we will see if it's all - oh, just you wait!

He rubbed his hands together just as if he were washing them; and this is a horrid sign in a man, and one which, when I see it, always fills me with mistrust and aversion. I said nothing, and the Captain, who was standing with his back to the copper, said nothing for a moment. He seemed thinking, and then suddenly he burst out.

'See here, you want the boy back, don't you?' 'Want him back!' cried Mr. Slimon. 'Why, the

'Shut up - you want him back; well, I've got him, do you see? - and you've got the decent victuals you promised to put aboard this hooker? Well, we will make an exchange here, at Tilbury. I lie till to-morrow morning, you re-victual the ship, and I will give you back the boy. If you don't, I will sail

'Then I will call the police at Tilbury - that's

settled,' said Mr. Slimon.

'Call the police,' cried Captain Horn, with a burst of laughter that did me good to hear. 'Do, and I'll blow the gaff on what the voyage is about. Two words more from you and I'll go and tell it to the hands. Come, leave the boy here, and be reasonable - come, we're right on Tilbury now; you go before me and be reasonable -

He opened the galley door, made Mr. Slimon go first, winked at me, and made the old gesture with his thumb at the unconscious Mr. Slimon; then I was alone with the door shut upon me, and my heart

thumping fit to burst.

Would Mr. Slimon go to the expense of re-victualing the ship? My whole destiny hung on that question. It seemed that my destiny was always to hang and turn on the meanness of Mr. Slimon.

As I was debating the point, a sound like the roar of a lion came from the bow of the brig. It was the anchor-chain roaring through the hawse-pipe.

Then I waited. Half an hour passed, and the brig swinging at her anchor moved with the stream slightly as a fish's tail moves when a fish has its nose up-stream and isn't swimming, but just keeping its position on the look-out for flies.

A sunbeam through the galley window kept moving on the wall, sliding back and forwards; I could hear voices from the deck, and I was wondering what had become of Jam, when Jam himself burst into the galley, calling me to come on deck.

I went. Captain Horn was standing by the deckhouse with his elbows on the post bulwarks, and his eyes fixed on a boat that had just found the landing-

stage at Tilbury.

'Well, there he goes,' said the Captain. 'He's done me over the victuals, but I've done him over you, Dick. If you wanted to you couldn't go ashore now, not unless those clean victuals came aboard, which they won't. I've got you in exchange for them, and a bad exchange it is. Here, get along for and tell them to sling you a hammock in the forces le if there's a spare one. Got any belongings with you?'

No, sir.

'Well, you'll sail all the lighter, and if the weather turns foul before we get down south, I'll see if I can't rig you up something in the way of an old pilot-coat; get for'ard and get some grub, if you can swallow the tack your precious old uncle and his mate have loaded me with. You'll find Mr. Clopping

I did, and I never knew how a rope's end can sting you up till I asked Mr. Clopping to swing me a ham-

mock in the fo'cs'le.

CHAPTER V.

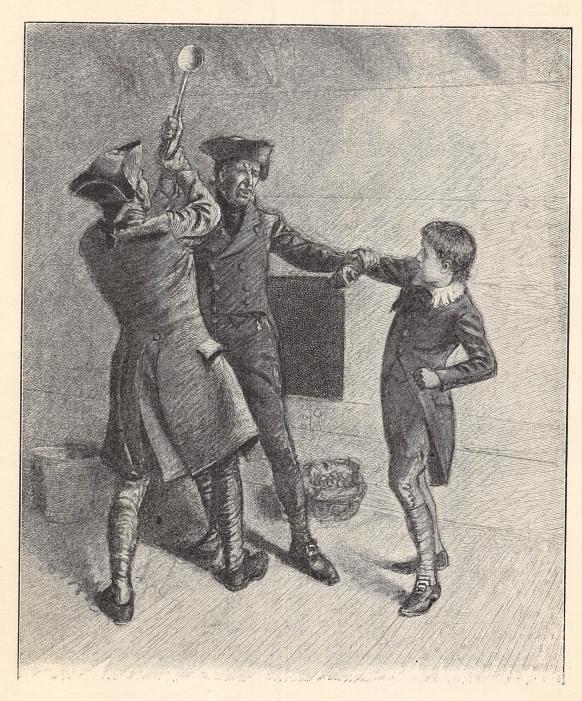
The brig was close hauled to a stiff south-easterly breeze; the sky was ice blue with white clouds, vast white clouds piled mountain-like in the west, piled like snow-banks in the east, all as if drawn away to leave the pool of blue sky above us clear. The land lay far away to starboard, cliffs and rocks of the Cornish coast extraordinarily desolate and beautiful across the green and white of the sea.

The old brig had not lied to me: everything the ropes and blocks and masts and rigging had promised to me as she lay tied up to the wharf without a movement in her had been true, and more than true, for I never could have imagined the life in her she showed now with the waves bursting against her bow, with the foam rushing in rivers past her quarters, and every voice in her shouting as she swept like a living thing through the living sea.

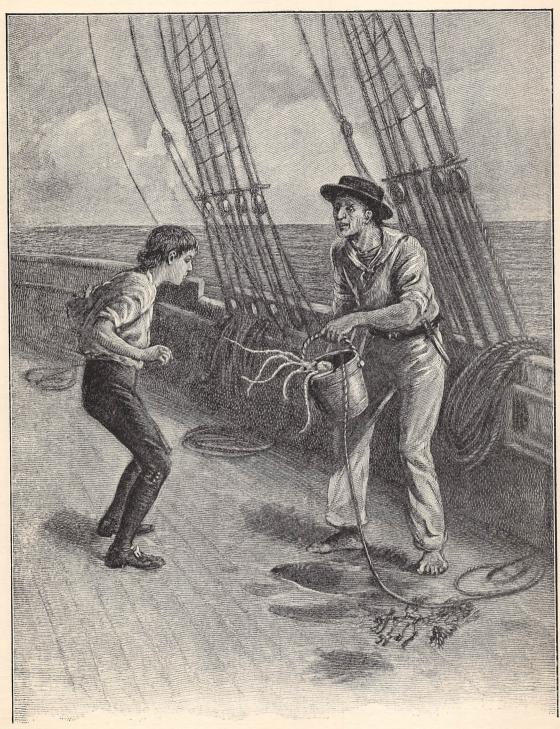
She was alive, alive as a horse, and little as I knew of ships, I could feel that she was being handled like a horse, for all her size; and the marvel of the great masts and spars, the great white spaces of canvas held hard against the sky, filled my heart till I could have shouted had I been with no one to hear me.

Sometimes I could feel the great hand of the wind press the brig gently over as if a giant were playing with her; that was when she went off a point or two, and my heart would get a click with fright, for it seemed as if that awful power could head her right over and sink her for ever in the sea. Then with the clocking of the rudder-chains and the pattering of the reef-points she would slowly come back to a more even keel with, oh, such a feeling of life in her that I can't in the least describe, but it's that which makes a ship and is the soul and spirit of a ship, and if you have never felt it you will never know it,

(Continued on page 58.)



"'Come, you drop that ladle!""



"A thing like nothing I had ever seen before."

BIRD CAY.

By H. de Vere Stacpoole.

(Continued from page 55.)

I HAD not even a touch of sea-sickness; I had no time to think of it, so filled was I with the extraordinary new life into which I had plunged, and so busy doing all sorts of jobs at the bidding of the

I was ship's boy and no mistake, and though Captain Horn, whenever I came across him, would call me by name, and not unkindly, he never interfered to get my jobs made easier or less dirty - and I didn't mind. I was happy enough, and as I didn't grumble and did with a will what I was put to, my mates treated me just as I deserved — decently. The fact that I had kicked Mr. Slimon was known, and as Mr. Slimon was abused every mealtime for the badness of the food he had put on board, that kick I gave him saved me, I think, from many another.

We were twenty hands all told. Mr. Clopping, the mate, berthed with the Captain in the deck-house, the after part of which was divided into two cabins not much bigger than dog-kennels. The fo'cs'le where my hammock was slung was as black as a coalhole; daylight could not come there except by the hatchway, and it was lit by a slush-lamp swinging from a beam. It was narrow forward, where the great keel of the bowsprit entered between the knight-heads; it was lined with bunks and hammocks swung from the beams, making it a matter of difficulty to get about, and coming down there from the fresh air of the deck it was like a blanket stuffed into one's mouth and choking one, the air was so thick with tobacco smoke and general smother, to say nothing of the smell of the slush-lamp.

It is a strange thing, and a thing which one learns when one is old, that men are so like one another as a rule that recollection carries few of the faces she meets along with her. Of all the crew of the Albatross, six alone stand out clearly in my mind: Captain Horn; Mr. Clopping, the first mate, a pale-faced, middle-sized man, always complaining of his digestion; Mr. James, the second mate; Jam; Blower, the boatswain, stout as a barrel and bronzed to the colour of mahogany; and Jim Prentice, one of the

hands, of whom more later on.

I kept myself as clear of the fo'cs'le as I could; the watch below was always snoring, or fretful if awake, so that it was only at mealtimes a person could get about in the place without a boot being hove at his head. On deck in the fresh air one felt oneself in a different world, and on deck I stayed, helping in all sorts of matters and picking up knowl-

edge that has helped me all my life.

Jim Prentice was my chief instructor. We had no carpenter; Prentice did all the work that had to be done in that way. He was a sharp-looking man and very silent, when he was not questioning one, and Captain Horn said there was nothing on earth he couldn't do. I believe the Captain was pretty nearly right; carpentry, cooking, sail-making, tailoring, doctoring, they all came alike to Prentice. He could make a pair of trousers, or splice a rope, or set a broken limb, or do any mortal thing that a pair of human hands were capable of doing, and all without a word. He talked to me far more than to any one else; indeed, from the second day of the voyage I was his favourite.

We left the Irish coast behind us and took the full swell of the Atlantic, heading straight for the Azores, the north-east wind blowing, and the northeast waves racing us through the 'roaring forties,' as sailors call the seas between fifty and forty degrees of latitude.

We passed the Azores one morning just after dawn, islands so far off on the eastern horizon that the blaze of the sunrise seemed to burn them away, leaving nothing but a smudge on the eastern sea-line, and a week later we struck the Sargasso Sea. The weed, like no other seaweed I have ever seen, covered the water so that sometimes we seemed sailing across a meadow; then we would come to a great break or river of blue water banked with the weed, and see other rivers far away to port and starboard.

Jam said the sea-cows grazed here, and that if the wind were to fail we should be stuck for ever in the weeds, which would close round us and grow over the

He got a bucket, and dredged up little crabs, bits of the weed, small fish, and a thing like nothing I had ever seen before. It was as if a person had taken a lot of snakes and tied them together by the middle.

Jam laid it out on the deck. He said it was a devil-fish; he showed me the eyes and the mouth; he said he had seen them fifty times the size in the waters off Cuba. I did not believe him then, but I have altered my opinion since.

CHAPTER VI.

One day I was talking to Jam in the caboose. The place was stiflingly hot, for we were far south now, clear of the Sargasso and steering our course across a flaming blue sea.

We had been talking about a lot of things whilst Jam superintended the boiling of the potatoes for the men's dinner. We were talking now on the question of why some men were black and some men were

white.

Jam said all men were originally black, and that black was the best colour. 'Hab you ebber seen a black hoss that worn't better'n a white, hab you ebber seen a black dog what couldn't lick a white dog, hey, tell me dat? Look at a black coat, on'y the boss wears a black coat - ain't a black coat better'n a white, ain't black the better colour - you tell me dat?

But before I could reply to this, the voice of Captain Horn came from aft. 'Dick Bannister! Hullo there — where's that boy got to?'

I left Jam to his cooking and darted out of the caboose.

Captain Horn was standing by the door of the deck-house, and when he saw me he beckoned. He led me into the deck-house and shut the door.

The place was fairly large, with a table in the centre, by the table there were seats securely fastened to the deck; light came from a scuttle above and a window on the starboard side; on the wall opposite the window there was a sling containing a telescope, and a locker where the Captain stowed his charts and nautical instruments. The doors of the little cabins occupied by the Captain and Mr. Clopping opened aft. James, the second mate, a rough

old shell-back, not a bit better than any of the men, with the exception that he could take a sight and had some slight knowledge of navigation, berthed in the forecastle.

Mr. Clopping was seated at the table before some charts; he looked up when I came in but did not move, whilst the Captain made me sit down and took

a seat opposite to me beside Clopping. 'Dick,' said the Captain, 'I've called you aft to have a word with you, seeing that you're old Simon Bannister's nephew, and that he owns the brig and the cargo both, though there's no knowing what share that Slimon has in the venture. I'm not bound to him. Simon Bannister is my owner and you're his nephew, and maybe when the old man dies you'll be coming into his money, and the profits of this trip being part of that money, it's fair and honest you should have some knowledge of what we're about.

'If I'd known,' cut in Mr. Clopping, raising his chin, 'I'd never have signed on for such a venture; dead men's money means dead men's bones. I've

always held to that.'

'Well, you can hold to it so long as you keep your head shut,' replied Captain Horn. 'You've signed on and you can't sign off. Why, bless me, you'd think it was piracy we were after, when all we have to do is to pick an old ship's bones. Now claw on your pigtail for a minute while I get a word with Dick, and first of all up on your pins with you, Dick, and fetch me the rum and the water bottle — they're in that locker under the bunk — and a pannikin.

I fetched out the rum, the water bottle, and the pannikin. You may be sure I was excited; though I did not know in the least what the picking of an old ship's bones meant, the manner of the Captain and the manner of Mr. Clopping left me in no doubt that it was an adventure worth the having. I put the things on the table, and the Captain having mixed himself a pannikin, lit his pipe.

(Continued on page 70.)

NOT ROOM FOR BOTH.

THERE'S not room for the weed in your garden, And the flowering blossoms too: You can't have the noxious nettle, And the violet's lovely blue. For the weed will choke the blossom, And not all the sun and rain Will ever restore its beauty, Or bring back the bloom again.

You can't have the smile of sunshine, And the dark frown on the face; If you have the look forbidding, You will lose the smile's bright grace. And it's better to have the sunshine, And the welcome in the eye, Than the frown that is black and chilling, And the clouds within the sky.

There's not room for the light and gladness, And the sweetness in the life, As well as the dark and loveless, And a heart that is set on strife. And 'tis best to be sweet and gentle, To be pure and good and kind, And to keep as a lasting treasure A sweet and loving mind. Frank Ellis.

THE FIREMAN'S STAIRCASE.

THOSE who peep in at the open doors of our various fire stations are sometimes mystified to see at different places shining brass columns which rise from the paved floor of the 'station' and disappear through open traps in the ceiling above, where the rooms of the staff on duty are situated. Each of these slender pillars is a fireman's 'staircase,' and is known as a 'sliding pole.' Time is of such great importance to a fireman that it would never do for him to have to run downstairs on receiving a call. Instead, immediately the superintendent's bell is heard to ring each man in the rooms above runs to his 'staircase,' flings his arms and legs round it, and slides, almost as quick as sight, into the station hall below. His particular pole, too, is situated at a spot nearest to where his duty lies, so that there is no unnecessary running about in the station once he has John Lea. arrived there.

THE LIFE HISTORY OF A RASPBERRY.

IT is a lovely spring morning, and I have just set up our garden-shelter at the top of the garden, intending to sit in it and do some work. I put up the shelter, and got its cover in place, and then set up the table belonging to it. Now, this little table stands just at the edge of the path, and it happens that a raspberry-cane grows there in the bed; and when my table was in place I found that a little branch of that raspberry-cane was actually hanging over the corner of my table, and nodding in the breeze as though asking to be noticed. Well, I did notice it, and I began to wonder whether the readers of Chatterbox had ever noticed a raspberry-cane ex-

cept when the fruit was ripe.

As I continued to look at this little branch of flowers and leaves I became more interested, and, finally, I went indoors and fetched out my writing materials, so that I could write down for you all I saw and knew about this raspberry. Well, the raspberries come into flower about the middle of May, and this is what they are like. I give a sketch of part of that spray that is nodding over my table as I write (fig. 1). You will see that the buds are fat little things, finishing in a point (fig. 2). They are green, and what you see are really the five sepals (outer leaves of the flower) which protect the flower (fig. 3). When the flower begins to open, these roll right back, as you see in the open flowers in fig. 1; they turn right back until all the points seem to meet on the stem at the back of the flower. Then you see that the bloom is really a white onethat is, the petals are white, but the petals are so small that the flowers always seem as though they must have lost some before we see them! But this is not so; there are five, and they stand just between the five sepals. Then inside these are ever so many stamens, also white, with little light-brown heads. These little heads are known as anthers, and they are really little boxes full of golden dust, or pollen, to give it its proper name. (They are not hard names, and I am sure you will remember them.) These stamens stand as thick as can be on the sepals, and very soon after the flower is open the petals fall off altogether; and really they are so small, you hardly

You see in my sketch one flower which has lost its petals (fig. 4). Inside the stamens is a funny little

thing like a tiny white paint-brush - you see it sticking out of the middle of the flowers. Now, if you examine this with a magnifying-glass, you find it is a little ball composed of a great number of a tiny green kind of pip, each with a slender white thread at its top; these form the hairs of our so-called paint-brush. These little threads and pips are really what are called pistils, and the whole lump is

what will later be the raspberry.

What happens is this: when the flowers open they receive visits from bees who come to fetch away some juice which they know is in the bottom of the flowers. Now, when they dive in after this juice, they rub their bodies up against those pollen-boxes of which I tell you, and the result is that they get dusted with that pollen dust and go away with quite a lot on them. Now, bees when they set out from their homes in the morning have always had their orders as to what flowers they are to visit, and if a bee is told to go to raspberries, of course he goes, and, what is more, he visits nothing but raspberries all the day long. The consequence is, he carries the pollen from one bloom to another, and, what is most important, rubs some of it on the threads of the pistils; this feeds the pistils, and causes them, or rather the little pips at their bases, to grow. Of course the bee does not put the pollen on the pistil on purpose, but, as he goes from flower to flower he cannot help it, and what looks like an accident is undoubtedly the best thing for the flower, for it has been proved that it is always better for the pistils to be fed by pollen from other flowers.

Next, we will watch the growth of our raspberry. After the petals have fallen and the anthers have emptied all their boxes of the gold dust (fig. 5), the next thing to happen is that the stamens shrivel up, but do not all drop off; I think some fall, but not all. The threads of the pistils also shrivel up a bit. But

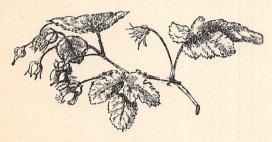
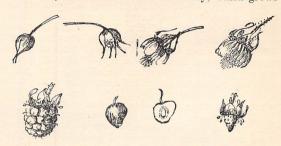


Fig. 1.-A Spray of Raspberry.

the little pip-like lumps swell and swell, and gradually swell so much that they cover up the stamens altogether. Then they turn pink, and finally red, and when they are a fairly dark colour, if some one does not come along and pick them, they fall off (fig. 6). If you handle a raspberry very carefully, you will find you can divide all those little red balls, for they are each separate fruits (fig. 7), and if you cut one open, you will find it contains one tiny seed (fig. 8), and from this a new cane might grow. But, as a matter of fact, new plants generally come by the roots throwing up suckers.

To go back to our raspberry once more. There are two ways of gathering them. One way is to break the little stem on which the raspberry grows, and another is to gently pull at the fruit until it comes right away from its seat, leaving the sepals, the stamens, and a funny little white pyramid (fig. 9) on which the raspberry had lived. It is only when it is quite ripe that it will come away like that, because while it is still growing it holds on tightly, and is partly fed by that pyramid.

There is another fruit very like the raspberry — I am sure you know it - the blackberry, which grows



Figs. 2 to 9 (from left to right, taking the top row first). Stages in Growth of Raspberry.

in our hedges. There is one difference between them, and that is that when you gather the blackberry, you gather little pyramid and all, for the blackberry

never leaves go, so we eat the lot!

Now I think I have told you enough to make you interested in the raspberry, even when it is only in flower, and I hope that next May you will look out for the flowers, and prove for yourselves all I have told vou.

WHAT SANTA CLAUS BROUGHT TO PICCIOLA.

(From the German.)

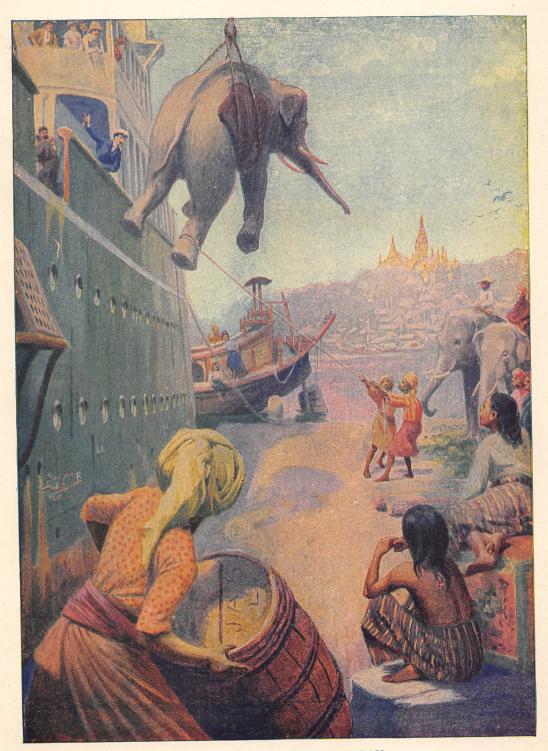
PAR away in Italy a small hut stood on the hill-I side. Here dwelt a poor wood-cutter, with his wife and his only daughter, little Picciola.

In summer, when the wood round about the hut was green with foliage and gay with flowers, the wood-cutter had so much work that he and his family wanted for nothing; but things were very different in the winter, when sometimes the hut was almost buried beneath the snow, and the hungry wolves prowled and howled around. Then the poor man had no work. For a whole week, perhaps, no one dared leave the hut, and the little family was thankful indeed if the bread and potatoes lasted until milder weather permitted one of them to visit the nearest village.

It was Christmas Eve — the night beloved of the children. The Italian youngsters have no Christmastrees, but they believe in Santa Claus, or Saint Nicholas (as he is sometimes called), the kind old man who on that holy night fills their shoes (not their stockings) with gifts. When they go to bed, they leave their shoes all ready for him, either beside the

hearth or on the window-sill.

Picciola's father had done no work for a whole week, and sadly he and his wife shook their heads when their daughter wondered what Saint Nicholas was going to bring her. But for all their head-sha-king and doleful looks, the little girl was sure something would come for her. 'Did you not tell me,



LOADING ELEPHANTS AT BOMBAY.



"The shoe was not empty."

dear,' she said gaily, as she lovingly stroked her mother's pale cheek, 'that I had been good and obedient? If that is so, you will see that I shall have something good from Saint Nicholas.'

Carefully Picciola lined her little shoe with straw, as (so she had been told) Saint Nicholas liked to see it. Then she placed it on the ledge outside the win-

dow; after which, with fast-beating heart, she lay down in her bed.

She was awake long before daybreak, but waited patiently until her mother had lighted the fire and

Up she jumped, then ran to the window and peeped into the shoe. 'Oh!' she exclaimed, putting

in her little hand. Her mother looked on sadly, knowing (as she thought) the disappointment in store for her.

But when Picciola withdrew her hand, the shoe was not empty! Gaily she danced back to her

mother.

'Oh, Mother, look!' she cried. 'See what Saint Nicholas has brought me! I knew that he would not forget me this Christmas!'

And what was Picciola's Christmas gift?

A pretty, trembling little bird, which had taken refuge from the cold of that winter night in the cosy, warm shoe. Tenderly Picciola held the halfnumbed, tiny creature in her hand, and fed it with

crumbs from her own breakfast.

Very soon the bird became so tame and trustful that it would perch fearlessly on the girl's shoulder, where it would take food from her lips. For the rest of the winter it remained in the hut, which it brightened with its cheery song. It was for Picciola a dear little playmate: it was also a minister of comfort to her parents. Although, during those dreary, chilly days, they felt sometimes sad and despondent, the merry voices of their child and her Christmas bird kept hope alive in their hearts until the happy spring-tide came again to banish poverty and care from their home.

E. Dyke.

OUR LITTLE GARDENS: A YEAR'S WORK.

II. - FEBRUARY.

A LREADY the days are longer and the sun shines with greater warmth. Plants find this out as quickly as you do, and already many of them are hard at work. Plants lose no time. I told you that many of them disappear for the winter, as the only live portions of them are under the soil. During the next couple of months these will reappear, sending forth beautiful fresh green leaves and stems out of the ground. It is wonderfully interesting to watch such plants in their rapid growth. Many of them are what we call perennials, a word we use for plants that live and grow year after year. Some die down, as I have described, like the Welsh poppy; some remain evergreen all winter, like the wallflower. Beside the perennials, we may grow annuals. These are very interesting. We sow the seed in the spring, and the little things grow fast and flower when the summer comes. They have to hurry into flower because their lives are short, for when they have flowered and ripened their s eds they die - and all within a year. It is delightful to have them flower thus quickly, for I should tell you that if we grow little perennials from seed we must expect no flowers from them for a whole year (with a few exceptions), and some take as long as three years.

Now we understand why annuals are just the flowers for children's gardens. And more than that, this is the month in which to make out our list of

names.

Suppose we have decided to buy one dozen packets of annuals. We shall know them in the gardener's catalogue from the perennials, because they will have the letters h.a. (hardy annual), or h.h.a. (half-hardy annual), in a column following the name.

I should like each boy or each girl to make his or her own choice, but for those who have never grown them before I will name a few that make a good display and are easy to grow. Larkspurs, blue; scarlet linum; Shirley poppies, many colours, chiefly pink, crimson, and white; sweet peas, and of these we will have three packets; convolvulus minor, blue and white; coreopsis, brown and yellow (very useful for cutting for the house, and also because it flowers very late in the summer). Mignonette will give us sweet perfume in our gardens. Nasturtium major will give us climbing plants that we can train up paling or posts, while godetia, white pearl, will give us lovely satiny white flowers. For the last one, we will choose a half-hardy variety, the aster, and we will not sow the seed of this until April. Shall we have yet one more packet? Let it be a packet of cress, to grow for tea with our bread-and-butter.

We shall not sow any of the seed until early in March, but we must keep all the weeds down in our garden, and still leave it rough for the frost to penetrate until within a week of seed-sowing; then we may carefully rake down the lumps and make all

smooth and level.

The rose is our national flower, the emblem of England, and therefore, if we can manage it, we will try each one of us to possess a rose-bush. The best month in the year to plant roses is November; but we must do the best we can, and the last week in February or early in March is also reckoned a capital time for rose-planting. If we are to have but one tree, we must decide whether it shall be a bushrose or a climber to cover an arch or run up a pole.

We ought to make ready the soil for the rose-bush some time before planting, and, if we can get it, some well-rotted stable manure may be dug into the soil. This will be food for the roots, and through them for the whole plant, such as roses love, yet, at the same time, the manure should not actually touch the roots

of the tree.

Now for a lesson on planting. This is an important matter indeed. For our rose we must dig a flatbottomed hole, not too deep, but large enough on all sides to let us spread out the roots as far as they reach, after setting the bush in the middle of the hole. Then we fill in the soil and tread it down quite firmly all round about it. Always remember to plant firmly—it is a golden rule. I think you would manage best if two of you worked together in this matter of planting a rose. One should hold it in its place in the centre of the hole, while the other spread out the roots and filled in the earth about it. Perhaps some Chatterbox readers already have gardens, with roses planted long ago. To these I may hint that during February some rotted stable manure may be spread on the ground round the tree, and the addition of some soot will be acceptable. We call manure, when thus put upon the ground around trees or plants, a top-dressing. It is also sometimes called a mulch. F. M. Wells.

BIANCA'S PICTURE.

BIANCA was always in such a merry mood that it was difficult for her to seem happier than usual, but on this sunny morning, as her little bare feet ran swiftly up the steep stone stairway to the room where she lived with Aunt Teresa, she was so excited that even her deep brown ringlets seemed to curl tighter with sheer delight. And Bianca herself had been the cause of the little adventure which gave her such pleasure, for it was Bianca's laughter and

her bright, eager voice that had attracted the attention of the English visitors that morning to the group of Italian children playing hop-scotch on the sands. They had paused to look, and lingered to admire.

'Enid, I simply must paint those children,' Mr. Ford had said. 'Did you ever see anything more picturesque than they are, with their little bare, brown feet and dark, tangled curly hair? I wish I had brought my sketch-book with me.'

'Let us ask them all to come to the villa,' suggested his wife. 'I should love to play with these dear little mites myself, and you could paint at home

without interruption.

The children, of course, did not understand what was being said about them, but Mrs. Ford knew enough Italian to explain to them in their own language that her husband wanted to put them in a picture, and that they were invited to spend that afternoon at the artist's villa, just outside the town.

Excited though all the children were at the prospect, Bianca was the most eager of any, for she loved pictures, and often tried to make them herself, but her only materials were the smooth sand of the beach and a piece of stick, and they never satisfied her completely. To be put in a real picture, and, above all, to see the picture made, seemed too much like a fairy tale to be true, and that is why Bianca danced so gaily up the stone stairs to tell Aunt Teresa the news.

But Aunt Teresa was talking to a neighbour when Bianca entered, and the visitor turned to the little

girl at once.

'See, Bianca,' she said, 'Signor Ambrogio, who has the big flower garden, wants some one to pick violets this afternoon. To-night he will send his first baskets of flowers to England, by the special flower train, and he is short of helpers just when he needs them most. If your aunt will only go there this afternoon, she may get regular work for the whole of the flower season. I say it is folly to refuse such a chance.'

'But I promised Carlo that his net should be mended by this evening,' said Aunt Teresa, 'and I will not break my word, even for a place in Signor

Ambrogio's gardens.'

Bianca's quick mind understood at once what a great piece of good fortune it would be for Aunt Teresa to get regular employment for a whole season, instead of seeking anxiously for any odd job at netmaking or mending, bringing in only a few pence at a time. She thought to herself what a pity it was she was going to the English villa that afternoon, as otherwise she could have mended the net, and Aunt Teresa would have been free. Of course, she couldn't give up such a treat as that; kind-hearted Aunt Teresa would never allow her to. Then she remembered how often Aunt Teresa had made sacrifices in order that Bianca should have some little pleasure, and, as she looked at the kindly, troubled face, Bianca suddenly realised that here was a chance to make some return for them. As soon as the thought came to her she spoke, fearing that if she paused to consider, it would become too difficult.

'Why, Aunt Teresa, I can mend the net,' she cried; 'you know I can do it nearly as well as you; you said so yourself. Then you can go to Signor Ambro-

gio's gardens.'

'But 'tis your holiday to-day, child; you should

enjoy yourself,' said Aunt Teresa, hesitating, thoughtful as ever for Bianca's pleasure. Her reluctance strengthened Bianca's resolution, and so at last she succeeded in coaxing Aunt Teresa to agree.

Nevertheless, as Bianca, concealed behind a big fishing-boat drawn up on land, watched her little companions clattering down the cobbled street—their bare feet now encased in the stockings and heavy wooden-soled boots, usually worn only on Sundays; wearing their best dresses, their smoothly brushed hair tied with the gayest ribbons—she could not prevent one or two big tears squeezing their way through her eyelids, though she blinked them very hard. As she seated herself on the warm sand, too, with plenty of coarse twine, and the queer netting-needle, she had to rub a dimness out of her eyes

every now and then.

But Bianca was not the only one in the little Italian village disappointed that afternoon. Mr. Ford had made all preparations for sketching the picturesque children he had watched that morning, and when they arrived at the villa he was completely taken aback. He did not recognise them for the same children. Their everyday dresses, whose bright colours had been softened so beautifully by long exposure to the bright sunlight, were replaced by 'best frocks' whose crude colouring had not been touched by time; the bare brown feet were covered with clumsy boots, the children themselves had lost the air of happy freedom and enjoyment which was so pretty while they played on the sand. Mr. Ford felt it was impossible to make an attractive picture of this constrained, rather awkward group, and, being bitterly disappointed, he left his wife to entertain the little visitors, and himself wandered out along the beach, hoping to find some happier subject for his pencil and brush. The children did not mind; Mrs. Ford fetched her camera, and photographed each one, and to them one picture was just as good as another. Afterwards they played games and ate cakes and biscuits, and altogether enjoyed themselves far more than if they had been compelled to sit quietly as models.

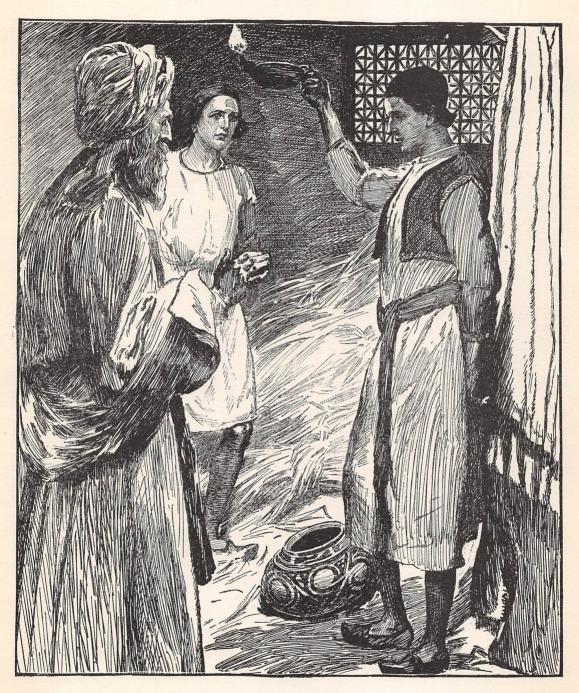
Thus it happened that the artist, in his walk, came upon the prettiest picture imaginable: Bianca seated on the sands, with the big brown fishing-net spread before her, working steadily at her mending, pausing only now and then to toss back from her eyes the wayward curls that would tumble into the way. It was in one of these pauses that Bianca caught sight of the artist making a rapid but careful sketch of her, and as she looked at him in astonishment he could see that there had been tears in her eyes. His sympathetic questions soon won Bianca's confidence, and when he heard the cause of her grief, soon turned her tears to smiles by telling her how much he wanted to make a picture of her just as she was.

Bianca thought that was the most beautiful afternoon she had ever spent, but she found there were many more to come, for all that winter the artist painted pictures, not only of Bianca, but of her little friends, as they played on the beach. Nevertheless, both the artist and Bianca thought the best picture of all was the one of Bianca mending the fishing-net, and when Mr. and Mrs. Ford went back to England, the artist left with his little friend not only a big paint-box of colours, and books for painting in, but a big framed copy of Bianca's picture.

I. A. Davison.



"I simply must paint those children."



"'The light of this lamp will fill the room."

THE TWO PUPILS.

An Eastern Fable.

I N a certain great city there dwelt an aged philosopher who had two favourite pupils. The day came when at last he was to part with them, for, as young men will, they had determined to travel and see something of the world. In order to settle a doubt in his mind as to which had most profited under his instruction, the sage gave to each youth a sum of money.

'Go, buy with this money something that shall fill

a whole room,' he said.

One pupil went to the market, where he purchased a quantity of straw. This he had taken to his room, which it nearly filled. Next morning he invited his master to call and see what he had done.

'Not bad - not bad!' said the wise man when he had glanced in at the door. Then, turning to the other pupil, who had accompanied him, he asked,

'And what have you bought with your money?'
'Master, if it please you, I have only got a small lamp and some oil. The light of this lamp, however, will fill the room in the dark evening hours. By this means we may continue our studies after the day's work is done, when we wish to do so.' 'Bravo! bravo!' cried the delighted sage. 'Now,

indeed, art thou fit to go into the world!

THE BEE AND THE SNAIL.

HURRY up, hurry up! 'said the Bee to the Snail, 'It's quite shocking, the way that you crawl; I have flown half a mile in the teeth of the gale While you've not moved an inch from the wall.'

'Very good, very good!' said the Snail to the Bee;

'You are welcome to do as you choose. I am sure I don't mind if you fly out to sea; If you fall in, you've nothing to lose.'

'You are wrong,' said the Bee. 'What I carry with

As I fly is worth heaps of good money.' 'What you gather, men sell,' said the Snail, 'but my

Is a Home, worth much more than your honey.' E. Tracey Archer.

WILL IT RAIN?

'Y ES,' say the clouds, when they are banked to-gether in the western sky. Yet clouds do not always mean that rain is coming; sometimes they

merely denote wind.

Many animals have a prophetic instinct with respect to weather. Thus we see sheep and cows lying down at the approach of rain in order to keep one spot dry for themselves. Amongst birds, swallows, geese, and peacocks are weather-prophets. Swallows fly low before rain; if they suddenly crowd together and fly very high, that is a sure sign of a coming storm. Geese clamour and peacocks scream when they feel that rain is near.

In some parts of Germany and Switzerland people have a curious method of forecasting the weather. They keep a little green frog in a bottle half full of water. From the top of the bottle right down into

the water there is a flight of wooden steps. While the frog remains down below the people say that the weather will be fine; if he comes up and sits on the

steps it will be dull, wet, or cold.

Flowers, as we know, are very sensitive to weather changes. So true a prophet is the little pimpernel that it has been called 'the poor man's weather-glass.' The crocus, dandelion, anemone, and wood-sorrel close their flowers before rain. Damp causes wild oats to contract; hence, in some places they are used to test the dryness of beds and cupboards. Fir-cones, even after they are gathered (so long as they have in them any seeds to protect) retain their power to close for wet weather and open for fine weather. Seaweed, which becomes moist and clammy when rain is at hand, makes an excellent barometer. E. D.

FAMOUS RIVERS OF THE OLD WORLD AND THE NEW.

I. — THE YANG - TSE - KIANG.

BETWEEN India and China lies the little-explored country of Tibet. Surrounded as it is by high mountains, it is less known to travellers and geographers than any other Asiatic land. Only a few brave spirits have been found to break through the mountain girdle, and journey, with risk and hard-

ship, over the elevated plains within.

For this country is in the nature of a very high plateau or table-land, the climate being, for a great part of the year, extremely cold and inhospitable. The inhabitants are a hardy race, skilled as workers in iron and weavers in cloth. The religion is a form of Buddhism, and the Grand Lama, the head of the Buddhists in Tibet, resides at Lhassa, the capital city. Monasteries and priests abound on every hand, the priests being distinguished by their long yellow

From the mountains of Tibet flow two streams which, presently uniting, form one of the chief rivers of China. China is indeed a land of streams, and where Nature has not done enough to irrigate the thirsty land, Art has stepped in, as in the formation of the Grand Canal and many other artificial waterways. The two principal rivers are the Hoang-ho, or Yellow River, and the Yang-tse-kiang, or Great Muddy River.

The Hoang-ho is known too as 'China's Sorrow,' because of the terrible and devastating floods which are often caused by its waters. But the Yang-tsekiang is a far more kindly stream, and pours its great volume of muddy water through plains which

it fertilises and blesses.

After breaking from the Tibetan mountains, the Yang-tse enters the Chinese province of Yunnan, at its northern boundary, and then passes through the fertile fields of Szechuan, one of the best and most prosperous parts of China.

The people of this province have a high character for ability; they are the main supporters of the silk trade, the mulberry-trees, upon which the silkworms

feed, being very largely grown there.
In the Upper Yang-tse the scenery is often rugged and picturesque, the river flowing through deep gorges, much resembling the canons through which some American rivers pass. Wonderful effects of light and shade, and sunset visions of surpassing

beauty, are to be met with in these gorges, but they have few European spectators, the river not being easily navigable in its upper reaches. The whole country is in this part mountainous, and there are many dangerous rapids in the Yang-tse, which is not really safe for travellers until it reaches the walled city of Ichang.

Ichang is not a very interesting place, but points of interest are to be found in its neighbourhood: the great Tiger-tooth Gorge is unsurpassed, and there is a beautiful fairy bridge, a natural span between two

rocky hills.

Pagodas, those strange religious buildings so often seen in China, stand upon the hill-sides; the bells with which their peaked roofs are hung swing as the winds blow round them. There is a curious cave temple with a carved front of masonry; and an immense graveyard runs for a mile outside the walls

of the city, along the river-bank.

The water in this part is alive with river craft of various kinds, heavy junks bringing goods down with the current, and others toiling upwards against the stream, dragged by gangs of ragged natives, harnessed together with ropes. The Chinese junk is a clumsy and cumbersome vessel; and so is the kwatsze, a kind of floating house-boat, which is used for travelling on the river. There is altogether a vast deal of traffic on the river. In Szechuan alone there are seventy million people, and the grain and silk raised in that fertile province are brought down the Yang-tse for shipment.

In the Ichang Gorge, with its steep walls of rock, more than two thousand feet high, the scenery is very fine, and the brown, blue and white, and striped sails of the almost countless boats give a note of

gaiety and charm.

Towns and villages abound along the river, which amongst its many names, bears that of 'the river of fragrant tea-fields.' The tea-plant is very extensively

grown in the Yang-tse plains.

Since the introduction of Ceylon and Indian teas, the Chinese tea-trade has fallen off in this country; but immense quantities of China tea are consumed in Russia. This is exported, not only in the leaf as we have it, but as brick tea and tablet tea. The bricks are made of strongly compressed tea-dust, and some of the tablet teas are compressed green leaf of the finest quality.

Besides the mulberry-groves and tea-plantations, there are orange-groves and rice-fields, to say nothing of the splendid stretches of poppy-land in

Szechuan.

In the Tung-ting Lake, into which part of the water of the Yang-tse is drained by a canal, is an island upon which very choice tea is grown, and this used to be reserved especially for use in the Imperial Palace. Between Ichang and Hankow high mudwalled embankments run on each side of the river, and form at their tops causeways along which people may travel for many miles. Hankow is a great central tea-mart. The trade with Russia has brought many Russians to settle there. The British settlement at Hankow has paved streets, fine buildings, and all the advantages of civilisation. There are also French and German settlements. During May and June this city is extremely busy, for then the young tea-leaves of the first crop are gathered, dried, and brought to Hankow, that the tea-merchants may test and buy them. The sales are effected by Chinese

brokers who, in silken robes and grandly borne along in sedan chairs, come with their samples of tea to market, much as hop-brokers here do with their hops.

But before being sold the tea must be tasted. Tea-tasting is a regular and lucrative profession and the tea-tasters are generally Englishmen. A few leaves of the tea are placed in a cup and boiling water poured on them; then the taster takes a little of the liquid, and, being carefully trained to his work, can in a moment judge of the price and quality of the tea. An enormous quantity goes to Russia, and the long overland journey with the bags of tea used to be made by caravans of camels who took their way across Siberia. But these primitive methods are now largely superseded. Hankow is not in any sense an agreeable or attractive place of residence: many of the numerous inhabitants live in great poverty, in slums which are indescribably miserable.

Multitudes of Chinese have their homes upon the water, and are born, live and die in their junks; even shops and markets are afloat. Signs of the trades to which they belong are borne aloft upon these boats. The people are industrious and thrifty, and know how to live upon a very little, but they have not

much sense of cleanliness.

The common dress of the men is a loose gown, either of dull blue linen, or black glazed calico. Many women of the upper classes still follow the foolish custom of binding their feet to make them small. This causes them to hobble painfully, but anything that is 'old custom' is apt to be respected in China.

The Manchu women of the North are, however, free from this practice. They are a fine tall race, and are noted for their luxuriant and beautifully

dressed hair.

Below Hankow is Kiukiang, a noted porcelain and green-tea mart. It is an unhealthy place, and owing to its position almost insupportably hot in summer. The porcelain is made in the great potteries of Kingte-Chen, the China clay being found in the hills adjoining. Wonderful works of art were produced here in former years, but the manufacture has now degenerated, and the present potters of King-te-Chen are a wild, rough set of people.

Lake Poyang, still further towards the river's mouth, is a sacred lake. Besides temples and shrines, it has upon its borders tea-houses and pleasure resorts for the wealthy people from the cities. Two curious rocky islands—Big Orphan Island and Little Orphan Island—are in the river near this lake; and beyond are the East and West Pillar Hills, called

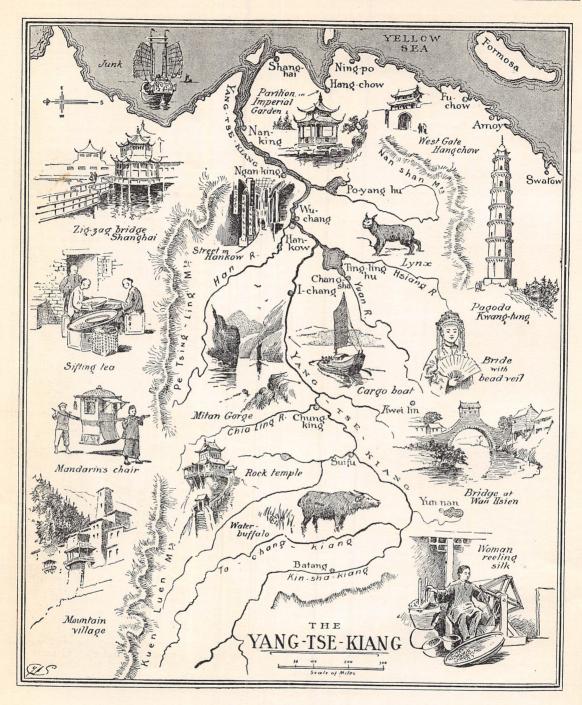
the gates of the Yang-tse-kiang.

At Chiukiang occurs the junction of the Grand Canal with the Yang-tse; and between Chiukiang and Nankin is a mountainous region where wild boars are hunted. Nankin, once the capital of the empire, has suffered much during the civil wars of the Chinese. It is a great walled city, of more than one hundred and fifty thousand inhabitants.

Near the mouth of the river is the famous port of Shanghai, busy with shipping and shippards, mills and factories, and doing an immense export trade in

tea, silk, and many commodities.

The British, American, French, and German quarters have splendid buildings, and are well-kept; but the native city of Shanghai has within its walls the same dirty, narrow streets, crowded with noisy in-



habitants. The walled Chinese cities, seen from a distance, are imposing; but the unpaved streets, and the frequent clouds of choking dust rising from the deeply-trodden ways, render them unpleasant places of residence,

Near Shanghai, the Yang-tse-kiang, having watered the immense plains of China, and furnished a highway for trade and commerce, finishes its long journey of three thousand two hundred miles, and discharges itself into the Yellow Sea. C. J. Blake,



"He rang the next-door bell with violence."

THE MERCHANT AND THE CARPENTER.

A Fable.

A POOR carpenter sang at his work from morning till night. He toiled all day, getting up early and going to bed late, and went on singing, whether

cold, hungry, or tired, if for no better reason than to keep up his spirits. Now this carpenter never had a holiday, whereas the merchant next door hardly ever had anything else. Instead of singing, however, the merchant sighed. He spent his time thinking of his riches, and this caused him such anxiety that he was not only miserable all day, but lay awake for many

hours every night. Unhappily, at sunrise, just as he felt drowsy, he was always disturbed by the carpenter in his cottage next door singing as he set about his day's work.

At last he could bear it no longer, and sent for the carpenter, who obeyed the summons in the greatest

astonishment.

'My good man,' said the merchant, 'you are very foolish.'

'How so,' demanded the carpenter.

'Listen to me,' said the other. 'Since even I, who have riches, am miserable, it is impossible that you, who are poor, should be happy. Then why do you sing?'

At this the carpenter frowned, rubbed his head, and knew not what to reply. He had never understood before that he was miserable, but of course, as the merchant said so, he had no doubt that it was

true.

'Unless I sing,' explained the carpenter at length,

'I cannot work.

'In that case,' said the merchant, cheerfully, 'tell

me how much you earn a year.'

'A year,' laughed the carpenter. 'Why, I think myself lucky if I can earn enough from week to week to buy bread and pay my rent.

'Then,' persisted the merchant, 'how much do you earn a day?' whereupon the carpenter named a sum so small that the merchant looked almost as much astonished as the carpenter looked the next instant.

'I will pay you twice that sum every day,' said the merchant, 'on condition that you bring me your tools and make holiday from this time forth!

At this unexpected generosity the carpenter was at first too dazed to speak. However, without loss of time he brought his hammer, saw, screwdriver, gimlet and nails, and for three weeks, singing even louder than usual, made holiday with the lightest heart in the world. Whenever he saw the merchant he bowed very low in token of gratitude, till at last there came a day when he sang no more, and the cunning merchant rubbed his hands and laughed aloud for glee.

The fact was that after the first few days the carpenter enjoyed his holiday a great deal less than he had expected. Since he could not work himself, he watched his friends. Unfortunately, it annoyed them so much to see him standing idly by, carefully pointing cut all their mistakes, whilst they toiled in the heat of the day, that one by one he offended them all. Nothing remained for the poor carpenter but to sit at his door and watch the passers by, and finding it dull work he gradually left off singing, growing more

melancholy every hour of the day.
'Surely,' said the carpenter at length, 'since I am

miserable, I must be ill. Perhaps I have a cold.'
So the carpenter sat with his head in his hands. First he wondered whether his throat ached, next he was almost certain he had a pain in his back; and at last, feeling convinced he had caught a severe cold,

the unhappy man went to bed.

Now, as he lay in bed with nothing to do but groan and toss, the carpenter fell a-thinking of his tools in the merchant's house. When he considered that as long as he lived he could never hammer a nail, saw a plank or turn a screw again, that he was doomed to holidays for the rest of his life, this miserable carpenter wept aloud. At length he could bear it no longer. Springing out of bed, he dressed quickly, and

rang the next-door bell with such violence that the merchant's servants rushed to admit him in alarm.

'I have had enough of holidays,' cried the carpenter, rushing into the merchant's presence. your money and give me back my tools!

'You are more foolish than I thought,' said the merchant angrily; but even while he spoke the carpenter caught up his saw, his hammer, his gimlet, and his nails. He began work that very day, and ever after sang as he toiled from morning till night. Joyce Cobb.

BIRD CAY.

By H. de Vere Stacpoole.

(Continued from page 59.)

'MHIS is the lie of it,' said Captain Horn, 'and it's soon told. A matter of seven years ago I was in Matanzas, which is in Cuba, wanting a job. It's neither here nor there how I came to be stranded, but there I was on my beam-ends, no money, no job, nor the sight of one. Well, one day I met a Spaniard who told me of a likely ship; the Santissima Maria was her name, Spanish owned and Spanish built, lying at the quays and wanting a second mate. Ten minutes later I was on board her. We weren't long fixing up the business, and in five minutes I was signed on as second mate, and old Snuffand-whiskers, the Captain, gave me a month's advance so that I was able to pay for my lodging ashore. Next day we started, bound for Cadiz. had a general cargo, and on top of it five hundred thousand pounds' worth of bar gold - Spanish gold from South America bound for Cadiz. I knew nothing of the gold till one night, ten days out from Matanzas, I heard a pistol-shot, tumbled out of my bunk, and found a crowd of Jack Spaniards trying to rush the after-guard. We got them under, and old Snuff-and-whiskers hanged the mutineers. Six of them he hanged to teach the others manners, and after the hanging he showed me the gold, bricks of it, all stowed in the after-cabin.'

The Captain paused to relight his pipe; then he picked up one of the charts from the table. 'You see this chart; well, it's a chart of the waters betwixt Racoon Cay and Columbus Bank, and all there away. All down here is north of Cuba, and up here would be Flamingo Cay; here's a mark which shows an island south of Racoon Cay, and a line of reef - Bird Cay was the name I gave it. There we were wrecked; the old Santissima Maria carried bad luck with her right along, ending in a big storm which swept the decks, washed every man away but four of the Spaniards and myself, and hove the old hooker high and dry on the reef. The four Spaniards were all foremast men, the captain was drowned, the first mate was drowned, every one was drowned but me and those four, and every boat stove in but the

dinghy.

'Next morning when the sun shone out and the sea went down, these four beggars got the dinghy on to the reef; then they explored the island from which the reef ran, and concluded not to stay there, but make for the track of ships. They got me to help to get the dinghy afloat and victual her; she was a small boat even for a dinghy, and those four and the water-beaker and the provisions sank her so that

she wouldn't carry another ounce; one of the fellows ran back for a brick of gold, but he might have saved his wind, for the old hooker had broke her back, and the after-house door was so jammed with wreckage it would have taken a week to break in with axes, which they hadn't. Then the others shoved off and left me there marooned, like that chap Robinson what's-his-name in that story-book of yours; alone they left me with the old hooker and the gulls.

'There was provisions and water in plenty, but the lonesomeness beat all I ever heard of. I rummaged the island, but there was nothing but coral rock and sand, and bushes and crabs. The main and foremasts of the old Santissima Maria were snapped like carrots, and only a stump of the mizzen left. I got a flag on the stump of the mizzen, and it was the first bit of company I had. I'd sit by the hour and watch it flickering and beckoning in the wind, for all the world as if it was beckoning for help. It was more alive to me than the sea-gulls, and it brought help sure enough, for two days after I ran it up a Frenchman from Dominica took me off. The Jeanne Louise was the name of the ship; she was bound for Havrele-Grace, and not a soul on board of her could speak a word of English. The only French I knew was parly-voo, and that didn't help me to explain to them about the gold.

'I was near mad. Their boat came up alongside the reef, and they beckoned me to jump. I pointed to the hull of the wreck and up at the deck-house, shouting to them that the stuff was there, and they'd only to break in with axes and they'd salve it. The Froggies thought I was mad; two of them jumped on to the reef and into the boat, then they bundled

me out and off we rowed for the ship.

'To think of it - seven hundred thousand pounds in gold, and all to be had for a dozen blows with an axe. When they got me aboard I quieted down, seeing that no good could be done by shouting. They brought me into the captain's cabin: he was seated at his table with a chart before him. It was just after noon, and he had been taking the altitude and pricking the position off. No sooner did I set eyes on the chart than I made for it. Here's the chart

' (Captain Horn placed it before me), 'and see that cross, that's the cross the French captain made that day indicating our position. There you are, a chart of the waters south of Racoon Cay; and there you have the position of the wreck and the gold.'

'Seven years ago,' cut in Mr. Clopping.

'You shut up,' replied the Captain. 'Seven years or seventeen years ago is all the same; there's not a ship touches that island in a blue moon, and they might overhaul the wreck and never find the stuff, and if they did, d'you think they'd believe it gold?

— copper they'd take it for. It's there right enough.

Well, as I was telling Dick, the instant minute I saw the chart I went for it, and I pointed to the cross the French captain had just marked, and then with my thumb over my shoulder to make him know I meant the reef and the wreck. He nodded and laughed, and had some biscuit and cheese fetched for me, and down I sat to the grub, listening to the chaps on deck hauling the yards round.

'We made a fair voyage till we reached sight of the Cornish coast, and then came a Channel fog, and we were rammed midships by a Dutchman bound for Amsterdam. We started a list and began to founder, and the Dutchman took us aboard. Such a

shindy you never did see as the Froggies made when the water was coming into us. The captain was the first to leave with the ship's papers and money, and I was left to the last and near forgot, for I made a bolt back to the captain's cabin, and seeing he'd left the charts behind him, nobbled this one, which wasn't stealing, or if it was, only stealing from Davy Jones.

'Then I found myself landed in Antwerp looking for another job, my boots near worn out, not a copper in my pocket, and seven hundred thousand pounds' worth of gold in my head.'

'Ay, ay, in your head,' said Mr. Clopping; 'that's

a long way from your pocket.'

'There's no long road without an ending,' replied Captain Horn, 'and you'll be pleased to remember I'm addressing my remarks to the nevvy of old Simon Bannister, and if you choose you can take a walk on deck while I finish them.'

'No offence,' said the mate. 'I'm not calling you in question, I'm only cautious.'

Well, you can keep your caution till it's wanted. And now, Dick, you have the story: for nigh seven years I walked the world with that chart in my pocket and that knowledge in my head, till one day I crossed your uncle's hawser. It was in Eastcheap, and I ran against him and near tumbled him into the gutter, and he called me a one-eyed son of a thief, and I apologised handsome instead of striking him, seeing he was a man in years; and with that he shook hands with me, took me into the "Crown and Bells," and got my name and trade and my story.

For I hadn't been speaking to him five minutes before I knew he was a trustable man, and he hadn't been talking to me long before he knew I was likewise, and when two trustable men know each other they get along fast. He offered to put up the money to fit out a ship on a trading voyage. He wasn't going to take the risk of fitting out a ship to hunt for the gold and nothing else. No, it was to be a trading voyage, and a trading voyage it is, only on our return from Havana, where we're bound, we're to stop at the Caicos. D'ye see? - pick up the seven

hundred thousand on our way back.

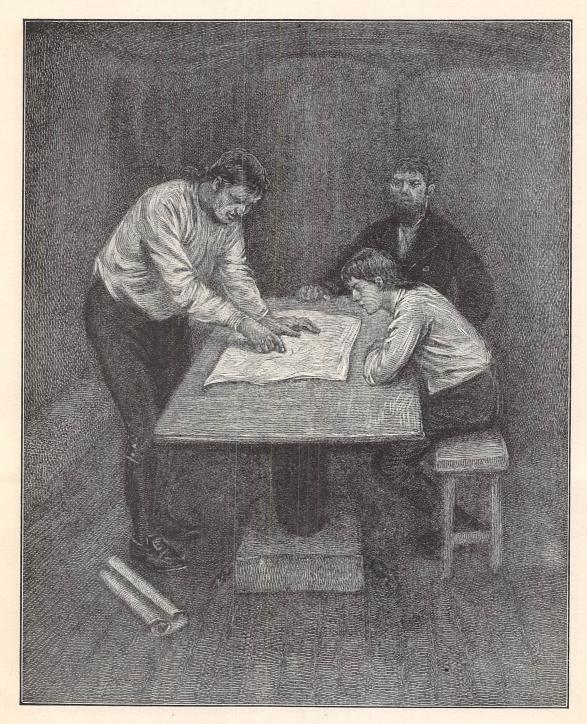
Well, I agreed, and all would be right enough but for that chap Slimon. He has a share in the profits; how much I don't know: but this I do know, that after all that's happened, he will try to spike my gun. I wouldn't trust that chap as far as I could kick him; and it's ten to one, if we pick up the gold, he will say I've run crooked in some way, hidden some of the stuff, or something like that. That's where you'll come in, and that's why I've told you all this yarn. You'll be a witness of all that goes on, and you'll be able to say whether Nick Horn is a trustable man or a scoundrel.'

'I don't see what you want with the boy for wit-

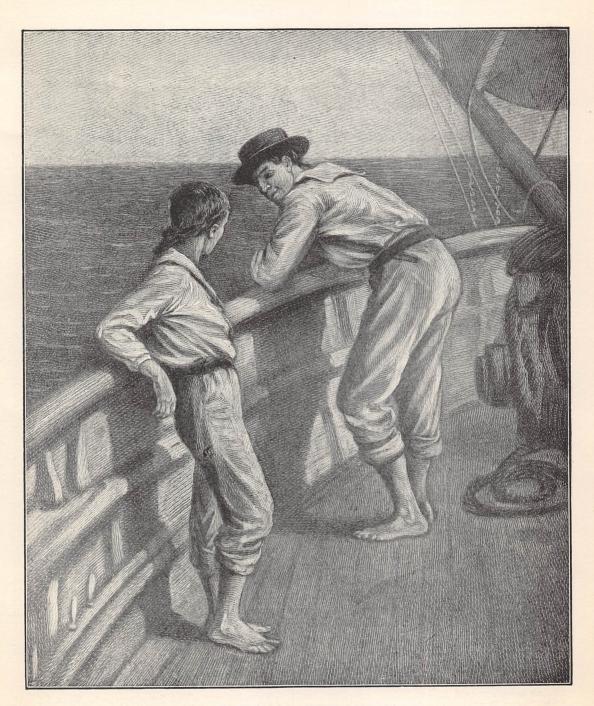
ness when you have me,' said Mr. Clopping.

'You,' replied the Captain; 'and what's to prevent Slimon making charges against us both? The boy is Simon Bannister's nevvy, and it's to his interest that everything should be fair and aboveboard. And now, Dick,' he finished, 'off with you and help Jam in the caboose. Supercargo you may be, but ship's boy you are, and it's me you'll be blessing when you're a man for the finest education a boy ever had; and, mind you, keep your mouth shut on what I've told you, for not a soul on board knows of it but you and me and Mr. Clopping.'

(Continued on page 74.)



"'There you are, the position of the wreck and the gold."



"Prentice looked cautiously at me."

BIRD CAY.

By H. de Vere Stacpoole.

(Continued from page 71.)

CHAPTER VII.

WENT back to the caboose where Jam was serving out the potatoes and pork; you may be sure I was excited by what I had just heard. Gold turns everyone's head, and on top of the gold was the adventure of getting it. I could see in my mind's eye the old ship stranded on the reef, high and dry, and the gulls fishing round her, and the waves breaking.

The sense of having a secret that no one else on board knew, except the Captain and first mate, swelled me up with importance, and it so filled my head that when I got to sleep that night, and almost as soon as I had closed my eyes, I was on the wreck, with the sea-gulls flying round me, and Mr. Clopping by my side breaking into the deck-house with an axe such as I had seen the road-paviors use in Cornhill.

Then we were hauling out great glittering bars of gold, and I was shouting out the news to Captain Horn, who was alongside in a boat, when a boot hit me, flung by one of the hands whom I had awakened from sleep with my outcries.

Next morning, when I was on deck, just after washing down, Prentice, the man who could do anything and was always so silent, edged up to me. We leaned over the starboard bulwarks watching a great shoal of flying fish, and when they had all flittered away into the blue sea, Prentice looked cautiously at me, and 'Dick,' said he, 'what were you hollering

about last night in your sleep?'
'Hollering about?' said I, 'nothing. What should I be hollering about?'

Prentice turned the quid in his mouth. He was the strangest man in his way of talking, hanging silent sometimes for a minute or more when you expected him to speak, and firing a question at you when you

expected an answer.

I have said that he could do anything, or almost anything, with his hands, and I was to learn that he could do nearly as much with his head; and I think, from a long life of experience, that he was the sort of man one could only expect to meet with once in a lifetime. I have never met another like him. 'The old man's taken a liking to you, Dick,' said he, after a minute's silence; 'you, and him, and Clopping are as thick as thieves these days. I'm not wishful to put my oar in your business; but I've been friends to you ever since you came aboard, and friend to you I wish to remain; there's no secrets between friends, Dick.

'No,' said I, not knowing what to say, for all at once the knowledge was born in me that Prentice was quite a different person from what I had imag-ined hitherto, and as I glanced sideways at his sharp profile his very face seemed to have changed. I had never noticed before how long his nose was nor how sharply his chin jutted out.

'Friends have no need for secrets,' he went on, 'and if so be you tell me yours, I'll tell you mine.'

What secrets?' said I.

'Dick,' says Prentice, 'there's more in this voyage than trade. I know. What about the chart, Dick,

The chart?'

'Yes, the chart. What about the gold, hey?'

'Oh, there's no use in pretending with me. I know it all, every bit of it, for there I was lying with my eyes open and you chattering away in your sleep: and fortunate it was no one else heard, for the watch below was all snoring in their bunks. It was I that flung the boot that woke you.'

I told you everything, you say?'

'Everything!'

'What was it I said?'

'All about the whole business.'

He turned the guid in his mouth and laughed; as for me, I was for the moment dumb.

My folly, or, more rightly speaking, my misfortune, weighed on me so that I had to lean on the bulwarks; I felt like a traitor, yet it was not my

'There is no use in taking on,' said Prentice. 'I won't peach; the thing's as safe with me as if it was never said, and see here, Dick, it's maybe better I know, for if any of the hands were to get wind of this secret of yours I can talk them over and tell them there's nothing in it — and see here, Dick.'

Yes!

Go over the thing again to me careful, for, see here, Dick, from what you said in your sleep I'm thinking there has been a big mistake made, and it seems like luck that you should have blabbed, for I'm the only man who can put that mistake right.'

A mistake about the gold?' said I.

'You've hit it,' said he. 'So just go over the yarn again cautious and clever, for if it turns out as I think, I may be the means of bringing everything

right.'
'I mustn't tell,' said I. 'I oughtn't to tell without speaking to the Captain and asking his permis-

'But, man alive, you've told!' replied Prentice. 'I only want to know one point in the story to make sure; it's the gold I mean, for, if it is, then it's death for us all, and it is better you were warned. Come now and give us the story point by point. The old man may call you into the deck-house with Mr. Clopping - he shuts the door - now fire away while there's a chance.'

Like a fool, I did. Certain that I knew everything of importance, and filled with a vague dread horror of his words about death for us all, I went through the story, Prentice listening intently and flinging in exclamations here and there such as, 'I knew that.' and, 'Ah! that's one of the points I wanted to be sure of.'

When I had finished he was silent for a moment. Then he said, 'You've told all like a man, and now I'll tell you something - what like was that chart of the waters south of Racoon Cay the Captain showed you — an oldish one, wasn't it?'

Yes, an old yellow chart, about so big.'

'And how was the position of the old hooker marked?

'With a cross.'

'Was there any other crosses on the chart?'

Prentice was silent for a moment. Then he said, 'Ah! well, then it's not the chart I was thinking of, which a man showed me four years back in Matanzas, though maybe it is the same wreck. I'll think things over in my mind, Dick, and speak to you again

on it, and you may lay to it I'll never say a word to mortal of what you've told. I'm a man to be trusted.'

'But suppose,' said I, 'that I talk again in my

sleep and some one else hears me?

'You needn't fear that,' replied Prentice. 'A man never talks twice in his sleep about the same thing, and even if you were to talk, why, I'm in your watch and sleeping below, and I'm as easy to be woke as a butterfly, and, at the first word out of your mouth, awake I'll be and heaving a boot at you. You say nothing to any one, least of all to the Captain or Clopping, and leave me to think things over in my

With that he turned away, leaving me to my thoughts, which were troubled enough. I can see now what I did not see then — that he had made me tell him the whole story by suggesting things and leading me on and pretending that he knew far more than he really knew. I doubt if he had heard me say anything more in my sleep than the words 'gold' and 'chart,' yet these words and the fact that they had been uttered after my interview with the Captain and Mr. Clopping had been enough to make him suspect some mystery concerning treasure.

At that time I did not think of this, nor did I go over in my mind the way he had manoeuvred to get my story from me. Still, I felt by instinct that things were not right, and I debated with myself as to whether I would go to the Captain straight and

tell him the whole story.

I ought to have done this, and yet I did not. said to myself, 'Suppose I do, what good will be done? Prentice is only a sailor and he can do no harm.' I reasoned the thing out, and reason as I would I always came butt up against an argument for holding my tongue. The long and the short of it was I feared a scolding and acted like a coward, of which action I had reason to repent later on. (Continued on page 86.)

THE GREATEST EVIL.

I N the days when Athens was governed by 'Tyrants,' Socrates was summoned to the Senate House and ordered to go with some other persons to seize a wealthy man named Leon, whom the authorities had determined to put out of the way, in order that they might enjoy his estate. This commission was flatly declined by Socrates, who gave the reason for his refusal.

'I will never willingly assist an unjust act,' said

he. 'Do you think, Socrates,' he was sharply asked, 'to suftalk always in this high-flown style and not to suf-

'Far from it,' replied Socrates. 'I expect to suffer a thousand ills, but none so great as to do unjustly.

AN APT REPLY.

LITTLE French princess — one of the daughters A of Louis XIV. — was one day in a bad temper, and chose to be offended with a maid of honour.

'Am I not the daughter of your King?' said the

child haughtily.

'And I, madam,' replied the maid of honour, 'am I not the daughter of your God?'

PUZZLERS FOR WISE HEADS.

3. — WORDS BEHEADED.

- (1) My whole is a Church dignitary. Behead me, and I tell a story. Behead me again, I am to please. Once more, and I am deceased.
- (2) My whole is necessary to life. Behead me, and I am a place of amusement. Behead me again, and I am found in the office, the study, and the school.
- (3) My whole is to deviate. Behead me, I am a household article. Again, and I am sent from Heaven. (Answer on page 110.)

ANSWER TO CHARADE ON PAGE 35.

2. — Studio. Stew - die - 0!

MOSSES.

THE tender little mosses that grow upon the stone, They have no pretty blossoms that they can call their own.

We do not stoop to smell them for the fragrance they impart,

Yet in the world of beauty they play a real part.

'Tis theirs to cover over, with sweet and silent grace, What else were rude and ugly in many a barren place;

Though they cannot make the wilderness to blossom sweet and fair,

They cover up the ugliness with sweet and patient

And if I do as much as this, it is a lovely task, And deeds more great and mighty I need not stay to

If I can turn with graciousness a frown into a smile, Or hide away unlovely things, 'tis surely worth the while.

For love that works in many ways doth also work in this,

And they who make the unlovely fair their blessing shall not miss.

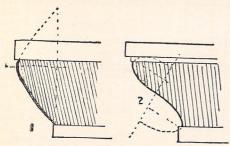
And in the barren ways of life to make some beauty spring,

Will ever be, for you and me, a sweet and gracious Frank Ellis. thing.

STONES AND THEIR STORIES.

III. — GREECE AND ROME.

WE will start with just a few words about Greek mouldings, and then we will be mouldings, and then we will hurry on to the Roman work. Mouldings were used by the Greeks to give light and shade to their decorations, the various curves casting beautiful shadows, which made the lines of the building look more beautiful. (Of course the mouldings we use in our houses are there for the same reason.) As the atmosphere of Greece was clear and sunny, very slight curves produced the effects required; but great care was taken to make these curves absolutely the best for their purpose, and to do this remarkable skill was necessary. Now, in figs. 1 and 2 I show you the outlines of two Greek mouldings, the ovolo and the ogee, as they are called. (The terms 'ovolo' and 'ogee' are the names of the curves.) These are profiles—that is, side views of mouldings. We call a view of a face taken from the



Figs. 1 and 2.—Greek Mouldings.

side a profile — that is, you see the outline of the face.

There are other mouldings, but these two will do for now. I want you to notice the delicacy of the curves in each case, neither being parts of circles, but

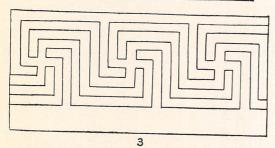


Fig. 3.-A Greek Carved Design (key-pattern).

of much more subtle curves. These were decorated either with colour or carving, but when carved the lines in the design were always kept within the bounds of the profiles of the mouldings, so that a carved ovolo seen in profile kept still the same outline as in fig. I. When the Greeks used straight lines (which they did often on flat surfaces) they were

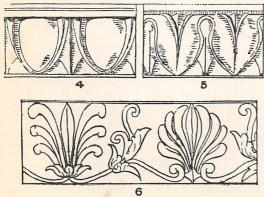


Fig. 4.—Egg and Tongue Moulding. Fig. 5.—Leaf and Tongue Moulding.

Fig. 6.-Honeysuckle Carving.

arranged in most fascinating patterns called 'frets' or 'key-pattern'; in fig. 3 I give the outline of a very pleasing one. They decorated their ovolo with a design called 'egg and tongue' (fig. 4), and the combination of the curves of the eggs and straight lines of the tongues produced most satisfactory shadows when carved (fig. 5). The 'leaf and tongue' was also very popular. Honeysuckle, also, was very artistically treated by these most brilliant artists; they did not just carve representations of it in its

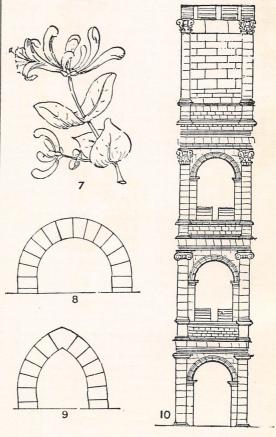


Fig. 7.—Honeysuckle Spray. Fig. 8.—The Round Arch.
Fig. 9.—The Pointed Arch.
Fig. 10.—Part of the Colosseum, showing different
styles of column.

natural form, but they studied its growth, and as a result produced the most graceful decorations. When one adapts a natural form to decoration, one is said to have conventionalised it—this is a hard word, but a useful one and often met! Of course there are degrees of conventionalisation, but all ornament is more or less conventional. The Egyptians represented water by a zig-zag (as I showed you when we considered Egyptian architecture), and it did not look much like water, but was 'the best they knew how' in those days. Then in later work you will see carvings in panels or borders of most natural-looking fruits and flowers, but still they are conventionalised, because, you see, branches of fruit or sprigs of flow-

ers do not grow in such forms that, if one just drew them direct from nature, they would fit the space you wished to decorate; so in this case, arranging the leaves, &c., so that they fill gracefully the desired space, is conventionalising the plant.

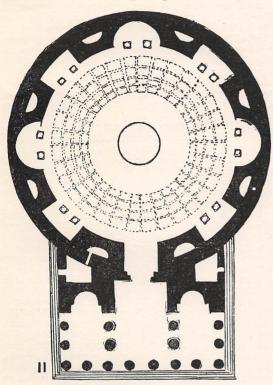


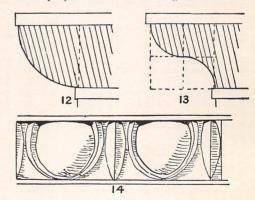
Fig. 11.-Ground Plan of the Pantheon, Rome.

If you look back at the last article (see pages 51-54), you will find honeysuckle used as a decoration on the top of the cornice of the Corinthian order. In fig. 6 I give another treatment of the plant, and (fig. 7) also a little piece of the flower from nature, so that you may see the likeness. I cannot leave the subject of Greek ornament without mention of the supposed origin of the use of the plant acanthus. You will remember it appears in the Corinthian capital. (Look back at the Corinthian capital on page 53.) Vitruvius, a Roman architect and author, says that the idea of using these leaves was first suggested to the sculptor Callimachus, by finding a plant, the leaves of which were clinging round a basket which had accidentally been placed on the plant. The leaves grow in a rosette, so that this might easily have happened, and whether the story is true or no, it is a pretty legend.

Now I think I must push on to Roman work. As you of course know, the Romans were a warlike people, and after many conquests of many provinces, about B. C. 133 they made Greece a Roman province. The Romans were as different from the Greeks as could be; they cared very little for art, except in so far as it could help to show to the world their greatness as a nation. They could not but admire the wonderful productions of the Greeks, but they them-

selves were too anxious to build quickly and easily. to be willing to spend time on beautiful proportions and graceful curves. It is true that for a time very fine Greek buildings appeared in places, because the conquering Romans brought the Greek builders and architects to their country and made them build. But their methods were too slow for the Romans, and also a great discovery was made which altered everything, and made it possible to build much faster, and with the use of unskilled labour, which was a great advantage, as they could employ slaves. This discovery was the use of concrete (ferro-concrete = iron-concrete, because of its strength), and it is curiously interesting to us in this twentieth century, because, strange to say, the method of making this particularly hard form of concrete was lost for many, many years, and it is only lately that it has been re-discovered. It is now largely used. This concrete was made of rubble, stones, sand, lime, water, and also a volcanic produce (very plentiful around Rome) called pozzuoli. The water and lime are affected by the air when mixed, and dry into a hard stone-like substance. The stones were worked into it when the mixing took place, and it all dried into iron-like masses. This material was very popular, because all the ingredients were easy to obtain.

The Romans also had several kinds of stone handy, and for long they had used sun-dried bricks; later they burnt them, and these were used in conjunction with the concrete. Undoubtedly this introduction of concrete encouraged the Romans in what always seems to me methods of deceit, for Roman buildings were not what they looked. What appeared to be a marble building was really concrete cased in marble, and an apparently brick building was concrete with brick 'facings,' so to speak. This pretence has always vexed me, but there is no getting away from the fact that they built to last, for many of their works stand now. But in and around Rome itself the chief remains are of later date, not because they have decayed, but because of a characteristic of the people. Each ruler as he came into power wished to show the people that he was the greatest that ever



Figs. 12, 13, 14.—Roman Mouldings.

was, so he promptly destroyed the works of his predecessors (Nero is said to have burned Rome to make room for his buildings), and built on the sites thus cleared. This was a trait in their character which was unworthy of so great a people, but there it was.

Religion did not influence the buildings much, because the Romans were merchants before everything, so instead of building temples they built places of business and arenas for their contests of gladiators, and other exhibitions in which the people then de-

lighted.

Two features were specially developed in the Roman work, although they had both been used in much earlier times: I refer to the domed roof and the round or circular arch. You know what I mean by a domed roof — a roof like the inside of a big basin. This doming had been used when huts were roofed with mud, but it became possible to cover vast spaces with concrete domes, because it dried hard, solid, and strong, as it was gradually built over, and thus formed a sort of lid to a building! The idea of doming with stone was not worked out for many years yet, and when it did come great masses of masonry had to be arranged to prevent the walls bulging with the weight, because stones cannot be made to adhere (i.e., stick together) in a mass, as does concrete. Concrete when placed in position was undoubtedly held together till dry with wood, just as it is in a modern building. The plans of buildings altered with this introduction of domes, and they were sometimes round. I give a sketch plan (fig. 11) of one of the most celebrated, the Pantheon at Rome, built by Hadrian, A.D. 120-124. It was originally dedicated as a temple, but later it became a hall of commerce. Here you see the walls (the black part) were very thick, so much so that alcoves were built in the thickness. There was a large portico in front with a pediment carried on a number of Corinthian columns (the round black spots in the plan). The roof was domed and was flatter outside than in. The Pantheon had one great peculiarity, and that was that there was a hole thirty feet across in the middle of the dome through which entered the only light, for there were no windows! Travellers tell us that this method of lighting is most impressive. The inner wall of the dome was covered with panels, this method of decoration being termed 'coffered.' there was this other feature of note, the round arch. The coming of the arch was gradual; you will remember the suggestion of arching I pointed out in the Lion Gate at Mycenae, and in Egypt a form of round arch of stones had been known. The Roman arch was composed of stones all cut alike. (Here again we see the Roman doing a thing the easiest way!) As long as the arch was a semicircle, the stones could be all exactly alike (as in fig. 8), but directly any other curve was used, a 'key-stone' had to finish the arch in the middle (as in fig. 9), and for some curves all the stones had to be slightly different, which entailed much calculation, work, and skill. The arch at first was merely an ornament.

In fig. 10 I give an elevation of one bay of the outside of the Colosseum (a huge arena built in Rome for contests of all kinds). There you see the orders piled one on the other with arches between; the bottom order, the Tuscan (a simple form of Doric introduced by the Romans); the next, the Ionic; and the next, the Corinthian, with another set of Corinthian columns on top of all; but these were fashioned in plaster. Here the arches were just ornaments, not entrances or anything of that sort, nor did they carry weights, because the whole building was of concrete faced with stone! The inside of the arena was arranged with rows and rows of seats, each row higher

than the last, like the seats in the circles at our theatres. The size was enormous; it seated eighty thousand people—that is ten times more than the great Albert Hall in London will hold! It was elliptical in shape, like an egg, if both ends were the same shape. On the outside there were eighty of those bays as in my sketch, the openings between the arches being fourteen feet seven inches.

Another form of building on which the Romans

Another form of building on which the Romans were great was the Bath, or Thermae, as they called it. This was a vast and most luxurious building containing baths of all kinds, and provision was also made for many forms of amusement; in fact, they were what we should call 'clubs,' and were, as a rule, erected by the rulers to produce a good impression

on their people.

Now I must speak of the orders as used by the Romans. They added two more, the Tuscan, already mentioned, and the Composite, which was a mixture of the Ionic and Corinthian; but none of their work was ever as refined as the Greek, because they were always in a hurry and wanted to get their effects quickly. They added redestals to the orders, as you

can see in the bay of the Colosseum.

Their mouldings were like, and yet unlike, the Greek. I give (figs. 12 and 13) the Roman ovolo and ogee, and I am sure you will recognise the loss of beauty of curve; the curves in each case are parts of circles. Fig. 14 shows the Roman egg-and-tongue moulding, and here again the decline of beauty is evident (look back and compare them with the Greek). The Romans were very keen about wall decorations, both in public and private buildings; this is well shown by the paintings found in the ruins of Pompeii, which, of course, was a Roman town. The description of one other form of Roman building I am going to leave to my next article, that is the Basilica, because it is closely wrapped up with the growth of the Christian religion, and my next article deals with its influence and other styles on the Continent, and then we come to English work.

So now I have practically done with the Classic architecture, and although there is much in the Roman work which did not 'come up' to the Greek, yet we must always remember that they were a great nation; but their very greatness was their downfall, for with the increase of their wealth and power they became careless of their morals, and that

always leads to ruin.

When you get the chance, be sure you go to the British Museum and visit the Greek and Roman rooms, where you will see actual pieces of many of the buildings of which I have told you.

E. M. Barlow.

HAMMOND'S HAY.

'COME on, Dane; you've kept us waiting ages!' 'I'm awfully sorry, you fellows, but I can't come.'

Dane sat disconsolately on the top of the gate as he spoke, looking down at his would-be companions. 'But, old fellow, I planned it for you,' cried Keith,

'and there's only a day or two left.'

'I know; it's awfully good of you, but I can't come.'

Keith swung the knapsack from his shoulder to the roadside and himself up beside his friend on the gate.

'Why?' he asked.

'Well, you see, the governor's been called away on business, and he had to go, and the hired men haven't turned up, knowing he was away. He was in a pretty stew at leaving this hay down, especially as the weather's going to change — so, you see, I thought I'd just stay.'

I don't see the sense of your staying here to watch it; that won't keep the rain off,' said Keith's brother

Dale from the road.

'Of course not, but I'd do what I could with old Burton's help, and we might get it cocked so that it wouldn't be quite so wet if it did rain. The governor has done badly this year; nothing's gone right

or turned out well.

The boys looked over the field with a thoughtful air. The rick was already half made, but long swathes of sweetly-scented grass lay in the meadow still, and Burton, the old man-of-all-work, was toiling patiently about with the horse-rake.

Keith's eye wandered round the field.

not much to do,' he said.

'No; if the men had turned up, we could have finished it; but what good can two do?' answered

Dane, disconsolately.

Keith, the elder, glanced at his two companions in the road. 'See here, you fellows,' he said, 'what's to prevent our doing a day's hay-making? I suppose we five could clear that meadow. Not that I've any idea how to set about it, but I suppose we could, eh, Dane?

'Could!' Dane's eves were round as saucers - the Squire's sons having his father's field! He thought the skies would fall. 'But - but,' he stammered.

'But -- ' Keith pushed him off the gate and swung it open.

'Right-ho, Dale,' he cried. 'Come on!'

Into the field they went helter-skelter; coats were flung down in a heap, and Dane found himself most unexpectedly in command of a willing contingent of four.

They could not begin immediately because old Burton had to be taken into council, and he scratched his head and 'doubted they could do it;' but, at last, carried away by the energy of the boys, he allowed that perhaps they might, and the work was started.

They had out the cart, and two loaded it and sent it to the rick, where Burton was awaiting it. He did the building because he knew most about it, and the others raked or helped to load as they were needed. How hot it was out there in the blazing sun! More than one longing thought went to what was to have been the scene of their day's pleasuring.

'We'll stop now,' called Dane after a terribly hot two hours' work, 'and have some strawberries.

Mother is just bringing some.'

Keith hastily departed to relieve Mrs. Hammond of her load, and she beamed on him.

'It is good of you to come and help,' she said. 'Poor Dane was breaking his heart over the hay.'
'Oh, that's all right!' answered the boy, awk-

wardly. 'May as well do something, you know.'

They went on until dinner-time, then had their picnic in the old barn among the litter of last year's harvesting, Mrs. Hammond bringing a baking of hot tarts out to them there, for they would not come in.

'It's not half bad out here, you know,' remarked Dale. 'I'm glad we stopped.

But the long, hot afternoon tried every one in spite

of tea in the hayfield, with hot scones and fruit from the garden. Dane was in a fidget too, for there was a good deal to be done yet, and long, black clouds were banking up in the West, while a sudden gust of wind stirred the yet uncarried hay.

'There'll be a storm before long, I'm thinking,' said Burton, coming across the field and shaking his

head dubiously.

'Don't croak!' But the farmer's son himself looked anxious. 'You'd better have the rick-cloth ready, Burton; we'll keep it dry if we can.

At it they went again with many a skyward glance, and the clouds crept up and up. Another feverish hour, and there was only one load moreonly one; but the thunder was already growling around them.

'Stick to it, we'll do it yet!' cried Dale; but fate was too strong; as he spoke the first heavy drops of rain fell, and Dane threw down his rake.

'We must leave this lot,' he said, quietly, 'and cover the rick. Bring all the forks and rakes.

His orders were obeyed promptly, and all the boys scrambled up the ladder to join Burton on the rick.

Dane knew what to do; he had often seen his father cover a rick. All the rake and fork handles were pushed into the hay, their teeth interlaced, making a pent-house, and over this the large tarpaulin cloth was stretched and securely pegged down.

Just as this was finished, a terrific peal of thunder broke overhead, and, as if it had just found a path-

way, down came the rain in torrents.

Crouched under the tarpaulin on top of the rick, the boys watched it, and listened to the thunder; it was impossible to get to the house dry, and the safest place seemed where they were. Burton took the horse round to the sheltered side, and then crept in himself under the tarpaulin.

'Well, it's not so bad,' cried Dane presently. 'The rest won't hurt much now. I'm awfully grateful,

you know.'

'Bosh!' Dale answered abruptly. 'I tell you what I'm thinking. Father will think we're up at the forest, and will most likely send to meet us. He will be in a jolly stew if we're not there.'

'The rain's slacking a bit now. Shall I run up to

the Hall and tell them?' suggested Dane.
'We might as well go, for the matter of that,' answered Alec, thoughtfully. 'I think we'd better, boys.'

He poked his head out from their shelter and exclaimed, 'Hullo! here's Mr. Hammond.'

'That you, Father?' cried Dane. 'We've got most

of the hay up; it isn't much damaged.'

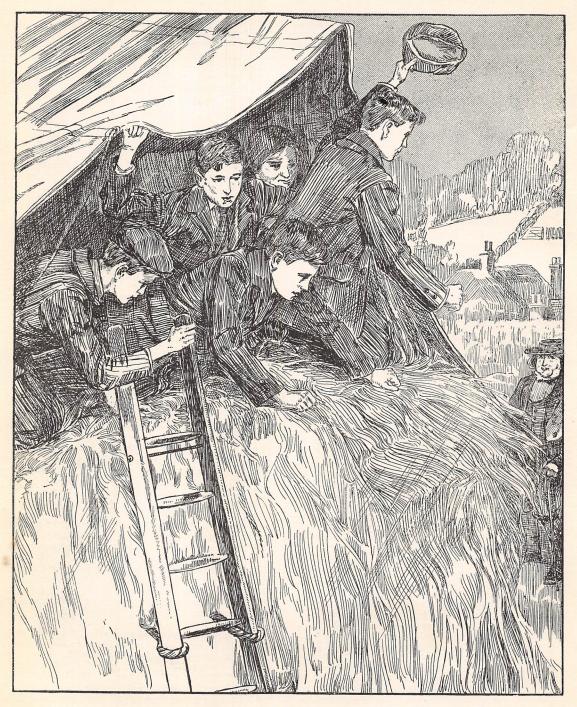
The farmer's pleasure can better be imagined than described; he made them come indoors and have a real feast, turning out the best of his stores for their benefit; finally sending them home in his covered cart, tired out, but feeling they had done a good day's work.

Two days afterwards they carried out their expedition to the forest, and went at once to their favourite tree to camp. But the monarch of the wood was black and charred, its great limbs torn apart by the terrific lightning of the storm. The boys stopped amazed, then turned silently to each other.

'Suppose we had been here,' was the thought in

each mind.
'Thank goodness we weren't!' said Dane.

M. E. Heward.



"'Hullo! here's Mr. Hammond!"



"'I think you have found the right medicine."

'IF IT HADN'T BEEN FOR ARABELLA.'

'N OW, Miss Dorinda, you can walk up and down and enjoy yourself with your dolly, and I will and enjoy yourself with your dolly, and I will sit here, said Nurse, opening a book.

Dorinda, beautifully dressed in spotless white from the feather in her hat to the tips of her dainty shoes, clasped her equally beautifully dressed Arabella in her arms and did as she was bidden. Her little face was pale, her blue eyes expressionless as she sedately strolled to and fro.

Dorinda was an only child, and though she had

many lovely toys she was very lonely.

As she walked, her attention was attracted by voices. She promptly went to the bend in the path and looked round the corner. Three boys and two girls were engaged in an exciting game of rounders. Dorinda watched, fascinated. Slowly she edged closer to the merry group, till at last the children stopped their game, whispered together, and one of the girls ran towards her.
'Would you like to come and play with us?' she

asked.

Arabella was instantly dropped, and Dorinda flushed with pleasure.

'I don't know how to play, but I would like to.' 'What's your name? Mine is Eileen Davies.'

'Dorinda Leighton.'

'Come along then. These are Terence and Brian

and Pat, and Nora.'

Never had Dorinda had such an exciting time. Her hat hung down her back as she flew from base to base with a delightful terror that at any moment the ball might hit her, and she shrieked as loudly as any one. Her face was rosy, her eyes bright - a very different little girl from the one Nurse was accustomed to take daily into the park.
'Let's have lunch,' suggested Pat at last.

Dorinda looked uncomfortable. 'I think I had better go,' she said.

'Stay and have a bun; there's heaps, isn't there, Eileen?' said Terry.

'Heaps!' replied his sister, busily undoing the

Terry uncorked the milk-bottle, poured some into the solitary tin mug, and handed it first to their

When everything was eaten to the last crumb, when the milk-bottle had been turned upside down and shaken till not one more drop would come out, the children looked round for fresh amusement.

'Who says Hide and Seek?' suggested Brian. 'You know how to play that, don't you, Dorinda?' said Nora, kindly.

Dorinda shook her head, blushing with shame at her ignorance.

'Never mind, dear,' said Eileen, hurriedly. 'You'll soon learn.'

'It's your turn to seek first to-day, Eileen,' said

Dorinda hesitated. She could not hide alone; she, who never went anywhere by herself! But it would be too hard to be out of the fun. She turned to Terry and slipped her hand into his saying, 'May I hide with you?

Terry flushed but said, 'All right, little 'un. Come

Eileen shut her eyes, and Terry ran to a large tree. 'Wait till I get on that bough,' he said, and

quickly scrambled up. 'Put your toe in that hole.' He stooped down holding out his hands. 'Now in the hole above.' Dorinda was carefully hauled to the bough beside him. 'Cling on while I get to the next.'

'Oh, fancy being up a tree!' said Dorinda when they had attained a good height, her eyes bright with excitement.

'Haven't you been up one before?' asked Terry in

surprise. 'Eileen shins up them like one o'clock. She's a terror for climbing.

Dorinda had never heard the expressions before, but realising that Terry evidently thought Eileen very clever, she looked her admiration.

How is it you don't know how to play games?' 'I haven't any one to play with,' said Dorinda

'Poor little kid!' said Terry kindly. 'You must' play with us.' Just then they heard voices below.

I've looked everywhere for Terry and Dorinda, and I can't find them.'

'Well, they must be on earth somewhere, so you'd better look again.'

'Oh, perhaps they aren't on earth. Perhaps they're up a tree. This is an easy one to climb, I'll try it first!

In a very short time Eileen appeared just below

'There you are! I've searched everywhere! I've found all the others.

Cautiously Terry descended, keeping a firm hold of

"Well done, little 'un! Very good for a first climb!

'Oh, Miss Dorinda, you naughty girl!' said the voice of Nurse. 'How could you run away and play with these dirty children!'

The Davies' grew as scarlet with anger as Dorinda

did with shame.

'We're not dirty!' said Eileen. 'It's only our hands are a bit black. We're quite clean underneath. We bath every day - don't we, boys?'

But Nurse took no heed. Truth to tell, the term 'dirty' applied to Dorinda much better than to the others. Eileen and Nora in their plain brown frocks, stockings and shoes looked little the worse for the morning's romp. But Dorinda! Her white-silk coat was smeared. Her gloves were black. Her shoes were scraped and brown from climbing the tree, and the beautiful hat lay feather downward on the grass.

Come home at once, though I'm ashamed to walk through the streets with you! ' said Nurse, taking her hand.

'Good-bye, Eileen! Good-bye, Terry!' she called, as she was hurried away.

Silently the children gazed after her till she was out of sight.

'Poor little kid!' said Terry under his breath after a long silence. Then, 'Hullo, Eileen, here's her doll! She's forgotten it!

He picked up Arabella and ran as far as the park gates. But it was too late. Dorinda and Nurse had disappeared. He turned slowly back again, murmuring for the third time, 'Poor little kid!'

Dorinda, pale and tired, was seated in an armchair in a sunny nursery, gazing out of the window. She had been poorly.

The door was suddenly opened by a maid. 'Please,

ma'am, there are two children asking for Miss Dorinda. They say they have brought back her doll.'

'Oh, Mother, it must be Eileen and Terry! Oh, do let them come and see me! Please do!' Her eyes

brightened and her face flushed.

Mrs. Leighton ran downstairs. Both children came forward. Their bright faces and polite manners so pleased her that, after a few kind words, she said, Will you come to the nursery? Dorinda has been very poorly.'

No sooner was the door open than Dorinda ran across the room. 'Oh, Eileen, I have wanted to see

you again.'

'We didn't know where you lived till Terry saw your nurse come in here yesterday. He found Arabella, and we've brought her back.

Dorinda smiled shyly at Terry, who stood cap in

'Mother, can't they stay and play with me? Say Yes, Mother!

'Certainly, dear, if they may.'

'Mother said we might if we were asked,' said

Eileen candidly.

All the expensive things which had failed to amuse were now brought out. A collection of mechanical toys was wound up and set going together while the three shouted with laughter.

So engrossed were they that they never noticed the door open, and Mrs. Leighton go towards an elderly

gentleman who smiled at her.

'I think you have found the right medicine for my little patient. Give her companions of her own age, and she'll soon grow out of her delicacy.' And the great doctor went chuckling down the staircase.

After that very few days passed without the children meeting. The Davies' called Dorinda's nursery 'Toyland,' and found endless delight there; and Dorinda found equal joy in being simply dressed and being allowed to run wild in the Davies' little garden or joining their games in the park.

Arabella was usually left at home, but she was put into the most comfortable chair in the best room in the beautiful doll's house, because, as Eileen said, 'We might never have met again if it hadn't been

for Arabella.'

C. E. Thonger.

A MORNING CALL.

P the sleepy village street, Searching for a face to greet, Comes the wind with footsteps fleet.

Fast and faster falls the rain, Beating on the window-pane, Filling up the rutty lane.

By the light of morning stirred, Loud and louder sings a bird His sweet song without a word.

Earth is fresh, and sweet, and green; Lambkins in the field are seen; Flowers lift up their faces clean.

Children! sleeping-time is done; Rise, and sing and play and run; After rain shines out the sun.

C. J. Blake.

THE MODEL MAKER.

III. — A COMPLETE WATER CLOCK.

FOR the more ambitious model maker let me now describe a method of a multidescribe a method of so making a water clock as to include a minute hand, in accordance with the usual practice.

The necessary alterations are confined to the spindle or handle-shaft (A), as we have called it.

Having removed the drum, wind carefully round the spindle a length of the thin milliner's wire, till you have made a continuous and close coil about one and a quarter inches long. When complete and re-moved from the spindle, this should form a tiny tube, and if it has been wound with a light, even pressure, should be quite free from bends or kinks. The lightness of pressure while winding is very necessary, because the tube will be required to turn on the spindle with perfect freedom. If, on examination, it is found to be in good order, with no crossing of the wire, &c., replace it on the shaft to preserve it from

damage (B in fig. 1, on page 84).

Now cut out two thin discs of cardboard about half an inch larger in diameter than the drum, and fasten one on each side of the latter to form flanges. The accompanying figure will show them in place (C C). A piece of thread, a trifle longer than the one attached to the cork float (D) must, in a similar manner be fastened to the drum, but not in the same place (E). Its other end should carry a small, light button. This is to be the winding-up cord, for the drum, which will now be mounted on the hollow wire tube, instead of, as in the one-handed clock, on the spindle itself, will, of course, require a separate

means of winding up. Having enlarged the hole in the centre of the drum, work it carefully but tightly on to the wire tube (the latter being on the spindle at the time) till about a quarter of an inch protrudes from one side. This protruding portion will have to slip through the clock-face (F F) from the back to carry the hour hand (G); and before proceeding further, it would be well to see that the hole is large enough to

let it pass freely.

This point settled, remove the tube and drum together from the spindle and cut two more discs of thin card, each about the size of a sixpence. Pierce the centre of one of these, and slide it up to the far end of the shaft, close to the knob, where it will be out of the way for the time being.

Our drum, you remember, is one and a half inches in diameter, and will only revolve once in twelve hours. Now the minute hand must, of course, pass round the dial twelve times in that period, and to make it do so, we must turn it by means of a drum just one-twelfth the diameter of the hour-hand drum, so let us make our minute-hand drum one-eighth of

an inch in diameter.

To do so, take a strip of brown paper about half an inch wide, and gum it thoroughly on one side. Now roll it tightly round the hat-pin spindle sufficiently near to the knob to be out of the way of the larger drum when the latter is slipped back into position. Continue winding the gummed paper until a thickness of one-eighth of an inch is reached (H). Then cut off and see that the end sticks firmly down.

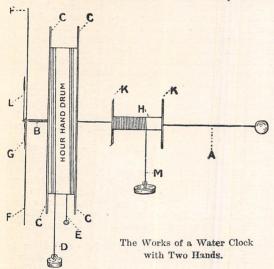
If you are satisfied that this new drum is evenly rolled, and holds firmly to the shaft, slide up the disc which has been waiting by the knob, and press it against the gummed end of the paper roll. Repeat the same operation at the other end with the second disc (K K), and while all is drying, cut out the minute hand (L). Stiff paper, or very thin wood, can be used for this purpose.

The smaller drum being dry, tie at one end, close to the disc, the length of thread to be used for turning it round, fastening the cork or float to its other end (M). The 'trap' in the floor of the case must be enlarged to allow the passage of this second float.

All being now in readiness slide the larger drum into position close up to the clock-face inside, and wind the second thread (the winder, E) round it in the opposite way to that in which the drum will turn

when 'going.'

Now drop the floats through the trap and place the spindle in the case, being careful to see that (as before mentioned), the wire tube comes through the clock-face for about one-eighth of an inch, while the spindle inside it projects another one-eighth of an inch. On to the former of these press the hour hand, and on the latter the minute hand. They should



both fit stiffly enough to check slipping. To wind up the hour hand, pass the button through a hole in the roof of the case immediately above the drum, and when the weight, or float, is fully drawn home, keep a pressure with one finger on the winding thread to prevent it running down again. The minute hand is wound up in the same manner as that of the singlehand clock by means of the spindle itself.

When all is in position on the reservoir, it may be found that the friction of the tube on the spindle causes both hands occasionally to move together, but this can be cured by allowing the 'button' to hang over the top and down the side of the case (provided the button is really a light one) causing just enough break to hold back the hour drum against friction, though the check is easily overcome by the weight of the descending float.

In a clock made on these lines, free running counts for much, and patience has to be exercised to watch for all points where rubbing may take place.

John Lea.

THE WITCH TREES.

'THEY'RE awfully queer-looking trees, Joan, just as Harold said they were. They are all griggled and twisted and blown, and the funny part about them is that they are all blown one way. You never saw anything so queer. Fancy, when there's no wind blowing at all, for trees to look as if there is.'

Ronald stopped and looked at his sister, who was

listening eagerly.

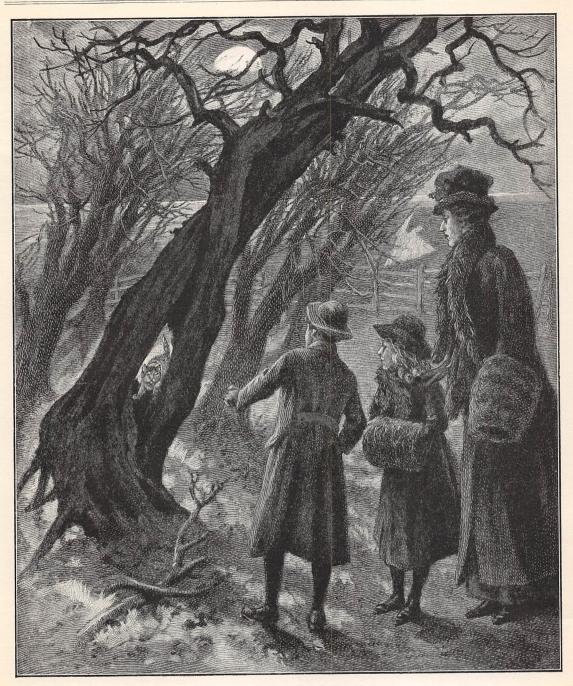
It was the week after Christmas, and Ronald and Joan, aged respectively ten and nine, were spending their holidays with an old friend of their parents, who were in India. This friend had brought them down from London the day before, to spend their remaining holidays in her pretty little house at a small seaside town on the south coast.

'Harold said to me,' continued Ronald, planting both elbows on the table, '"Look here, Ron, if you're going down to Felpham to stay, don't you forget to go and see the witch trees. They're better to see in the winter than in the summer, because they haven't any leaves on and look more ghostly." And when I asked him why they were called witch trees, he said, "Because they are haunted—real haunted trees."'

'Yes; go on, Ron,' said his sister, as he paused. 'All right, Joan, but I must take breath. Well, then I asked him if it was a ghost, and he said, "No, a witch and her cat." Just fancy! I don't believe that sort of thing really. And then he told me this story. Years ago, where the trees are, the land all round was just like a wild place, and the only things that grew there were heath and broom, and tamarisk bushes. It was a great place for tinkers and gipsies, who used to go there at different times and make heath-brooms, and brushes to take about the country and sell. Well, they cut and cut, and cut such an awful lot of those bushes until at last there were only a few left, and these grew round about the place where the trees are. night, when some gipsies were camping near the spot and were all sitting round a fire having their supper, there came flying from the sky a most awful-looking old witch on her broom. She stood in front of the gipsies, and told them if any more of the bushes were cut away, something terrible would happen to the one who cut them down. While she was talking, the great black cat which sat at the end of her broom walked round, dipped its head right into the pot of boiling stew, hanging over the fire, and ate it all. The gipsies were too frightened to notice anything but the witch, and they did not know what the cat had done until after the witch had gone, when they found a great hole burnt in the bottom of the pot.

'All those gipsies packed up and left the place before morning, and, as they went along the country-side and met other gipsies and tinkers, they warned them of the witch and her dreadful threat. Then they happened to meet a tinker who hated them. When they told him, he laughed and said scornfully, "No old witch will keep me away! You're only setting round the tale to frighten others off the bushes and keep them for yourselves. Go along with you—you can't make me believe that!" Then, heedless of their warnings, he went to the place as quickly as possible and cut down every bush left. He made as many brooms as he could, and what stuff he couldn't use up, after sunset he burnt on a big

fire, over which he cooked his supper.'



" Why, it's a poor little cat!""

Ronald made an impressive little pause.

'That very night the witch flew down in an awful rage. I think Harold said, "She came on the wings of the wild west wind," but I don't see why she shouldn't have come like anybody else. Anyhow, she

and the tinker had a battle of words - what they said to each other nobody ever knew—and then the witch clutched hold of the tinker and bore him away. The people who lived in those days said that they never remembered before such an awful hurricane as there was that night, and besides wrecks along the coast and damage done inland, those trees all blew twisted and never came straight again.'

'Isn't it fearful?' exclaimed Joan. 'Of course it

isn't really, really true, though!'
'Of course it is,' said Ronald stoutly. 'You just wait until you see those trees, and then you'll say it is, I know. They call them wind-blown trees, round here, and there don't seem to be many people who know about that story; but Harold is sure, and I'm sure, that there's a lot of truth in it. We ought to see them by moonlight when there's no wind. Harold says it's enough to give you the creeps. There's a moon to-night - let's ask Mrs. Evans if we may go that way for a walk.

Ronald asked Mrs. Evans during lunch, and she gave a laughing consent to a walk that night. should like to see that witch too, if she is to be seen, she said merrily. 'I used to love witches, and bogies, and fairies when I was your age, and I don't think I've altogether outgrown my old love for them,

though I don't believe in them at all.'

Walking along the dimly-lighted Parade that night, Ronald and Joan wondered if there could be anything more beautiful than the reflection of the round, silvery moon in millions of little ripples on the sea. It was a calm, still night, clear and frosty, and they understood what Harold meant when they came near those twisted trees leaning over, their branches straining forward as if in the teeth of a great gale blowing from west to east.

The spot was a lonely one, away from the town itself. 'Let us go nearer,' said Ronald. 'It's more

creepy to go close up.'

They went forward, and Joan, who was walking between her brother and Mrs. Evans, suddenly gripped their arms. 'Sh—! hark!' she whispered.

Didn't you hear something?'

They paused, but could hear nothing. 'Why, Joan,' exclaimed Mrs. Evans, 'you are surely not nervous? We'll see the witch doesn't carry her away, won't we, Ronald?'

Ron gave a reassuring grin and an affectionate little squeeze of his sister's hand.

Sh-! listen!' whispered Joan.

They did, and this time heard a small, strange cry. For a moment, even Mrs. Evans paused, then she stepped quickly forward. 'Is any one here?' she asked. No answer came. 'Is any one here?' she repeated.

Me-e-e-ew!

Joan jumped - as much in relief as anything. 'Why, it's a cat!' she cried - 'a poor little cat! Let's find it at once.'

Come on, then,' said Ron. 'It might be nearly

starving. Puss, pussy!'
'Me-e-e-e-ew!' came the piteous cry again.

After an energetic hunt Joan discovered the poor animal wedged in one of the witch trees. She had to light a match to see it, in spite of the bright moon-light. 'It's a little cat,' she called out. 'Come and see: it isn't very thin, and can't have been here long, and - Ron - it's black!'

'The witch's cat, that's certain,' said Mrs. Evans, laughing. 'Poor little mite,' she added, stroking its black head. 'It must have been frightened out here

in the cold all by its little self.'

'It isn't the witch's cat, it's too small,' exclaimed

Ronald, after looking at it snuggling itself comfortably in Joan's arms. 'Perhaps it's been shrinking, though,' he added. 'I wonder however it came to be out here, and whose cat it is?'

'It's quite an ordinary cat, not valuable, so I don't expect any one will be likely to claim it. It has evidently strayed from some house. Shall we take

it home?' suggested Mrs. Evans.

'May we, Mrs. Evans — may we really?' cried Joan. 'How jolly! We'll call it "Witchie," because we found it here. Fancy, if we hadn't walked this way it might have died, poor little thing.'

'The only thing is, that when we get it home we shall have to watch and see that it doesn't fly up the chimney,' said Mrs. Evans with a mischievous smile.

H. F. Moore.

BIRD CAY.

By H. de Vere Stacpoole.

(Continued from page 75.)

THE weather was now glorious, every day that passed seemed bluer and brighter. Never could I have imagined such a blue sea as that which surrounded us, stretching to the wheel of the horizon.

I was never tired of watching the flying fish when I had a chance, for I was kept as busy as it was possible for any one to be by Mr. Clopping. It was the end of a rope on my ribs for the smallest reason, and sometimes even without any reason. Not that I think Mr. Clopping had taken any dislike to me, but that he was determined to show me that for all my position on board as super-cargo and nephew of old Simon Bannister, I was still ship's boy.

We were close to the Caribbean now, and the fo'c'sle was full of yarns of Havana, the port we were bound to, and the West Indies in general, and the

slave-trade.

I heard old sailors tell stories of the doings of the slave-traders that almost lifted the hair on my head with horror. Prentice especially. He rarely talked, but when he did he was always worth hearing. I remember, at the end of one of his stories, a foremast hand saying to him, 'Well, Jim, if you ain't been telling lies, by your own showing you were a slave! yourself.'

'Who said I wasn't?' replied Prentice, and then as quick as light, 'Slaver, and d'you think if I had been a slaver I wouldn't have money put by in the bank, and not be hob-a-nobbing with a lot of gallows-birds

like the likes of you in a ship's fo'c'sle

No one answered, or only one old shellback from a hammock swung close to the hatch, who laughed as if to endorse what Prentice said; but for all that I felt in my mind that he had let out the truth.

From that night I began to have a dread of Jim Prentice. I would watch his silent figure on deck and speculate on what his past had been. Never a word did he say on the subject of the treasure, yet he did not evade me, rather seeking my company than otherwise.

At times the idea came to me to tell the whole affair to Jam and seek his advice, but Jam was such a scatterbrain in many ways that I put the idea from me. Jam was in his element now. As day after day passed and the weather got hotter and the sea

bluer, Jam's spirits rose so that he was always singing. He told me it was 'getting down south' that made him so pleased.

'Where were you born, Jam?' said I one day to him.

'Born in Virginny, Massa Johnson.'

'Do you remember your father and mother?'

'Nebber had one.'

'How did you come to leave Virginia, Jam?' 'Didn't come to leave - Jam was fetched.'

'Fetched?'

'Yas, sar, it were dis way: Jam was so high, working in de cotton-field in a lonely part when a trader he come along an' he say, "What yo' name?" and Jam tells him, and the trader he say, "You slip troo de fence an' come long wid me; yo'll have no work to do, an' pumkin-pie every day, two suits o' clothes, an' a donkey to ride." Well, sar, Jam figgers on dis an' troo the fence he slips, and off he goes wid de trader.

'Trader he had half-a-dozen niggers lost in the swamp all waiting for pumkin-pie an' new clothes, an' a donkey to ride; he gets us down to de coast an' there he sells us. Jam fetched a hundred an' fifty dollars gold coin. Jam says to trader, "What about dat pumkin-pie?" Trader says to Jam, "Yo' go wid dis gen'lum, he give you pumkin-pie"— an' he did.'
'What was it like, Jam?'

'It was like the biggest thrashin' you ever had in yo' life. Dat was when Jam objected to go aboard ship; after dat it was a thrashing every day, an' sometimes every five minutes from the mate, an'

kicks from de rest ob the crew.

'She were a little ship trading most in de Gulf, an' putting into Metanzas Jam cut off one day an' got ashore an' mixed up wid de odder niggers. Bad lot dem Metanzas folk, mostly Spaniards, wid knives in der belts, an' de niggers am worse dan de whites, an' dat's say'n something. Well, Jam was walking about Metanzas when he sits down in de sun near a nigger woman's door, and de nigger woman she come out an' woman's door, and de nigger woman she control out at she says, "What you doing there, you black trash, sitting at my door?" Jam say he not know, and nigger woman say, "Where yo' come from?" She warn't a Spaniard, she were a Virginny woman, and so Jam and she could talk, and Jam tells his story an' she says, "Yo' like water million?" and she fetches out half a water million, and Jam ate it.'

What's a water million, Jam?'

'A water million, don't you ever eat one?'

'Never.'

'Well, sar, a water million is about half de size of a pumkin.'

'Oh, a melon, you mean.' 'Dat's what I said, on'y it ain't a million, but a water million. A coker-nut is good, but a water million beats him holler. When Jam had finished, de nigger woman say, "Yo' poor unfortnit, yo' stay along wid Mammy Seebright"—dat was her name—"an' she see yo' through." So she took Jam in, and dat night I hear her talking to her husband, who was a hand in a snuff factory, an' what you think they was talking about?'

'I don't know.

'Give you twenty guesses.'

"I don't know."

'Well, dey was talking about selling Jam.'

'Oh, how wicked!

'You see dey couldn't sell him deyselves, but dey

talked of putting a trader on de business an' getting a few dollars from him for de infirmation. Well, presently dey gets asleep, and Jam he gets up an' lights out and strikes for de country. Metanzas was no place for Jam; but it was only jumping outer de frizzling-pan inter de fire, for up-country a Spaniard meets him, and blest if dat Spaniard didn't know he was a runaway, somehow or 'nuther, an' he puts chains on him an' takes him off an' sells him to a planter. Guess if Jam had all de dollars he been sold for now and den, he be a rich man. Yes, sar, dat's de truth; he wouldn't be biling potatoes for de hands; he'd be riding in his carriage wid a top-hat on his head. Well, Jam hit out from the Spaniards, the night after he was cotched — dat's what Jam did — and made fo' Havana. But everything was agin' him, for what did he find in Havana but yellow jack killing the folks by the hundred.'

'What's that, Jam?' 'What's what, sar?'

'Yellow jack.

'What! you don't know the meaning of yellow Well, dere's the marsh fever, dat's bad, and the pison of toadstools, dat's bad; but you mix 'em both up wid a streak o' fork lightnin' an' a pound or two o' wasps, bile an' swaller the lot, den yo'll know what yellow jac' is likest. I'm telling yo' the truth, for I been dere an' had it. It took me in the streets of Havana as soon as I landed dere, an' dere was Jam in hospital near dead, an' de on'y comfort was no one wanted to sell 'im. For a nigger nigh dead wid yellow jack is de only thing on dis earth I believe dat a white man wouldn't trouble to sell.

Den when Jam were able to shake a leg agin' out dey shot him from de hospital, an' he felt dat mean and broke he'd a sold hisself, if there had been any one to buy him, which there wasn't, for ebbery one was dead o' the yellow jack, and dem that wasn't was so shook up dey had no use for niggers for

awhile.

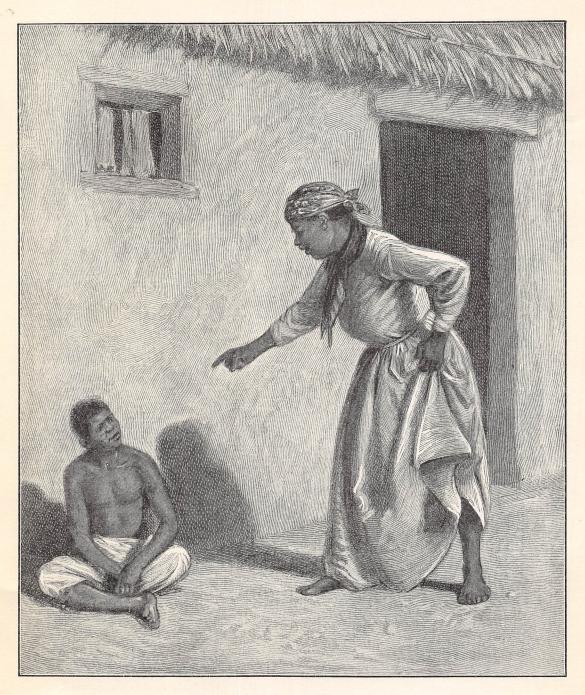
'So Jam went off to de harbour-side, an' he hid hisself in de hole of a ship 'mongst de cargo; yes, sar, he was fool 'nuff for dat, and what did dey do but close de hatches on him, an' der he was like a rat in a trap all in de dark. Well, sar, one of dem stevedores had gone left a bar o' iron behint him, an' Jam, soon as he felt de roll ob de ship an' knew she were under sail, he hit on de under part ob de hatch wid dat bar ob iron till they opened de latch.

'Dey hauled him out an' kicked him, an' den dey made fo'mast man of Jam, an' fo'mast man an' cook he been ebber since most all ober de world, till one day Jam he wanted a job in de Lunnon Docks, and he see de ole Albatross tied up wid her nose to de wharf, an' buckra white boy on her deck. Yo' remember dat, Massa Johnson, an' how you gib Jam a fow-penny piece? Jam nebber forget dat fowpenny no, sah, Jam nebber forget him friends, for Not because Jam hab a good heart, but because friends is so - few.

'Well, Jam,' said I, 'if I could buy as good a friend every day for fourpence as I am sure you are, I'd spend all my money in buying them — and how do you like the ship and Captain Horn?'

'Ship ain't bad, an' de ole man mought be wus. If de biscuits an' pork was as good as de ole man, den I wouldn't swap de ship for any hooker I ever sailed in.

(Continued on page 90.)



"' What you doin' there, sittin' at my door?"



"I was passing with a slush-tub."

BIRD CAY.

By H. de Vere Stacpoole.

(Continued from page 87.)

JUST as my dislike and fear of Prentice grew day by day, so did my liking for Jam. I had liked him from the first, but as I got to know him better I got to like him more. His good-humour never failed: a slave during most of his life, bought and sold like a bale of goods, maltreated, cast hither and thither about the world, now in a ship's caboose or fo'c'sle, now starving on a quayside — one might have fancied that he would have hated his persecutors, or even his fellow-human beings. But there was no hatred in Jam. I think he had never grown up. I do not know; but the fact remains that he was the quaintest, most kindly, and most innocent human being it has ever been my lot to meet - not without faults, indeed, and plenty of them, but quite without viciousness.

One day at dawn we sighted Watling's Island, the most outlying of the Bahamas; this was the first landfall of Christopher Columbus when he sailed to discover the new world. We passed it far away to larboard, and by noon it had vanished beyond the eastern horizon.

Next day at sunset Great Exuma Island lay on our larboard bow.

'Dick,' said Captain Horn, who was leaning on the bulwarks with his glass to his eye, 'd'ye see that point o' land?'

I was passing with a slush-tub in my hand when he hailed me, and I put the tub down and looked where he pointed.

'That's where they hanged seven pirates thirty-two year ago come next November. Spaniards they were, of a ship called the Punta Gorda, and if you asked me how I know about it, why, I saw them hanged. I wasn't twenty year old at the time, foremast hand on the Bristol, a barquentine bound for the Port o' London from Punta Rasa, when we sighted two ships lyin' off that point o' land. Dereliet they looked at first, but when we lifted them and drew close, blest if they weren't all shot-holes: topmasts shot away, sails in rags.

'Pretty soon we saw that one was a Spanish mano'-war, and t'other, which had been a tops'le schooner, we couldn't make out what she was till the old man says, "She's the Punta Gorda. Know her?" "Should think I did know her—why, I've been chased by her; there's not another vessel in these waters with her lines." And he was right; she were a beauty for all her condition.

'We stood close to them and passed by half a mile or less, and as we passed, up came on the breeze which was blowing from the sou'-east the noise of a bugle. It was the first of the pirates they had hanged; we could see the water all beat up with the rush of sharks. Then the bugle let fly agin. Seven times it happened, and by that we knew that seven of the pirate's crew had escaped being shot only to be hanged. So let that teach you, Dick, to steer clear o' piracy.'

'But there aren't any pirates now, are there?' I

'Heaps of them,' replied Captain Horn, 'only they calls them by another name.'

'And what's that?'

'Lawyers,' replied he. Then he shut up his glass and went into the deck-house, leaving me leaning on the bulwarks and staring at the land.

It fascinated me. All the stories I had ever heard or read of pirates were nothing beside this story, with the picture of the place where it had happened right before my eyes.

I fancied I could still see the two ships, with their topmasts shot away and their sails in ribbons.

It was my introduction to West Indian waters and the adventures I was soon to encounter.

CHAPTER VIII.

Seven days later at sunset we sighted the Cuban coast like a cloud on the larboard bow, and the following morning just after sunrise we dropped anchor in the blue harbour of Havana.

It was my first real sight of the tropics, and never shall I forget it; the harbour, the ships with flags fluttering in the hot tropic wind, the town with its coloured flat-topped houses, the palm-trees. Spanish bugles were sounded from the fort, gulls were fishing and crying in the harbour, lighters were loading up or unloading from ships, and the chanting of the negroes as they worked the winches came over the water.

We had cast anchor close to a barque, and of all the vessels I have ever seen in my life that barque was the dirtiest and the strangest-looking, and the most disreputable. I do not know in the least what gives a ship her individuality, yet every ship has, so to speak, a face of her own. Most ships, like most people, are pretty much alike, but, just as Prentice was different from any one I have ever met, so was the Sarah Cutter from any other ship I have ever known.

The Sarah Cutter was her name, written in yellow letters on the taffrail; she was low in the water, and had a sag amidships as though she had been warped by the sun; her paint was all sun-blistered, and her running and standing rigging had a slack look which carried out her general appearance of neglect and untidiness.

So close were we to her and so much higher did we stand out of the water that I could get a glimpse of her decks. She had an after-house the same as we had, and I could see a man seated on the combing of the fo'c'sle-hatch smoking a pipe and mending some garment which, when he held it up to inspect his work, proved to be a pair of trousers. Several of the lads on deck were engaged in patching a sail, and a boy leaning over the starboard bulwarks near the deck-house was fishing.

Prentice and several of our hands were on deck, and Jam was making coffee in the caboose, popping his head out every now and then to have a word with any one passing by.

I noticed that Prentice was paying particular attention to the Sarah Cutter, shading his eyes to get a better look at her. Presently he ranged alongside of me. He stood for a moment or two without speaking, gazing at the barque. Then he turned to me.

'Rum thing,' said he, 'that we should have dropped anchor within a biscuit-throw of that old hooker. Know her, should think I did! See that chap on the fo'c'sle head, that's Cap'n Cutter—I can tell by the cut of his jib even at this distance: that's his daughter fishing for gropers over the side.'

'His daughter? Why, it's a boy!'
'It's his daughter all the same — dresses her as a boy; she's as ugly as a mud-cart, as full of tricks as a bagful o' monkeys. Jess is her name, but mostly they calls her Dick; seven in family they were, and they all used to work the barque, and old woman Cutter would do the cooking. Then the yellow fever took the six sons, and the old woman died two years ago, leaving the old man and Jess. Scoundrels weren't the name for them. They'd mud-grub round from Punta Rasa to Tortuga, loading up with cypress wood and anything they could scratch up, stealing niggers, smuggling. Old man Cutter is hand and glove with the Spaniards. I tell you there's nothing that that old chap wouldn't put his hand on, if so there was a dollar in it. Anything small and mean,

Prentice suddenly brought his hand flat down on the bulwarks and laughed as if an idea had suddenly struck him. Then he hung silent for a moment, looking at the Sarah Cutter, whilst I almost forgot him in looking at Captain Cutter's daughter. One would never have imagined the grubby-looking boy of fourteen or so fishing over the barque-side to be a girl; even at that distance I could make out her face, ugly-looking and impudent and freckled. As I watched a tug came at her line, and in a trice she

had a great fish floundering on board.

'That's like 'em,' said Prentice. 'You or I might fish all day in this harbour and catch nothing. Fish don't bite here, they're too knowing. They live on the scraps and leavings of the ships, but the Cutters are up to every dodge. I bet they've got some bait no one else knows of.' He was silent for a moment, and then 'Dick,' said he, 'I'm only a foremast hand and can't ask the old man for a boat, but you're nevvy to the owner, and what's to hinder you asking for the loan of the dinghy for a row? I'd row you, and we could board the barque yonder, and maybe I'd get a mouthful of something from old man Cut-He knows me.

I jumped at the idea. 'There's no use in asking him now,' said Prentice. 'He's sure to be frazzled up with the port people and seeing about the cargo. Wait till I give you the word, which mayn't be to-day - to-morrow likely. Here

they come.

(Continued on page 102.)

A NEW ROUTE.

If is quite common to hear people say, 'Never take anything for granted,' and if this advice were followed oftener than it is we should doubtless know

more than we do.

Until quite recent years it was taken for granted that the great desert of Western Australia was a waterless waste, across which neither animal nor man could make his way in safety, and as a consequence of this belief, all trade between the northern towns and Perth on the western shore was carried on by coasting vessels. This of course was very costly, particularly when the 'merchandise' shipped consisted of flocks of sheep or droves of cows. Cattle-rearers who were not in a large way of business found it very hard to pay carriage and yet make a profit on their labours. So a few years ago it was decided by the Government to look more closely into the matter, and Mr. A. W. Canning, a brave and skilful traveller, undertook to make a journey of a thou-

sand miles across the desert from Wilune to Hall's Creek in East Kimberley. It was quite an unknown corner of Western Australia, and a glance at the map will show you what a lonely deserted corner it is. The object of the expedition was, of course, to look for water (not upon the surface of the ground, but by digging wells in possible places), and to pick out the best route for future travellers to follow. The undertaking occupied four years of very hard toil; but Mr. Canning came back at last, to say that he had tapped the desert in numerous places, and had seldom found it necessary to go deeper than thirtythree feet to reach abundant water. Thus an old misunderstanding has been cleared away, and a safe path opened across the desert, leading prosperity to distant places which have long been closed because too much was taken for granted.

WHO LIKES SUNBEAMS?

'WHO likes sunbeams?' said the sun, Shining earthwards from the sky; And a hundred little flowers Answered all together, 'I— I love sunbeams. Shine, O shine On this little bloom of mine.'

'Who likes raindrops?' said the rain, When the ground was parched and dry; And a hundred flowers again Answered all together, 'I-I love raindrops, fresh and sweet. Welcome after sun and heat.

So the sun sent down his beams Where the little flowers grew, And the raindrops came in streams On the blossoms red and blue, And the flowers all were glad, Frank Ellis. Every one in beauty clad.

TOYS FROM POTATOES.

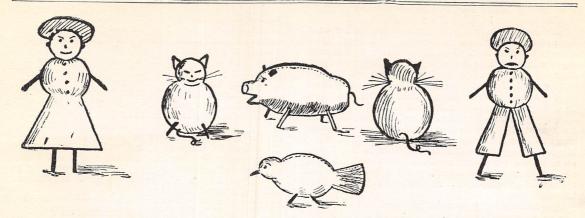
GREAT fun can be got out of making toys from potatoes; it is an excellent game for a wet afternoon, and a splendid idea for a competition either at a summer or winter garden party.

The materials required are always to hand: just few potatoes and a penknife to cut them with.

When you come to examine potatoes, you will notice that they are of various shapes; the potatoes that are nice, even, and oval are generally the best for this purpose. Peeling the potatoes is apt to make the surface uneven, so take a scrubbing-brush, and brush all the brown skin away; this is easily done, and any little eyes can be got out with a knife. The potatoes are now ready for use, and animals of all kinds can be made from them, such as pigs, cats or

To make a pig, select a rather long potato, cut away bits about the head part, put four legs on the body part with match-stalks, and two bits of wood for the ears; for the eyes tiny bits of coal can be pressed in, and the tail is just a bit of string.

When simple things have been tried, a girl and boy can be attempted, and other objects that require more skill. A capital hedgehog is made by taking a round unpeeled potato and sticking it all over with used matches; this animal the youngest member of the party will be able to make!



Some Toys made out of Potatoes.

It is really surprising what good effects can be get by this simple means, and not only can great fun be had, but much knowledge is acquired by taking a potato and making out of it some object to the very best of one's ability.

E. J. Skeaping.

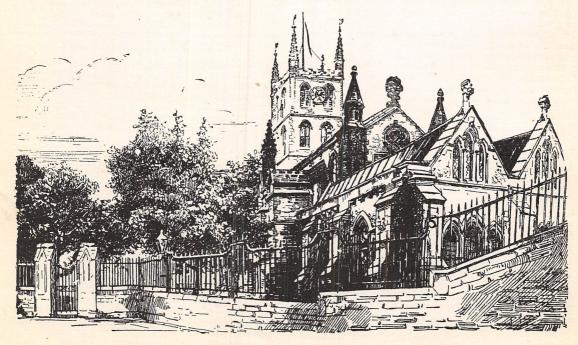
OLD ENGLAND.

II.—THE FERRYMAN OF SOUTHWARK AND THE FOUNDING OF SOUTHWARK CATHEDRAL.

O'N the South bank of the river Thames stands a great grey church. In front of it London Bridge crosses the river, a fruit market stands by its side, and farther off is the metal bridge of a railway.

Yet on that spot Southwark Cathedral has stood, nobly quiet, ever since it was founded by Mary Overie a thousand years ago. And this is the story of its beginning.

In those days a certain John Overie owned the ferry across the Thames at Southwark, and one day there came to him a young apprentice from London, who wished to marry his only daughter, Mary. Now, John the ferryman was a miser; in the cellars of his house were great sacks containing all the money that he had earned with his ferry, and he was filled with terror at the idea of his daughter's marriage, because he knew that he would have to give to her husband a sum of money as dowry; so he ordered the apprentice to go away at once, telling him that if he came



Southwark Cathedral.

again his life should pay the forfeit. The young man went sadly home, and then Mary came tearfully to her father and besought him on her knees to let them be married. But John Overie thought of his gold, and told his daughter that what he had said he had said, and nothing would make him alter his decision.

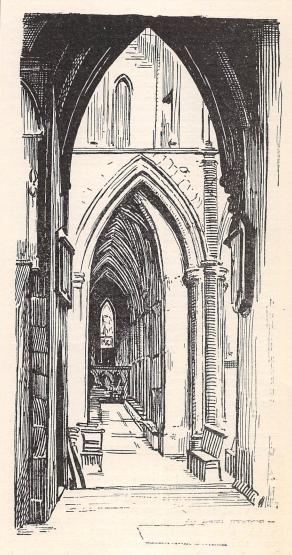
Mary became in turn tearful, angry, and then again tearful, and after that still more angry, until her

The second of th

The poet Gower's Tomb, Southwark Cathedral.

father grew anxious and troubled to think of all the bad feelings that his daughter had for him, and soon the thought occurred to him, 'What will be done when I am dead? Is all the money that I have saved to be spent then by my daughter and this youth from London?' This idea troubled him so much that at last he decided to see for himself what would happen. So, one morning he lay quite still for a long while, and pretended that he had suddenly died, and very soon all the household agreed that he no longer lived. Then Mary, who had lost nearly all love for her father, sent a swift messenger to the young apprentice to say that her father was dead, and there was now no reason why they should not marry at once and again be happy. And all the young men of the household rejoiced that they would hear no more angry words from the ferryman, and immediately prepared a feast.

When John Overie heard these sounds of rejoicing and knew that all the people of his house were merry when they should have mourned, and were feasting when they should have fasted, he became so angry that he got up and strode wrathfully into the room where the feast was being held. The young men saw walking among them the man whom they thought to be dead, and were so terrified that they fled from the room as fast as their legs would carry them; but one, bolder than the rest, stooped as he ran, and snatching up the stool on which he had sat, hurled it behind him at what he took to be the ghost of John Overie. The stool hit the ferryman on the head



The South Aisle.

and knocked him down, so that he struck his temple on the stone paving and was killed in very truth.

Then there was a great commotion in the house, and all ran hither and thither, until everybody was very much excited and scared. Suddenly into the midst of them came the messenger who had been sent to warn the apprentice. He was hot and dusty, and weeping and wailing as loudly as any one; and when he was made to tell his story, he said that the young apprentice, in his anxiety to come to Southwark, had urged his horse into so furious a gallop that it had stumbled, and its rider had been thrown to the ground and killed. At that there was great sorrow throughout the house, for the young man was loved by every one; and Mary herself went alone to her chamber and there wept miserably and refused to be comforted. But in the midst of her sorrow she realised her wickedness with regard to her father, when she did not mourn at his death, but rather rejoiced in her freedom. So by way of a penance she sold all her father's goods, and his house and his land, which had now become her own, and with all the money founded a sisterhood of nuns close to the banks of the Thames, and then she went to her father's ferry and worked it herself for the rest of her life, giving all the money that she earned to the maintenance of the Convent.

In the course of many years this Convent was converted into a College of Priests, whose chapel was dedicated to St. Mary Overie. This is the building which is now called St. Saviour's Church, or South-

wark Cathedral.

It is said that the priests of the College brought timber from the neighbouring woods and built a bridge over the Thames in place of the ferry that had once belonged to Mary Overie; but more than a hundred years later that was pulled down, and in its stead Old London Bridge was built of stone.

Within the church itself many famous people lie buried, and among them are two Elizabethan playwrights, and also the poet Gower, who lived in the fourteenth century. Gower's effigy lies on his tomb, the head resting on carved models of the three massive volumes on which his fame is founded. It is related that King Richard II. met the poet in London, and after saying that he was weary of the unoriginality of poets, exclaimed, 'Booke some new thing,' and Gower produced the best of his three books as a result.

It is probable that Mary Overie herself was buried in some part of the church, but no trace of her monument can now be found. But what other memorial can be needed, while Southwark Cathedral stands as the monument of her penance?

G. Belton Cobb.

WHEN IS ELECTRICITY DANGEROUS?

A LL of you have seen something which electricity does; perhaps you have seen the lamps in shop windows, or at school, or somewhere else, which light up when the switch is turned on; or you have seen bells which ring when you press an ivory button; or you have been on the electric tram-cars and trains which go on when the driver turns the handle one way, and stop when he turns it back again; or, perhaps, you have seen some one speaking through a telephone, or have watched the men working on the telegraph wires. All these things are wonderful, and it is electricity which makes them all work.

But you have been told, too, that electricity is dangerous, and that it kills people sometimes, so that you are afraid to touch anything electrical until you know it is quite safe. To know this we must know

some of the peculiarities of electricity.

In the first place, electricity, or the electric 'fluid,' runs along some things better than others, and it cannot run along some things at all The wires along which it runs (or which 'conduct' it, as it is called) are not hollow, but the current runs along the metal in the same way, that heat gradually runs up to the handle of the poker, if you leave the other end in the fire. All metals conduct it well, and wet things always do a little, but china, slate, india-rubber, and some other substances, will not conduct it at all; they are called 'insulators,' because they insulate, or make things into 'islands' safe from electricity.

There is no danger of being killed by a shock if the pressure, or strength (or 'voltage'), is very low; it is only when the pressure is higher than about one hundred volts that there is any risk, and bad accidents have not often happened unless the current has been at a much greater voltage than that.

Lightning is electricity at such a tremendously high voltage that it can burst through stone walls and brick buildings, which would insulate ordinary currents. As we are not able to stop it we provide an easy path for it to get to the earth without breaking through anything: this is a strip of copper or of iron wire, which is called a 'lightning conductor.'

Electric bells and telephones are worked at voltages of only four or six volts, so that there is no danger of getting a bad shock from them, however much we handle them; but, although there is no danger of shock, we must be careful in handling the cells, or batteries, which work them, because these are filled with various kinds of acid, which will stain or burn our clothes and skin.

The little pocket electric lamps and torches, which light up whilst you press a knob, are also supplied with low voltage current from a small battery, and you may feel quite safe if you want to pull one to

pieces to see how it works.

With the bigger lamps, which light up the houses and shops and streets, it is different. They are generally of one hundred or two hundred volts, so that they must be left alone. The wires to these lights are covered with india-rubber and other things, to prevent the current escaping. Although the switch which lights them has a metal cover, the metal you touch is separated by an insulating material from the metal which carries the current, to prevent anybody getting a shock when turning on the light. But it is not safe to take off the cover, nor to break the rubber off the wires.

You may have had a shock some time from an electric coil. Of course these are regulated, so that the shock is not too strong, but still you will remember that it becomes very unpleasant if it goes on too long. If the pressure were made very much stronger, and if you touched the handles, you might be

knocked down, and perhaps killed.

The current which drives the trams and trains is always dangerous; it is at four hundred, six hundred, or more volts. All the metal which carries current on the car is fastened up so that passengers cannot touch it. The electricity is brought to the tram either by an overhead wire or one in a conduit, or channel, under the road, so that nobody can touch it. In the underground railways a 'third rail' is run by the side of the others to carry the current; and if anybody steps on this he gets a very bad shock, and people have been killed in this way.

If you look at this rail, or at any other piece of metal which is 'alive' (that is, which is carrying current), you cannot see any difference in it from an ordinary piece of metal. It is this that makes an electrical engineer's work so dangerous; if the metal got red hot, or if he could smell electricity as we can gas, he would be warned not to touch it, but, as it looks exactly the same whether it is 'alive' or not, he sometimes forgets the danger, and then there is an accident.

P. Blagg.

'THE WITCHES HAVE COME FOR ME.'

A True Story.

THERE had been a somewhat violent outbreak of cholera in the little hill station of Nilpore in North-western India, which had taxed the energies of

the medical officer to the utmost.

However, his skill and energy had not been in vain, and he had at last the satisfaction of seeing the epidemic abated and the temporary hospital cleared of its late inmates, who had returned cured to their homes. This very afternoon the surgeon-major was on his way to order the building to be closed, and the blankets, &c., washed, and right thankful he was to think all was so well over.

At the door of the hospital he was met by the big native orderly, who gravely salaamed and then stood at attention, waiting for his superior to address him

at attention, waiting for his superior to address him. 'All cleared out, Mahommed?' said the doctor. 'I will just go round, and then you can order in the scrubbers and cleaners, and have all tidied up ready for the next time.'

'It shall be done, Protector of the Poor,' said the native, again salaaming; 'but there is still the child Ali — what must be done with him? I doubt if he

will last out the night.'

'Ali! Why, the little fellow was all but well yesterday. I never thought to find him here,' said the doctor in great astonishment. 'I must go and have a look at him.'

He strode quickly into the great ward, once full of patients, but now deserted, except that at the further end, on a simple string bed, lay a little dark-skinned boy of some ten years of age, with big, wide-staring eyes, and black, matted hair, who took no notice of the doctor's approach, but lay wearily with his face turned to the wall.

'Well, little man!' said the doctor in his cheeriest tone, 'and how is it you are still here? Don't you

feel well?

'I shall never be well,' said the child sadly; 'the witches have come for me,' and he pulled his blanket over his face as if to end the conversation.

'Witches! Nonsense!' laughed the doctor, sitting down by the bedside and taking the boy's little hand in his. 'There are no witches in my hospital, and Mahommed here will tell you that is all childish talk—is it not?' and he turned confidently to the big orderly to confirm his words.

But Mahommed shook his head, and said solemnly: 'It should be so, Protector of the Poor, but the child has spoken true words: the witches have come for him—I myself have heard them; he will die.'

'How can you, a grown man, believe in such rubbish!' said the doctor angrily. 'I thought you had

more sense, Mahommed, than to frighten a patient with such fool's talk. Witches!' he went on with increasing wrath. 'Don't talk to me of witches! It was a bat, or something of that sort, that frightened you.'

Mahommed stood still, not daring to contradict the doctor, but firmly convinced in his own mind.

Just then there came an odd sound on the iron roof of the hospital, as if some one were tapping on it.

Little Ali reared himself up from the bed, and shrieked wildly, 'The witches! the witches have come for me! Oh, save me! save me!' and he threw himself into the doctor's arms.

'You see, Protector of the Poor,' said Mahommed, gravely, 'that there are witches. Who else could tap on our roof? There is no one here but ourselves, and if you go outside and look, there is nothing to be seen. It is witches, and the child will die. It is fate.'

'It is not witches, and the child shall not die,' said the doctor in his loudest tones, 'and I do not leave here till I have sifted this matter to the very bottom. Cheer up, Ali,' he said to the trembling child. 'Nothing shall harm you here—the Englishman's God shall take care of you; be sure of that. Now, Mahommed, make some good coffee, and Ali must drink it; and bring him some sweet biscuits, and stop by him till I return; I am going out to find your wonderful witch for you.'

His words, and perhaps the coffee and biscuits, so cheered Ali that the doctor had no difficulty in leaving, and at once made the round of the hospital precincts. The hospital stood alone and unprotected on a little mound, with a large sandy courtyard all round it, well fenced in. No footsteps appeared on the ground, except those leading from the gate to the ward door, and there were no signs of any one having crept round; but as he stood, a small stone came pattering down on the roof, followed by another, and another, and the shrieks of Ali from within the ward told the Englishman that this was the work of the so-called witch.

Where did the stones come from? No one was in sight; but there was a tree some twenty feet or so away — it was just possible the dense foliage might shelter some one. He would go and see. A few seconds brought him to the spot, and as he reached it a boy of about Ali's age slid quickly down and stood in front of the doctor, saying eagerly, 'Is Ali better? Has he heard my greeting? Many times yesterday did I send the stones to let him know I was outside and waiting for him. When will he come home?'

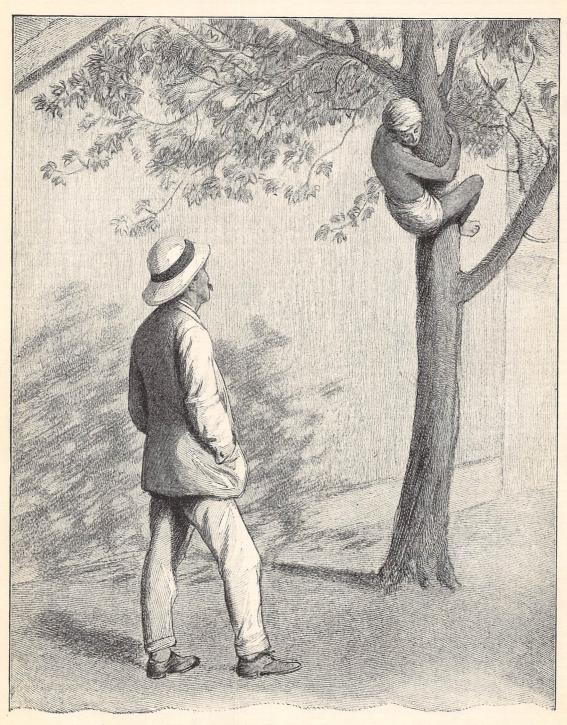
The doctor laughed aloud, so relieved was he to have found 'the witch' so easily. 'Ali is all but well—he will be quite well when he hears you sent the stones to greet him. You shall come with me to the hospital and tell Ali all about it.'

Thus was the mystery cleared up! Ali went home with his little friend on the following day, completely

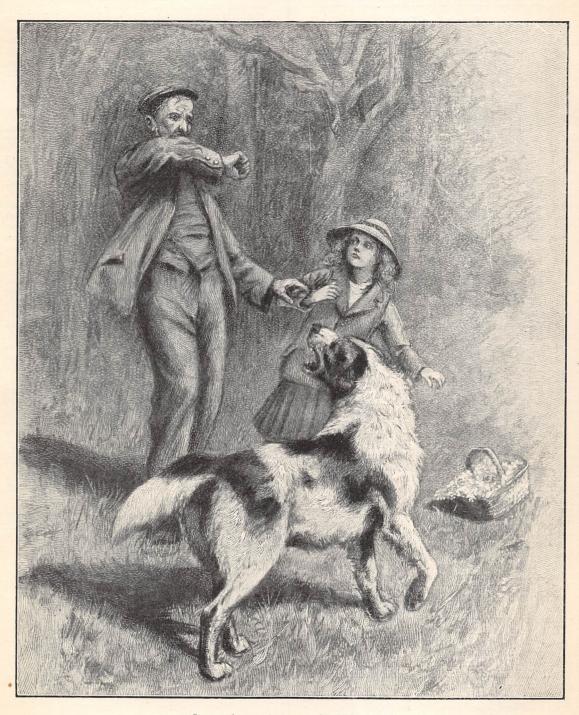
restored to health.

But had it not been for the doctor's prompt action and discovery of the 'witch,' little Ali would most certainly have frightened himself into dying, as it is a well-known fact that natives seldom get over an illness when they have lost hope, even though the illness itself may be a slight one.

E. A. Bulley.



"A boy slid quickly down."



"It was the man's turn to be frightened."

A MYSTERIOUS PROTECTOR.

Founded on Fact.

EVERY spring, as long as Marjorie could remember, she and her mother had gone to Foxhole Wood to pick primroses; but this year poor Mother had been ill for weeks, and Marjorie had only just been allowed to go into her room to see her for a few minutes at a time. However, she was getting better every day, and was coming downstairs tomorrow for a little while, for the first time.

'The primroses will be all over, Mother, before we have got any, said Marjorie, when she went into her mother's room to say good morning. 'Will you be well enough to go soon, do you think?'

'Jane shall take you one day, darling,' said Mother. 'I am afraid that I shall not be able to, this year. I am very sorry, but you shall go and get a big basketful, and we will send some to the hospital.

Marjorie was very disappointed, for, though she was fond of Jane, it would not be so nice as going with Mother, and she had to wink her eyes very hard to keep from crying. But she was a wise little girl, and knew it could not be helped, so she did not let the tears fall and soon was chattering away quite brightly till it was time for Mother to rest. Jane said she could not go until Saturday, as she was very busy, so Marjorie stood by the dining-room window feeling rather sad.

Suddenly a thought struck the little girl. Why should not she go by herself that very morning and have some primroses all ready for Mother when she came downstairs? 'Now I'm eight, I'm quite big enough to go by myself,' thought she; 'I must make haste, or I shall not be back by dinner-time.' And hurrying on her things, she seized a basket which was in the hall and ran down the road as fast as she could, quite forgetting to say anything to Jane.

It seemed a long way to the wood this time; Marjorie had never been so far by herself before. It was a lovely, lonely country lane which led to the wood. She did not meet anybody until she was nearly there, when just as she turned the corner, she saw a big Newfoundland dog, trotting quietly along by the hedge all by himself. He came up to Marjorie, wagging his tail and looking so friendly and gentle that the little girl did not feel at all nervous.

'You darling, big doggie,' she said, as she patted his head, which was nearly on a level with her own, 'do come with me - we're both out by ourselves, and I don't very much like being out by myself.'

She had placed her basket on the ground for a minute, and to her great surprise and delight, the big dog picked it up and stalked solemnly along by her side, carrying it in his mouth, just as if he quite understood what she said, and was accustomed to go primrosing every day.

They soon reached the wood after this, and scrambling through a hole in the hedge, Marjorie gave a cry of delight, for the ground was simply covered with primroses. 'There must be millions and millions of them,' she said to herself. 'I do wish Mother could see them - she would think them lovely.'

And taking her basket from 'Bruce,' as she called her new friend, she began at once to fill it with the pretty yellow flowers, not forgetting to pick them with long stalks, as Mother had taught her, and also to put in lots of the pretty 'crinkly' green leaves, Bruce, meanwhile, lay down with his nose on his paws and went to sleep.

Marjorie picked on steadily until she had filled her basket, and was just going to sit down and tie them up in bunches when there was a rustling in the undergrowth, and a very rough-looking man appeared.

'Hullo!' said he, taking hold of Marjorie's arm, what are you doing here? Picking primroses, eh? Where's your nurse, or mother, or some one?

'Please, I'm by myself,' said Marjorie, timidly. 'Mother is ill.'

'Then you just come along with me,' said the man, beginning to pull her roughly along. 'I want that nice coat of yours and your hat - they'll do for my little girl.'

Marjorie screamed and struggled, crying out, 'I

won't go with you — I want to go home.'
'Stop that!' said the man, putting his dirty hand
over her mouth, 'or I'll make you.'

But at this moment there was a fierce bark, and Bruce came springing through the bushes and stood growling at the man and showing his teeth. It was the man's turn to be frightened now, for he had never noticed Bruce, and dropping the child's arm as if it had been red-hot, he took to his heels and made off through the wood as fast as he could.

Marjorie picked up her basket, and taking hold of Bruce's collar scrambled wildly through the hedge and hurried down the road. When they reached the corner where they had met, Bruce stopped short, and licking Marjorie's face, as if in farewell, he jumped over a gate and was soon lost to sight across a field.

Marjorie never saw her mysterious protector again, but she heard afterwards that he belonged to a gentleman from London, who had been staying in the country and who returned home the day after Marjorie's adventure, taking his dog with him. When Mother heard the story, she said she was sure that God had sent him to take care of her little girl. 'But, darling,' she added, 'you are not old enough to go so far by yourself; you must never run off like that again without asking leave.'

'I'm sorry, Mother,' said Marjorie, 'and I never

will again.'

Next year, I am glad to say, Mother was able to go primrosing herself, but they both wished that Bruce could have been there with them.

BLOSSOMS OF THE YEAR.

III. - PRIMROSE.

ET us to the woodlands fare -Though the trees are still so bare, Primrose blooms await us there!

Sweet as spring itself are these, Sun-kissed through the naked trees, Waving gently in the breeze.

While the sun can reach the ground, Primrose blossoms will abound Ere the shade is deep around.

When the trees their leafage don For the sun to shine upon, Primrose blooms will all be gone.

E. M. H.

UNEXPECTED SUCCESS.

OCTOR NORMAN MACLEOD, before his visit to India, called on an old Highland woman in Glas-

'When you go to India,' she said, 'you'll be seeing my Donal', that went away to sail to India ten years ago, and never wrote the scrape of a pen to his mother since.'

'But, Katie,' said the Doctor, 'India is a very big

place, and how can I expect to find him?

'Oh! but you'll just be asking for Donal'. What

for no?

So, to please the old lady, the Doctor promised to ask for Donald, and conscientiously he kept his word. At various ports he made inquiry among British ships, although it seemed to him very much like

looking for a needle in a bundle of hay.

But it is the unexpected that happens. As Doctor Macleod's steamer went up the Hoogli, an outwardbound vessel passed close by. Over the bulwarks of this vessel was leaning a sailor, and to him the Doctor, moved by some sudden impulse, shouted out, 'Are you Donald Mactavish?

To his intense surprise, the man answered, 'Yes.' Macleod had only time to shout, 'You're to write to your mother! ' as the vessels drew apart.

The result of this amazing meeting was that the old woman received a penitent letter from her long-E. D. neglectful son.

OUR LITTLE GARDENS: A YEAR'S WORK.

III. — MARCH.

MARCH is one of the busiest months of the year in the garden. If we watch our plants now, we shall see rapid growth - unless the weather is cold

and wintry.

Perhaps we have daffodils, snowdrops, and other bulbous plants growing in pots of soil or fibre in the house. They will flower earlier than those planted outside, and I want to give you a hint as to how to treat the plants when they have finished flowering. In time, the leaves die away, and people, knowing this, sometimes think that as soon as the flowers fade the plants need no further attention. This is wrong. I may tell you that this time is most important. You may continue watering them, as they need it for at least eight weeks; then, when the green begins to grow yellow, you may gradually cease from watering, and dry off the bulbs. must remember, too, that from having been all the winter in the house, they have grown rather tender, though if you had planted them out of doors they would have been hardy enough. Anyway, they are too tender just at present for you to stand the pots out of doors as soon as the beauty of the flowers has passed. You had better tend them in the house until

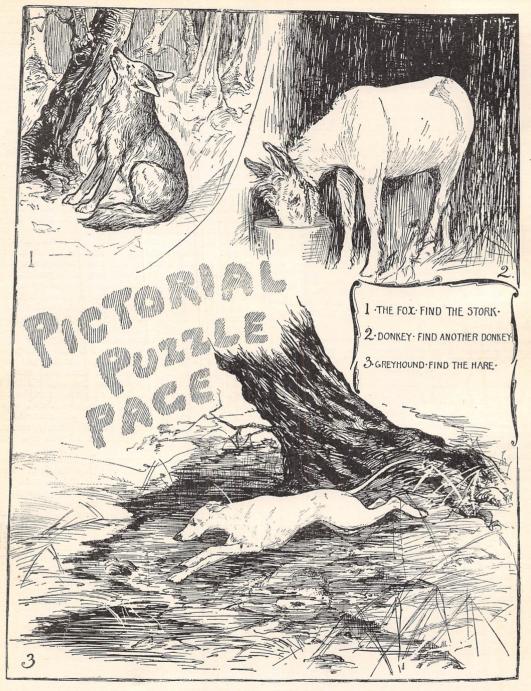
Now for the garden itself. In February we chose our packets of hardy annuals, and this month we are naturally anxious to sow them. There are two ways of going to work. You may sow them out in your garden, or you may sow some of them in pots and stand these on a sunny window indoors. We will, stand these on a sunny window indoors. however, consider the out-of-door sowing first. You have already more or less prepared the ground by the deep digging you have given it. By this time it will have had time to settle down, and when a nice sunny day comes, and the soil is not too wet, you can break the lumps and rake it over carefully. Now draw a little drill with a bit of wood about an inch wide, and not at all deep. Into this drill you sow your seed. Sow the seed very thinly. That is one of the most important rules in gardening, and I will tell you an excellent way to do this, in the case of small seed, which is always difficult to sow thinly enough. Get a little dry sand or mould and mix it with the seed, then sow sand and seed together. We must be very careful not to cover small seed too thickly with soil. Just cover it, and that is all. Nasturtiums and sweet-peas, being larger, may be put rather deeper into the soil. Do not attempt to sow seeds when the soil is wet and sticky, though it is often in capital condition an hour or so after a shower. It will be all right if it is not sticky. Next month I shall have a good deal to say concerning the treatment of the little seedling plants after they are well through the soil.

You might sow most of the seeds out of doors, but if you wished to save a little at the bottom of the packet to sow in a pot, well and good. Have a clean pot, clean inside and outside, and perfectly dry. take some bits of broken pot and put in five or six of these at the bottom of the pot to make drainage, and if you can get it, put in also a bit of charcoal and then fill the pot to within an inch of the rim with soil fairly firm. I like to mix sand and leaf mould and a little loam well together for this purpose, but ordinary garden soil will do if you put sand with it, and again I must remind you to sow the seed thinly. I ought to have said water the soil in the pot, but do not sow the seed till the next day. You may lay a sheet of glass over the top of the pot, and every morning remove it and wipe off the tiny drops of moisture that will cover it. You must not water oftener than is clearly necessary, though of course you will not let the soil become

dust-dry.

It may happen that many of you have a rose-tree of your own. I may tell you that this is the time to prune it - say, the last week in this month. What I am going to describe does not apply to climbing roses, but only to bushes. You must take a very sharp knife, for you are going to cut back the branches of your rose-tree. Work carefully, and make clean, sharp cuts. You will notice, I expect, here and there along the branch, sturdy little leafbuds commencing growth: well, cut down to one of these, or rather cut just above it, being careful not to injure it. The bud you cut down to should always point outwards, not towards the centre of the tree. Find out before pruning what kind of rose-tree yours happens to be; if you are told that it is a tea rose, do not prune it until the first week in April, as it is rather a tender variety. Never prune any rose in frosty weather, nor in cold, bitter, windy weather. If your rose is a climbing variety, such as the Gloire de Dijon, do not shorten back any of the shoots, but nail them carefully to the wall, or tie them on to the railing or whatever the tree may be growing on. Pruning for climbing roses consists of cutting out the oldest branches to make room for younger growth, and is generally done when the tree ceases to flower in the autumn.

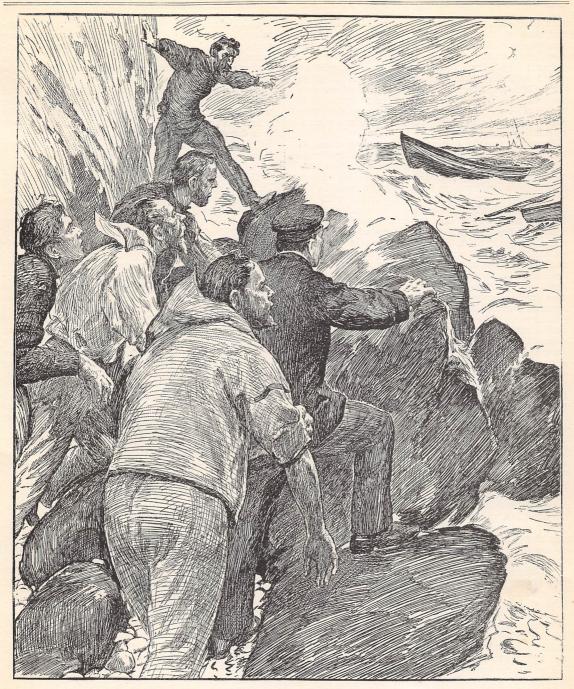
I told you last month I would name some plants for open sunny positions and others suited to cool,



shady spots. I have left myself room to deal only with the first. Snapdragons of all colours, pinks, carnations and sweet-williams all love the sunny places, and so do all those plants that you are raising from seed, which we called annuals. If any one ever gives you a plant with white leaves, or silvery

white, always plant it in the sunniest spot you have because those white leaves, especially some that have almost the soft feeling of a blanket, have been prepared by Nature to grow in dry, sunny positions without being injured by too great heat.

F. M. Webb.



"We went back to the cliff to find our boats floating loose."

ON THE CROZETS.

S O you want old Bob to tell you once again some of his adventures when the Strathmore was wrecked on the Crozet Islands, right away south in the Indian Ocean.

The first bad moment was when the fog lifted, and there we were, not, as we supposed, in the open ocean, but in the thick of the rocks, deadly jagged things like teeth, and right above our heads a great brown wall that seemed to grow higher and higher as the mist rolled away—such a cliff as I had never

seen except on the coast of Cornwall. Those teeth had torn a hole in our ship's bottom, and that straight-up wall was all the land we had to comfort our hearts with.

Land! Such land, too, when we had struggled on to it! Oh, the bitter cold of that first night, when we huddled together for warmth and our toes were frost-bitten. I tell you, it is a queer thing to lie in the dark, hour after hour, each of forty men wondering whether a lingering death by cold and starva-

tion is in front of him.

Next day we hauled ashore some few cases of clothing and provisions, also some wreckage with which to make a fire, and then, as we thought, fastened the boats securely, with the intention of making many more journeys to the Strathmore. We had worked hard and had cheered up a bit with the warmth and daylight, so some of us were even able to crack a joke as we ate our mid-day meal. Then a chap, called Joe, said he would go and see if the boats were all right. The rest of us laughed and called him 'an old woman' and 'a regular fidget,' and told him he had better sit down and rest while he could. But we changed our tune when we went back to the cliff to find our boats floating loose some way from the shore, and the waves making short work of them. We all felt a bit sheepish and small, for there we were penned up in that island for good, and it seemed as bare as the palm of your hand.

But things might have been a jolly sight worse, even though the winter was coming on fast and not a live plant grew or a four-footed thing walked on that miserable place. It was the two-legged things that saved us, for there were great flocks of albatross which we killed and ate. We kept the tins from the tinned food, which acted as saucepans, and luckily we had rescued some half-dozen knives from the wreck. Fuel was a difficulty, for we soon got to the end of the wreckage and there was no wood in the island. So we had to use the skins of the birds, and make a nice savoury fire of them. Matches were a highly valuable possession; we treasured them as priceless jewels, and were so afraid of using them up that we kept a queer sort of home-manufactured lamp always burning, made from the fat of our

friends the birds.

But one day, when the winter was passing, our croaking friend, Joe, said, 'I'm sure those birds are on the move; they're going further south.' Now, this time we did not snub him, but we felt very cross, for if the birds were going to migrate, we could not stop them! They were very restless for a fortnight, flying about like starlings at the end of summer, and then at last off they went in two great flights. It would have been a fine sight if only we had been naturalists instead of hungry men. No general could have marshalled them Letter. But we felt sad, for those birds had been food and clothing and warmth

and light to us all the winter.

The fare was pretty thin the next week or so; but we found a few lamed or weakling birds, which saved us from starvation. And it was then that we sighted our first ship far away on the horizon heading southeast, a whaler no doubt—and it never sighted us! I don't wonder you gasp! We wandered about that day, each man alone, after the wild excitement of trying to attract the attention of the crew, and no one spoke a word; but all the anger in all our hearts could never be written down or spoken.

But the next day we felt a little ashamed of ourselves, for Heaven -- it seemed like an answer to our prayers — sent us the mollyhawks, and then the penguins to take the place of the albatross, and, as the spring advanced, a small plant grew up that made a very decent sort of vegetable.

Besides, after all, we ought to have been cheered by the sight of that one ship, for where one whaler went another might come, so we set to work to build a turf fort and fixed a flag on the top, and we took it in turns to watch from sunrise to sunset. I think I disliked that watching work most of all. Somehow it rubbed into me the wretchedness of our position

more than anything.

There was another take-in — a worse one, too. At bottom I shall always believe there was a bit of real wickedness in it. For a big whaler headed clean towards us, and many and many a man must have had his eyes fixed on those crags and islands; so how they could all miss such a queer sight as forty men waving clothes and things on the top of the Crozets

passes me!

However, the great day came at last; a ship, the Young Phoenix, did see us and took us off. The queer thing was that when it happened we hardly seemed to care. It took days for our great escape to get into our dull, anxious heads, and then you would hear a man laugh all of a sudden as we sailed along homewards, just for no apparent reason at all; or another would smack his leg and say, 'I wonder how soon I shall have our Dickie sitting on my knee;' or another looking a bit sad would say, 'I wonder whether the old man is still alive; he was uncommon poorly when I left home.' But at the word 'home' we would all laugh or even cry, for it sounded rare and good in our ears. So we began talking of our families now. Not a word had been said about them on the Crozets.

We were landed in Ceylon, and I worked my way home as soon as I could.

BIRD CAY.

By H. de Vere Stacpoole. (Continued from page 91.)

URE enough, boats were approaching. A white-SURE enough, boats were approximately painted boat, trailing the red and yellow of the Spanish flag; this was the port boat coming to get our credentials, and to see that we hadn't yellow fever on board, and also to look after the harbour After it came several other dingy-looking boats, loaded up with negroes and fruit and vegetables, chickens in coops, and all sorts of things eatable and otherwise.

In a moment we were surrounded, the negroes in the bumboats not daring to board us till the port authorities had left, but rowing round us, and shouting out their wares. The starboard watch tumbled up from below, and in a moment Jam was leaning over the side with the others, shouting, gesticulating, laughing, and chattering in broken Spanish to the darkies in the boats.

'Look, sar,' cried Jam, catching me by the arm, 'thar's water millions!' He pointed to a fruit-boat just beneath, loaded with great green melons. He had no time to say more when the boats, having now received permission, hooked alongside, and the boat-

men came skimming on board.

In a moment the decks were in confusion, piles of vegetables and baskets of fruit came over the side, and the shouting of the negroes selling, and the shouting of the hands bargaining with them, was enough to deafen one. Most of the men had a little money — English, of course — and the making change was an added difficulty.

In the middle of the upset I heard myself called, and, turning aft, found Captain Horn prepared to go ashore. He was making use of the port boat, and he had a bag with him, which he ordered me to carry after him. You may guess I was pleased. I bundled down into the boat, the Captain followed, and we

pulled off.

We landed at a wharf, and came along it towards the town, Captain Horn leading; I following, carrying the bag. Never had I imagined such a crowd as we passed through—black men, yellow men; black women, with yellow turbans and baskets on their heads; white women dressed all in white, and wearing big broad-brimmed white hats; little nigger children with nothing on at all; mules, with jingling bells, being driven helter-skelter through the throng, followed by men with sticks; hawkers, pedlars, sailors from the ships: all blazed upon by the strong morning sun and blown on by a wind full of all sorts of strange scents.

The streets were dirty, but gay enough, and so strange that one forgot their dirt. In one street Captain Horn stopped, and, telling me to wait at the door of a big house, entered. It was the house of the merchant to whom our cargo was consigned. He was there for an hour, nearly, and he came out in very good spirits, wiping his mouth with a red bandana handkerchief. He seemed in such good spirits that I thought it would be a good time to ask his leave to borrow a boat next day to visit the Sarah

Cutter.

'You can take the dinghy, if Prentice will row you,' replied Captain Horn, 'and he has nothing else to do; and now I'm going to have a bite of summat to eat. You come with me. I've fed so long on salt horse, I want to get a tooth into something a man can swallow.'

He led the way into a sort of bar, where they served us with food that was delicious after the food of the brig. I had coffee and some cake, then we went into the street; and here the Captain took out his great red handkerchief, blew his nose, wiped his

mouth, and looked around him.

'Jim,' said he, 'I'm going into a bar alongside here where it's likely I may meet some sea-faring men, and it's between you and me that when I get a drop o' rum in my head I talk a bit looser than natural; and, havin' that in my head which you and I knows on, it won't do to discharge cargo in a grog-shop.'

He took a pin from the lapel of his coat, and handed it to me. 'Here's a pin. Lay hold of it, and stand by, and if you hear me forget myself, say nothing, but job the pin into my leg. I'll know. There wouldn't be no call for you interfering, but the balloon-juice they serve at these here bars lays over a man like a belt on the head, so be that he swallows too much of it.'

He led the way down the street, which he evidently knew well, opened a door of a house and entered. I followed him, though I was nearly stifled by the fumes of the big bar-room.

Men were seated about at tables, smoking and

drinking, chatting and talking in Spanish, French. English, and, for all I knew, half-a-dozen other languages. Nowhere else in the world could you find such a collection of people as here, in the bar-room of Havana in those long-ago times. The Spaniards then were a different race from what they are now: I saw men who might have just stepped off the deck of some pirate - long-haired, with loose silk scarves round their throats, knives in their belts, rings in their ears. I saw sea-captains like Captain Horn, pig-tailed, with fists like hams and roaring voices. saw Italians, crafty-looking and subtle; traders who owned little shops in Havana, fishermen stained by the sea and the sun, half-castes, Caribs with wiry black hair and wild-eyes, and from all this amazing and coloured crowd were rising fumes of smoke, forming wreaths and spirals and a haze that blended everything, making of it all one picture.

No sooner had Captain Horn entered than he was hailed by several of his own sort, sea-captains making merry after a cruise. He took his seat at the table with them, motioning me to take a seat also. At first I thought they were his friends, but after a few minutes I perceived that not one of them knew

the other.

At one end of the room stood a bar, and behind the bar stood the ugliest negro I had yet seen. He stood there over the smoke-dimmed bar ordering the attendants about and seeming to keep an eye on

every one.

The Captain ordered me lime juice, whilst he himself partook of rum, and presently, under the influence of the rum, Captain Horn, who on entering the bar had been quiet enough, became noisy. He laughed and talked at the top of his voice and became argumentative. The other sea-captains, seeming led off by the example of the Captain, became as noisy as he.

'The Penguin was wrecked off Foul Island, I tell you. Tell me I don't know! Didn't I see her? Off the southern p'int of Foul Island, where the rocks run out like razors on a hog's back—I tell you, I

see her.'

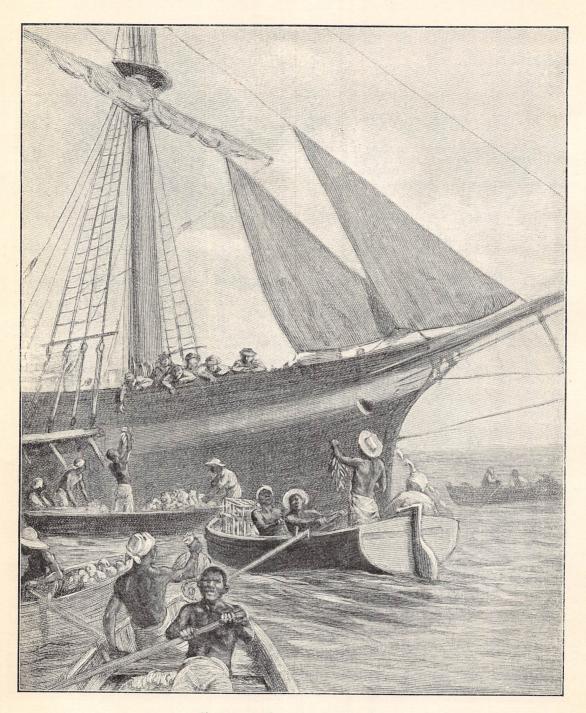
'I tell you she warn't no such thing; you've got the name wrong, and the place wrong, and you've got everything wrong — for the Penguin she busted herself on Spanish Hat.'

'G-r-r out with you!'

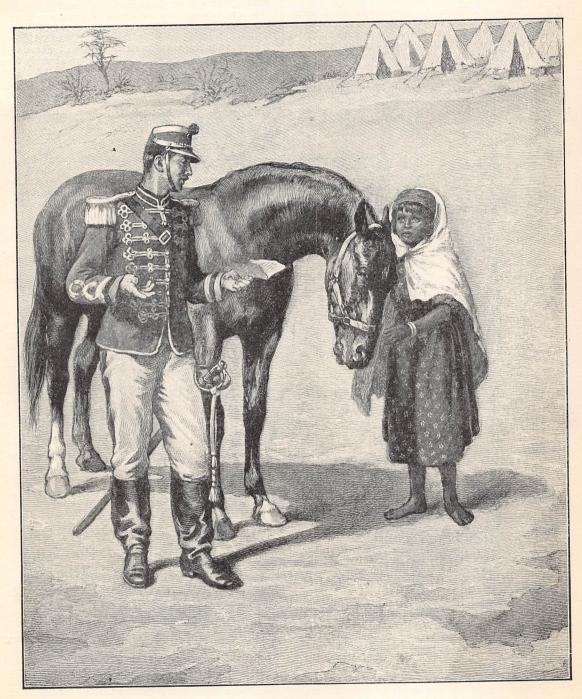
I was getting nervous, for I was not used to scenes like this. Every moment the dispute waxed warmer, and every moment I expected trouble. I remembered the pin I carried in the lapel of my coat and the purpose for which it had been given me; but I feared to use it, and no wonder, for to stick a pin into the leg of a man who is raging like a tiger requires some courage, even though you do it by his own orders.

Then the storm calmed down almost as soon as it had risen, only to rise again a little later on the question of the depth of water in some channel whose name I have forgotten. I never saw such people for quarrelling. Captain Horn would be as jolly as possible and talking to Captain Bob—for that was the name they gave the man opposite to him—when the man on his right would put in a remark, or some trifling difference occur between the two talkers, and down would come Captain Horn's great fist bang on the table, making the glasses jump and the row begin all over again.

(Continued on page 111.)



"Chattering to the darkies in the boats."



" You may keep the horse."

MARSA AND MOHUL.

M ARSA was a little Arab girl, who lived near Algiers, in Africa.

Evidently, she was in trouble. Tears were streaming down her pretty brown cheeks, as she trod the dusty road which led to the French camp.

Behind her walked with a light step her beautiful horse, Mohul. He had soft, expressive eyes, a velvet muzzle, a silken mane and tail. His colour was black, with dashes of white here and there.

Mohul felt puzzled. Now and then he neighed inquiringly. 'Where are you taking me?' he seemed to say. 'Why do you not sing to-day? And why

are you not riding on my back?

Marsa did not sing because her heart was heavy, and her heart was heavy because she was going to sell Mohul. A dark shadow lay upon her home. fever had bereaved the family of its head, the good father, Hassan, and had prostrated the mother and one of her sons, who were still weak and ill.

Poverty, too, had come with the death of the bread-winner, and that was why Mohul had to be sold. Already Marsa had sold her ear-rings and her gold chain; now she must part with this dear and

faithful friend.

Very sadly, therefore, the girl came to the French camp, where she told the sentries that she had come to see whether she could sell her horse. A young officer who was passing stopped to look at Mohul.

'How much do you want for him?' he asked. 'A thousand francs,' replied Marsa, in a voice choked with tears.

The officer laughed. 'Why do you ask such a ridiculous sum as that, child? 'he said.

'That is what my mother told me to say. Is he not worth so much?' asked Marsa fearfully.

'On the contrary, he is worth double that sum,' answered the officer. 'I have no wish to defraud you, little one.

'Double?

The girl's face brightened a little, as she thought how pleased her mother would be.

'Then,' said the officer, 'you will sell your horse

to me for two thousand francs?

'Yes,' murmured Marsa. Already the gleam had died out of her face, and her eyes filled with tears.

Why do you cry?' the officer said, 'when I am giving you so much more money than you hoped to get?

'Because I love Mohul so,' she faltered.

The young man, who felt sorry for her, gave her the two thousand francs. Then a soldier laid his hand upon Mohul's bridle, and led him away.

Three times the horse turned his graceful head to look back appealingly at his little friend, and three times Marsa ran after him and tearfully kissed him.

Then the little girl returned to her home, which she reached before nightfall. Her mother was delighted with the success of her errand. What a great help those two thousand francs would be!

But the next morning, when Marsa unfastened the door of the hut, she was greeted with a joyous neigh. There stood Mohul, panting with recent exertion. During the night he had broken his tether and raced home to his friends.

Marsa had not the heart to scold him. He was petted, caressed, and fed. But when he had rested and cooled down, Marsa led him again to the camp.

'Why!' exclaimed the soldiers when they saw her coming, 'here is our little Arab maid with her steed! We never thought to see either of them again. So she is an honest child, after all!'

'Do not scold Mohul, please,' said Marsa timidly to the animal's new master. 'He will not do it again, but he must be fastened up more securely this

As she spoke, she was stroking Mohul's glossy sides and, as on the previous day, she could not restrain her tears.

The young man held in his hand a letter, newly arrived from France, which he had just finished reading. The contents had evidently excited him. He

looked up in a dazed sort of way.

'Oh, it is you, little girl, and you have brought back the horse! That is good — very good — of you, but I have now no use for him. I have been recalled to France; I must go immediately, and Mohul would only be in the way on board ship. So you may keep him.'

'But I have not the money with me,' said the child, divided betwixt the joy of retaining her pet, and the fear of distressful days for her other loved ones. 'What money?' asked the officer, still rather ab-

sent-minded.

'The money you paid for the horse. It is at home - that is - not quite all. We have been obliged to use some of it already, but we will try-

The young officer interrupted her. 'You are a good, brave girl,' he said, 'but I do not want the money either. I have just learned from this letter that I have become a very rich man; so I beg of you to keep both the money and the horse. Accept Mohul from me as a souvenir of the French soldiers. Now go, and be happy, my child.'

Marsa's tears were quickly dried; her face glowed with joy and gratitude. The officer felt at the same time two soft touches: the gentle pressure of the Arab girl's lips on his hand, and on his cheek the touch of Mohul's nose. That was their way of say-

ing 'Thank you.'

WEALTH.

THE flowers are very near to me, The stars are far away; But yet their loveliness I see In light and shining ray.

Oh! beauty near, and beauty far, Your treasures all are mine: The flowers in all the fields that are, The stars that burn and shine.

FAMOUS RIVERS OF THE OLD WORLD AND THE NEW

II. - THE VOLGA.

HUNDREDS of millions of our fellow-creatures inhabit Russia, which is, as every one knows, by far the largest country in Europe. Whilst they share the general name of Russians, these people are, in fact, of various races: Finns, Turks, Tartars, and Poles have mixed with the original population, and there are many German and Roumanian settlers, besides a large number of Jews. Four-fifths of the inhabitants of Russia proper, are peasants, 'Moujiks,' as they are called. Formerly enslaved as serfs, they

were in recent times freed by the then reigning Czar; but though nominally free, they are still, owing to their ignorance and poverty, held in great subjection, heavily taxed, and often oppressed by those above

Through this immense country the Volga is the Rising in a small lake near the chief waterway. town of Valdai, in the Valdai Hills, it follows a course of about nine hundred miles, taking a direct line, but if all the bends and turnings of the stream are measured, its length amounts to as much as two thousand four hundred miles. It falls, at length, into the Caspian Sea, a large inland sea between Europe

If the Caspian were of fresh water it would be an enormous lake, but the water is salt, though not so salt as that of the ocean, and, though shallow in some parts, it is, on the whole, of great depth and

extent.

After starting from its home among the hills, the Volga soon becomes a considerable and navigable stream. At the manufacturing town of Iver it receives the water of another river, the Ivertsa, and next reaches Rybinsk, a town where a great trade is done in forwarding, by canal, to St. Petersburg, the goods which are brought up the Volga in barges.

But the first place of any great interest, on the banks of the river, is Jaroslav, or Yaroslaf, a city of something like eighty thousand inhabitants. Yaroslaf stands at the influx of the Kotorost to the Volga. Its quay stretches for two miles along the riverside, its streets are broad, and it contains nearly fifty Russian churches are distinguished by their peculiar architecture: they are generally built with domes, and the domes are painted in various bright colours, red, blue, and green, or sometimes are A dome of vivid blue will occasionally be gilded. sprinkled over with golden stars, to represent a starry sky. Within, these churches are very richly ornamented: gold, silver and precious stones, and splendid vestments abound.

Besides the churches, Yaroslaf has monasteries and colleges, and, in its numerous factories, cotton, linen,

woollen, and silk fabrics are produced.

Kostroma, at the influx of the river of that name, is also a manufacturing town. But the most famous city on the Upper Volga is Nijni Novgorod, a name meaning 'The New Town of the Lower Countries.' It is a good while since Nijni was indeed a new town, but it rose into fame when the great annual fair, which had previously been held in another place, was transferred to the riverside peninsula just outside the city.

Yet another river, the Oka, here joins the Volga, and from a terrace near the city walls a fine view may be obtained of the junction of the rivers and of the extensive plains beyond, with forests rising here

and there.

Between seventy and eighty thousand persons reside permanently in Nijni Novgorod, but from June to September, when the annual fair is held, the population increases to five, six, or even seven times that number. Great quantities of all kinds of merchandise are brought to the fair, and a mixed and motley crowd of Russians, Tartars, Persians, Armenians, and many other nationalities throng the streets to buy and sell, or to indulge in the various amusements which are provided. The Russian moujiks of the North wear red shirts,

and make lively spots of colour. They may be seen, lost in wonder, gazing at the sights of the fair, to which perhaps they have come for the first time. In former days long strings of camels, laden with tea from China, used to finish their weary journey over part of two continents at Nijni Novgorod; but now the tea is brought by sea in steamers, and, though almost endless quantities are bought and drunk, it is no longer to be had straight from the camel's back.

Arcades and other convenient buildings have been erected for the traders, who used to show their wares and haggle with their customers in the open air. The multitudes of beggars who once displayed their bodily afflictions, and clamoured for alms from every passer-by, have now been provided with shelters and soup-kitchens. Labourers can get a good dinner of rye-bread, cabbage soup, and buckwheat porridge, for a very small charge indeed; and the hot tea, of which every Russian is so fond, can also be had extremely

These changes are all for good, but something of the old picturesqueness is gone from the great fair at Nijni Novgorod, never to return. About twenty million pounds' worth of goods are said to be sold at

the fair each year.

The scenery on the banks of the river after leaving Nijni Novgorod is flat and monotonous for a long distance. About three miles from the North bank is the large city of Kazan, where there are many Tartars. The Kremlin, or fortress, encloses the Cathedral, a splendid monastery, and an arsenal; also a brick tower which is venerated by the Tartars.

At Kazan there is a large University with a library of eighty thousand volumes. Leather, soap, candles, gunpowder, books, hempen goods, cotton, &c., are produced in the factories. The ship-building yards of Peter the Great are still to be seen here; and the Kama, a large river, brings quantities of salt and iron from Siberia to Kazan.

Simbirsk is the next place of note. It is a city built on a high cliff, five hundred and sixty feet above the Volga. Cliffs now begin to rise along the right bank, and behind them are thickly wooded hills; whilst on the left are continuous rolling fields of corn

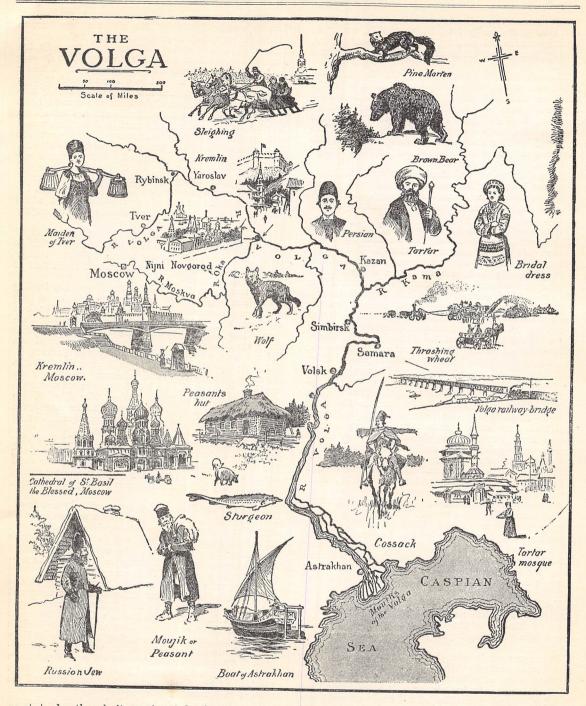
After passing Stavropol, a comparatively new town, the traveller comes to Samara, with a population of sixty-five thousand, a trade in grain and tallow, and an establishment much resorted to by consumptives and other diseased persons who come there to drink koumiss — or fermented mares' milk — which is sup-

posed to be a cure for their complaints.

Near Syzran there is a magnificent railway bridge spanning the broad river. Then come the neat and prosperous German colonies of Ekaterinenstad and the city of Saratof. Duboflea is a Cossack town; at Tsaritsyn there are many Jews, and a considerable trade in petroleum is done; but the town is dirty and dusty to the last degree. Sarepta produces mustard, the mustard which is used all over Russia. In all this district there are cliffs and ravines, and tales are told of the Volga pirates who once infested the ravines and made raids upon travellers.

The river now bends to the East and flows through steppe - or expanse of uncultivated land towards the Caspian, forming the province of As-

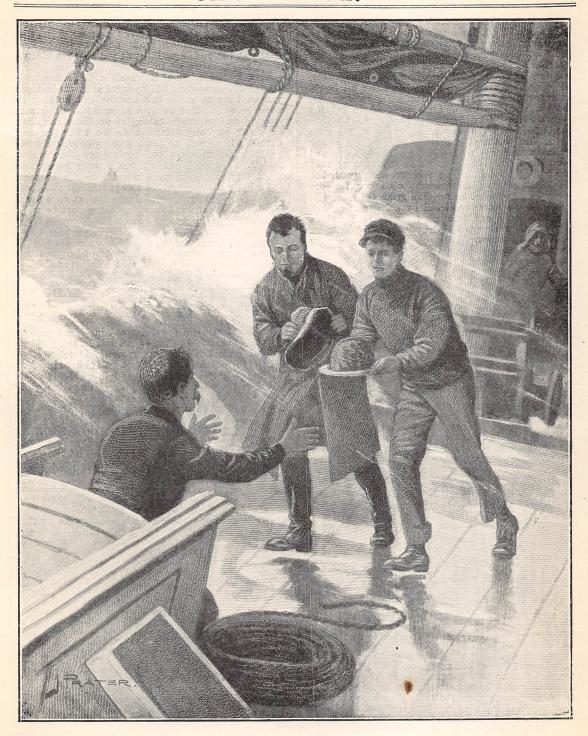
The city of Astrakhan is on a high island in the Volga. It is occupied by mixed races, who carry on a



great trade, though it must not be forgotten that traffic ceases in winter on the Russian rivers, owing to the freezing of the waters. The Volga discharges by many mouths into the Caspian Sea, and there is much fishing for sturgeon and other fish—caviar, made from the sturgeon's roe, being largely eaten by

Russians. The water-melons which grow upon the river's banks are also much delighted in. Besides all the places mentioned above, there are many villages upon the Volga, their wooden houses clustering closely together.

C. J. Blake.



"We carried it along the deck with a great deal of care."

BILL GRIGGS' CHRISTMAS DINNER.

A STRONG wind was blowing when, in the last week but one of December, we sailed out of Grimsby in the steam-trawled sea Dog. She was an

old ship and not very seaworthy, and her unsteadiness gave plenty of work to her crew, of whom I was one of the youngest. We were bound only on a short cruise, and intended to get back into harbour on Christmas Eve. But although we were only

a little while at sea, the crew were given more work than is usual in a three weeks' voyage. Two days after the start we ran into a violent gale, with a wind that threatened every minute to tear the masts from the hull and waves that battered the ship almost to pieces. To get back to port was impossible, and it was only on Christmas Day, after all hands had spent the night on deck ready for emergencies, that the wind shifted and we managed to get the ship's head round in the direction of land. By that time, what with the waves and the rain, we were all drenched to the skin, thoroughly tired and pretty miserable. All we felt inclined to do was to sprawl about the fo'c'sle and tell each other that at that time we ought each to have been eating good, hot Christmas pudding, and sitting with our families over a roaring fire at home. We grumbled a lot and made ourselves more wretched by doing so. Indeed, there was only one man among us who remained cheerful, and that was Bill Griggs, the ship's cook.

Bill was a stout, jovial man, who always took things very much as they came to him and was never put out by bad weather or misfortunes. When 'all hands' were called the night before, he came on deck with the rest of us, and had now just as much reason to mope as we had; but instead of that he sat on a locker and tried, without much success, to raise our spirits. He told yarns that we didn't properly listen to, and talked for some time about what he was going to do when he got ashore again. At last he said something about Christmas. 'Boys,' he began, 'don't

you know this is Christmas Day?'

'Yes,' said one of us dismally; 'and nice and merry, isn't it?'

'It might have been worse,' said Bill. 'At least, we have got something to sit on and a roof over us to keep the rain off our backs.'

'And that's about all we have got,' was the answer. 'Well, I'll give you something else,' said Bill. 'I'll give you a Christmas pudding. We shan't get ashore for another three or four hours, and before then we will sit down here to a good old Christmas dinner.'

Nobody thought very much of the idea; but without waiting to hear the objections, Bill left us and went down to the cook's galley. Soon afterwards the watch below was called on deck again, and when we went below, for lack of anything better to do, I went forward to see how Bill Griggs was getting along with the pudding. I found him bending over the fire to watch the boiling, and warming himself at the same time. He chatted to me about puddings in general, and Christmas puddings in particular, until I began to feel interested. By and by two other men came forward and stopped to watch. We were called on deck twice during the next hour, and a little later Bill called to me to come and fetch the pudding.

By that time this pudding seemed to me the only thing worth having that we'd got on board the ship, so we carried it along the deck with a great deal of care, and as soon as the men in the fo'c'sle saw what was coming they became quite excited. By the time the pudding was put on the table there was no more grumbling and grousing, the sleepers woke up, and we became a good-natured crew, chaffing and joking

like any Christmas party.

First of all Bill Griggs made a speech, which sounded very pleasant without meaning anything at all, except that we were all a very friendly lot of

fellows, and then one of the older hands got up and said nice things about Bill and thanked him for the pudding. We said 'Bravo!' and 'Hurrah!' and looked at the pudding. Bill was put to work cutting it up, and then we set to.

As a matter of fact, it wasn't a Christmas pudding at all, because, as Bill declared afterwards, there was no time to make one and he had nothing to make it with. But as it was called a Christmas pudding and we were having it on Christmas Day we didn't pay any attention to the difference, and somehow it seemed to taste just as good.

We had eaten about half of it when there was a cry of 'Land-ho!' and all hands were once more called on deck. We soon sailed into the harbour, and a little later we had set things straight and could go ashore — but we didn't. Instead of at once dashing home, we all went below again and set to work to finish the pudding! It was cold by that time, but that didn't trouble us, and after finishing it we rounded off the dinner with three more cheers for Bill Griggs, because he had pulled us out of bad weather. G. Belton Cobb.

PUZZLERS FOR WISE HEADS

4. — RIDDLE - ME - REE.

My first is in fowl, but not in chick; My next is in thrash, but not in lick; My third is in head, but not in foot; My fourth is in dirt, but not in soot; My last is in hair, but not in curl; And my whole is a very nice name for a girl. C. J. B.

(Answer on page 146.)

ANSWER TO WORDS BEHEADED ON PAGE 75.

3. — (1) Prelate — relate — elate — late.

(2) Drink — rink — ink. (3) Stray — tray — ray.

SUNDIAL VERSES.

THE following lines (in old spelling) were written in 1665 for a sundial at Addington: -

> 'Amidst the flowers I tell the hours.

'Time wanes away As flowers decay.

'Beyond the tomb Fresh flowerets bloom.

'So man shall rise Above the skies.'

SOMETHING LIKE A WEDDING GIFT!

PROBABLY the most magnificent wedding present I ever given to a bride was that of Mazarin to Maria Theresa. It consisted of two gorgeous State carriages, twelve of the finest horses procurable, a complete dinner-service of pure gold, and jewels which cost the giver a little over six million dollars.

BIRD CAY.

By H. de Vere Stacpoole. (Continued from page 103.)

THINK if men could see how stupid they look THINK it men could see how what when they are drinking, and could hear what nonsense they talk, they would leave the rum bottle alone for very shame. I sat listening to these grown men, and sometimes wondered if I were not listening to children. I was weary of it, and longing to get into the open air, but I had to stick to the Captain. not that he would not have let me go, but I dared not leave him any more than a nurse dare leave her charge. And it was well I stayed.

The conversation strayed round to salvage. It was

Captain Bob who brought the question up.
'The biggest stroke I ever seen done,' said Captain Bob, after he had started the question, 'and the neatest was off the coast of Martinique. There are cliffs there three hundred foot high, black as a nigger, and polished so's you could see your face in them for a looking-glass, and not a crack you could get a toe in to climb on, and there's always a thundering big sea breaking on the rocks below. It was seven years ago in the big storm that swept the islands right from Port o' Spain to Dominica; the Ann Martin, bound from somewhere, I forget where, to Port o' Spain, ran her nose on the rocks right under them cliffs. She was laid broadside on, and high and dry; every living soul was swept off her and drowned. She had a general cargo, and on top of that a hundred thousand dollars in gold coin aboard her, and no chance of salving, for get at her from the sea you couldn't, with rocks like razors and a thundering big surf. She was breaking up quick, when a chap in St. Pierre bought her all standing for a thousand dollars. Of course the fools all laughed, for there was not a man on the island would give him a dollar for her, and the agent he laughed, and pocketed the thousand dollars. Well, what did that chap do but rig up a winch on the cliff-edge and a tackle, and lowered niggers down on to the deck of the hooker, and brought up the coins in bucketfuls; eighty thousand dollars he made, and then he sold the winch and tackle and the right to salve the cargo to a Tom-fool, who paid him five thousand dollars, and who broke his neck over the business, and didn't salve only a crate of hardware and a bale of cotton cloth.'

'That's nothing,' said the man on the right of Captain Horn; 'I've seen salvin' a sight more dangerous

and difficult than that.'

He plunged into a yarn that seemed never coming to an end, when Captain Horn cut him short. 'I'll tell you a yarn,' said he, 'that lays over any of yours.' He called the negro waiter for more rum, let the man who was speaking finish his story, and then, taking a sip from his glass, leaned over the table, with his arms crossed, addressing Captain Bob. 'I'll tell you a yarn about a friend of mine who has walked the world for seven years with the knowledge in his head of where close on to a million of money in gold bars is lying only waiting to be picked up.'
You may guess at this I felt frightened, for Cap-

tain Horn was now very thick in his speech.

'A million of money in gold bars only waiting to be picked up,' said Captain Bob. 'Then why doesn't he pick it up? I know that yarn, and I know that

man - I've met him a hundred times; he's generally an old fore-mast hand, and he's ready to give you the whole story and the lay of the money for a glass o' rum.'

You don't know that yarn,' thundered Captain Horn, 'and you don't know that man, and you think yourself clever, don't you? Monkeys is full of such

cleverness - so's asses!

'Who's you comparing me to?' cried Captain Bob, firing up. 'What are you dragging your relatives in

'My which?' cried Captain Horn.

'Your monkeys and your asses - that's what I want to know.

Captain Horn was on the point of springing at the other across the table, regardless of everything, when the man on his right seized him in his arms, whilst the man beside Captain Bob did likewise with that warrior.

'Belay then!' cried the mediators. 'Let the Captain finish his varn. Bob, sit you down. Heave

a-head. Capt'n, and blow differences.'

The storm disappeared, and, to my alarm, the Captain squared his shoulders and started into his story

again.

I could not stand it any longer, nor sit still listening to this man chattering his secret away. I took the pin from the lapel of my coat, drew a deep breath, took hold of my courage, and jabbed the pin into his thigh.

I suppose my nervousness made me run it in deeper than I intended; but the result was surprising, for a back-handed blow sent me sprawling on the floor, and the next thing I knew was Captain Horn on his feet, held by the others, and trying to get at me. I didn't wait; scrambling on to my legs, I made for the door, pushed it open, and escaped into the street.

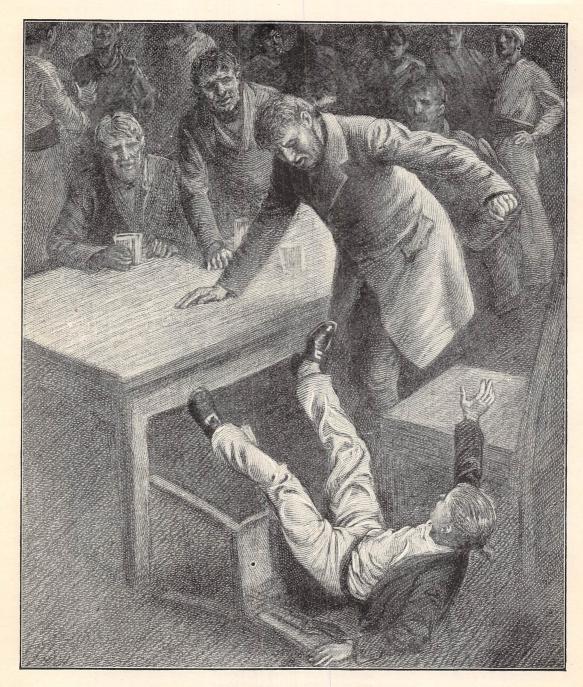
Then I ran, taking the direction of the harbour. and not stopping to look behind me, or to take breath, till I reached the quay-side, where I took my seat on a baulk of stone, and sat for a moment

Then, when I got my breath back, I burst out There were something ridiculous in the affair, and the fact that he must have entirely forgotten his own instructions. But I did not laugh long. The thought of him there, telling perhaps now in his foolishness the whole story which he had told to me with such secrecy in the deck-house of the Albatross, was sufficient to sober me, also the thought of how I was to get back to the brig.

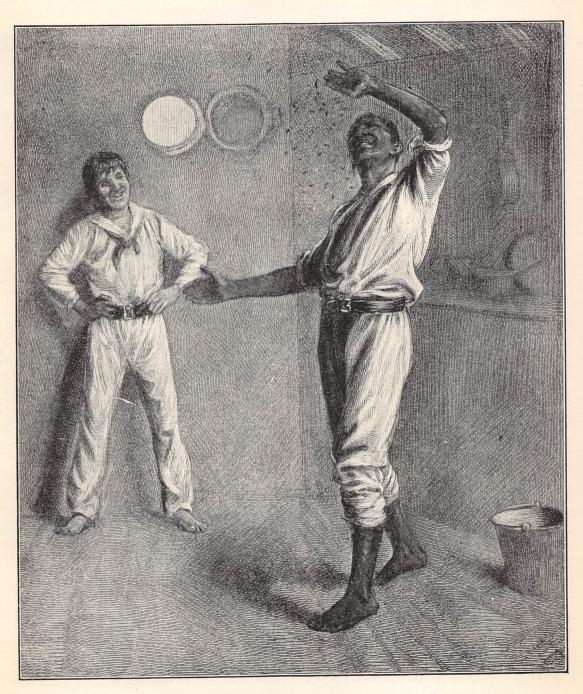
The boat that had brought us was not due to fetch us off till three o'clock, and it was now scarcely noon.

I got into the shelter of a go-down, for the sun was far too powerful to sit in, and from there I watched the busy life of the quay-side, attracting little attention, and that little from some negro children who were playing about in the sea. They could speak no English, and after awhile they lost interest in me and left me, and I must have dozed off and slept a considerable time, for when I opened my eyes, there was Captain Horn. He had stirred me awake with his foot, and he seemed himself again, though his face was swollen and his eyes were red and bloodshot. He had, so he told me afterwards, fallen asleep in the bar, awakening to remember only dimly the fact that he had been quarrelling with some one, and to find his companions gone.

(Continued on page 114.)



'A back-handed blow sent me sprawling."



"He began trying to defend himself from the mosquitoes."

BIRD CAY.

By H. de Vere Stacpoole.

(Continued from page 111.)

THE sight of me evidently helped Captain Horn's recollection, for he looked ashamed of himself, and as he sat down beside me he pulled out a big

copper watch and looked at it.

Wants a quarter to three, said he, there's no gainsaying the poison they serve a sailor-man with in these parts knocks his wits astray. Dick, you never touch rum. There's no good to be got out of rum. Rock and reefs is nothing to rum, once it gets the weather gauge on a man. Never would I touch it but for the chills and fevers I caught on the African coast which these tropic parts wakes up in me. What was it took place in the bar, Dick, for I haven't a clear memory in my mind?

'Why,' said I, pitying him, yet determined not to spare him, 'you gave me a pin and told me to stick it in your leg if you got talking about — you know

what.

'Ay,' said he. 'I remember now, a pin it was, and they were the instructions, if I got talking or losing my head, for there's no gainsaying a man says things sometimes that he'd better keep shut in his mouth. And what did you do, Dick?

Why, I stuck it in your leg.'

'Dick,' said he, suddenly becoming desperately serious, 'what did I say?'

'Why, you said as much as you could. That man, Captain Bob, got to talking of salving ships and you began about the gold.'

About the gold, did I, and what did I say about

'You said you knew a man who knew where nearly a million of money in gold bars was hidden, and he was walking about the world with that knowledge in his head.'

'I said that?'

'Yes.' 'Go on, Dick.'

'Then Captain Bob began to laugh at your story and you got angry with him.'

'Yes?

'You wanted to fight him and they stopped you; then you sat down and began to go on with your

The Captain groaned. 'Heave ahead,' said he. 'Then I ran the pin into your leg and you knocked

me on to the floor.

'I did, did I?' said Captain Horn. 'I must have forgot; there you are again, the rum - reefs and rocks is not in it with the rum once it gets the weather gauge on a man.' He felt in his pocket and produced a shilling. He handed it to me.

'There's a shilling, Dick, I wish it were a pound; you stuck to your guns and obeyed orders, and you couldn't have done more than that. And what happened then, Dick?'

'Why, you tried to get at me, and they held you

'There you are,' said the Captain with a groan. 'Murder it might have been, and all through the rum. And what happened then, Dick?'

'I ran away.' 'And left me.'

'Yes, I was afraid to stay.'

'And you don't know if I went on talking?'

· No.

The Captain was silent for awhile. Then he said: 'It was fortunate you were there, anyhow; maybe I said more when you left, maybe I didn't with a sigh of relief, 'There's one comfort, the rum had its hand on them too, so, maybe, if I did say more, they've forgot.'

Perhaps they have,' I replied, and we hung silent, watching the crowd on the wharf, till all at once we heard a hail, and there was Mr. Clopping coming up

the steps of the wharf-side.

'Dick,' said the Captain, 'don't you say a word to the mate, for he's one of those chaps that would never let me hear the end of it.'

'Not a word,' replied I.

We rose up and came to the wharf-side, and there was the boat; we went down the steps to her and got aboard. Prentice was stroke oar. Five minutes later we were clambering up the side of the Albatross.

CHAPTER IX.

It was eight bells, four o'clock in the afternoon of the next day. I was scratching my arm against a rope wetted with sea water, which was Jam's suggestion as a palliative to mosquito bites; my face, my hands, my arms, and my feet were swollen from the attacks of Havana mosquitoes. They had boarded the ship at sundown the night before. I was in the caboose with Jam, talking to him, when we heard a lot of stamping and shouting and bad language on deck; Jam popped his head out of the caboose door and then drew it in again, laughing.

Skeeters,' said Jam, banging the door to and putting his back against it. 'Dere's a swarm o' skeeters come aboard so thick yo' can't see the after-house -

ah! would you?'

He had forgotten the scuttle which was open, and the mosquitoes had found a way in, and instead of jumping to close the scuttle he began trying to defend himself from the mosquitoes, ducking here and there, hitting at them, shouting at them, till I was so doubled up with laughter I didn't know I was being stung.

I was scratching myself against the rope when Prentice called to me to come along, that the dinghy was at the side and there was no time to waste. We had been unloading cargo all day into a lighter on the larboard side, and the men had knocked off for a spell. The dinghy was on the starboard quarter; Prentice scrambled down into her, I followed, and we put off.

It was not far to the Sarah Cutter, and as we ranged alongside, a man came to the starboard bulwarks, leaned on them and looked down on us.

'Hello, Captain Cutter,' cried Prentice. 'Hello!' replied the other.

'Remember me?

'Not from Adam.'

Prentice drew in his oars and caught hold of one of the channel plates, whilst the man kept looking down at us with not the slightest expression on his face, which was bronzed, hollow-cheeked, grim as a face cast out of iron.

What,' said my companion, 'you don't remember Jim Prentice of the Seamew? Where's your mem-

ory gone to, Captain Cutter?'

'Gone on a better business than looking for such trash,' replied the other. 'Come, what are you hooking on to me for, damaging my paint? Sheer off,

will you?

Prentice laughed. He was fastening the painter to the channel plate. I had expected to see him flare up at the insulting words of the other. Not a bit: nor was Captain Cutter in the least angry when, instead of sheering off, Prentice climbed on to the channel and over the bulwarks to the deck. I saw now that the two men were on perfectly good terms, that Captain Cutter had only been joking, and I climbed on to the channel readily enough when Prentice called me to do so, and next moment was on the deck of the Sarah Cutter.

'And how've you been all these times since I seen you last?' asked Prentice, looking round him at the deck and then casting his eye up at the rigging. 'Why, if it ain't the same old hooker and the same

old spars! Been doing good business?'

'Pretty fair,' replied Captain Cutter, taking a long look at the other. 'Why, if it ain't the same old figurehead done a bit uglier by the weather, and the

same old impudence! Been doing good business?' 'Pretty fair,' laughed Prentice, 'but you'll judge better when I have a word with you, for I have something to tell you, and when I've told you I'll leave you to judge.

'Come into the after-house,' replied the Captain.

'Who's the boy?'

'He's my mate, Dick,' laughed Prentice, 'otherwise Dick Bannister; he will look after the deck whiles we have our crack, and if so be you have anything to wet my whistle with, why, you'll agree when you've heard my yarn I've earned it.'

The Captain led the way to the deck-house, they entered, shut the door, and I was left alone.

(Continued on page 122.)

EDWARD 'FIRST AND LAST.'

WHEN the school-bell o'er the hill-top Rings its ding-dong chime, Edward's legs will never, never Get him there in time. Through the fields he wanders slowly With his books and slate; Always last to reach the schoolroom -Always last and late.

When the gong for 'Dinner! dinner!' Rings its cheerful chime, Edward's legs, that 'work like winking,' Get him there in time. Up he jumps, with nimble fingers

Packs his books and slate;

Always first to leave the schoolroom, Never last or late. John Lea.

HOW THE RENT WAS PAID.

CUNNY'S real name was Margery, but Uncle George and Aunt Mary, who lived at Cranbrook Farm, always called her 'Sunny,' because she was such a happy little soul, and brought the sunshine with her whenever she came to stay with them.

Sunny was very thoughtful on a certain summer's morning - she was spending part of her holidays at the farm - indeed, there was quite a troubled look on her pretty little face. 'Fluff,' said she to her kitten, 'something very sad has happened; whatever do you think it is?' Of course Fluff could not possibly think.

I shall never, never come to stay at Cranbrook Farm any more, because '— here a tear-drop fell-'because Uncle George and Aunt Mary are going to leave soon.

Fluff purred in a sympathetic way.

'They can't pay all the rent,' went on little Sunny, 'and the new Squire says they must go.'

Sunny and her kitten were in the meadow at the time, with the summer sunshine streaming all around

Naughty Fluff at this moment caught sight of a sparrow, and wriggled herself free from her little mistress's arms.

Sunny tried to catch her again, and then followed a most exciting chase. At the further end of the field was a gate which opened upon a level-crossing of the railway. Almost before Sunny realised what had happened, the runaway pussy had slipped through the bars of the gate and was making for the metals.

'Oh! suppose a train should come!' gasped poor little Sunny. 'I wouldn't have any harm happen to

my pussy for the world.

But just then Sunny saw something which made her forget all about her pussy - Fluff, be it said, was now safe on the other side of the lines. A little figure, a boy of about three years of age, was standing some distance to the left, right in the middle of the railway track.

Now, although Sunny was only eight years old, she

was a very sensible little girl.

First of all she shouted with all her might to warn him of the danger; but the little fellow paid no heed whatever. Then she raced along by the side of the rails, reaching him just as the loud whistle of an express train rang out on the air.

Without saying a word — Sunny was too breathless to speak - she seized hold of his arm, and in a trice the child was out of harm's way. A minute later the express train thundered by, the children watching it meanwhile with frightened eyes.

Scarcely had it passed, than they were joined by a man, whose face was nearly as white as the collar

round his throat.

'Father! father!' almost screamed the little lad, 'I runned away from you just for fun, and she'here he pointed to Sunny—'pulled me away just as the train came along—puff, puff, puff!'

The man turned to Sunny, with oh! such a grateful look in his eyes. 'Little girl,' said he, and his voice was trembling, 'do you realise that you've

saved my boy's life?

At this, Sunny burst into tears. 'I c-can't help c-crying,' said she, 'because I was so f-frightened.'

'You're a good, brave child,' was the reply, 'and I shan't forget in a hurry what you've done.' So saying, he took both children by the hand to lead them away from all harm and danger.

The runaway pussy, by this time, had found her way back again into the farm meadow.

Sunny presently found herself telling the gentleman — so kind was he — all about her uncle and aunt, and her stay at Cranbrook Farm.

'I shall never come here any more,' she finished with a little sob, 'because the new Squire says they must leave the farm, and they are so unhappy about



"Without saying a word, she seized hold of his arm."

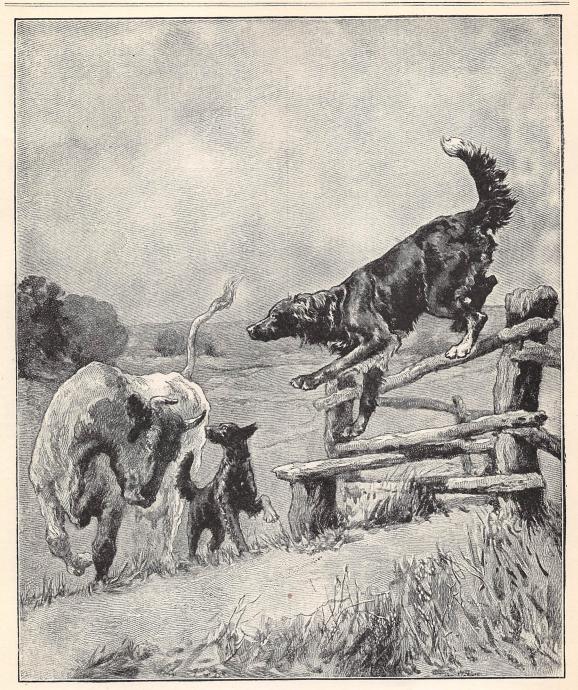
'You tell them from me,' came the answer, 'that they are not to be unhappy any more. I shall consider that you, little Sunny, have paid the rent.' 'Please,' said Sunny, looking very puzzled, 'I don't know what you mean.'

'No, I don't suppose you do,' replied the gentleman, 'but it's like this: I happen to be the new

Squire, and this little lad here, whose life you have saved, is dearer to his mother and me than thousands of gold and silver.'

Then Sunny understood. So rolled away all the shadows from Cranbrook Farm—little Sunny, true to her name, had brought the sunshine.

M. I. Hurrell.



"The old dog leaped over the railings."

THE STRENGTH OF FRIENDSHIP

THE following story of a dog is true. An old shooting-dog, really too old for running, or indeed for walking at all quickly, his limbs being stiff, was nevertheless taken out on shooting-days, because

a puppy being trained for retrieving work was easier to teach when in the company of old 'Ric.'

They were fond of each other, and Ric, though occasionally showing a little pardonable jealousy when the quick-limbed young dog got to a dead rabbit the sooner of the two and carried it proudly

in his mouth, never gave way to it by biting or growling, but simply went quietly up to him and as much as said to him, 'Now, young fellow, that's my business, and I'm not too old for it yet; give the rabbit up,' and the young dog would meekly submit.

It should be added that Ric had for many months been unable to jump a wall or railings, and gates sometimes had to be opened specially for him.

He used to look longingly when Scamp would leap over railings and leap back, and quite pathetic were his poor old eyes when he gazed at the feats being performed by Scamp, impossible now for him.

Well, one day they were going out, and Scamp ran into a field where there were cows, and in the ex-uberance of his spirits, he galloped about the cows and barked loudly. One solemn cow, who was chewing the cud in peace, objected to this noisy disturbance, and looking at the cause, began threatening him with her horns.

Scamp, seeing there was no play about this, turned tail and proceeded to run away, the cow after him. Then, wonderful to relate, the old dog, seeing his young friend, as he thought, in danger, miraculously—as it seemed to the onlookers—leaped over the railings, ran at the cow, biting at it. Quite surprised at this sudden interruption, the cow, in her turn, ran away.

The dogs had to be called off. On the way back a gate was opened for Ric: he was again entirely unable to make any active effort. The great point of this story is, of course, the feeling of friendship one dog had for another; and the dread of Scamp being hurt inspired Ric with courage, which in its turn provided the strength.

We often hear of what dogs will do for their masters, and one likes to think that they can also feel devotion for each other. This case is really remarkable, the old dog having been feeble for so long before. He died of old age soon after. H. C. F.

'TUMEN-TIRIS.'

CERTAIN philosopher, who had visited many A countries, once found himself in the society of a shallow-minded, conceited traveller. Delighted at having a chance of showing-off before so clever a man, the traveller held out at great length about the journeys he had undertaken and the wonders he had seen. Then the conversation turned on Italy, and the philosopher asked his companion if he had ever been to the famous castle of Tumen, in that country.

Oh, yes, many a time! 'cried the traveller, and he went on to describe its beautiful surroundings and the number of its rooms.

'Let me see, what is the name of the river that flows beside the castle?

'It has slipped my mind for the moment,' was the man's ready reply.

'Ah, I have it!' exclaimed the philosopher. 'Is it

not the river Tiris?

'To be sure it is. Strange that I should have forgotten it. How often have I stood on the bridge leading to the castle, and looked down into the rushing waters!

The philosopher smiled, and presently took leave of the traveller. 'When I am gone,' he said, 'I beg you to jot down the names of the castle and of the river. It will serve as a memento of our meeting, and of your unique experiences.'

Overjoyed at having made such a good impression on the famous man, the boaster drew out his notebook and wrote in it: 'Tumen-Tiris.' Then he hurried off to his friends to boast of his interesting interview with the philosopher. 'Here, you can read what he bid me jot down,' he said, triumphantly drawing out his note-book.

'Why,' cried one of them, with a loud burst of laughter, 'don't you see what the words mean? Tu mentiris is the Latin for "Thou liest!"

C. M.

STORIES FROM AFRICA.

[Second Series.]

I. — REAL AFRICAN.

C TORIES from Africa,' we will call these tales, beocause the events happened in that land of mystery and marvel, where, as the old Roman said, something new was always to be found. In most cases we shall have a European, a fighter or a navigator, a hunter or a traveller, fired by the bait of wealth or adventure, or love of the souls of men. But we will begin with a little old legend which is African through and through, one of those stories of the beginning of things, half tradition, half guess-work, handed down through generations and told round the camp-fire after the long day's march, when toils and dangers faced in company draw black and white men near together.

The tale comes from Uganda, that land of hope and promise, changed in a few years by the greatest Power in the world, the power of the Christian Faith, from a place of darkness and cruel habitations to a peaceful, law-abiding community. It is the people's own old story of the beginning of their race,

and it runs thus:

Long, long ago, there came to Uganda, then an uninhabited land, a stranger from far away in the north, seeking a new country in which to make his home. He brought with him his wife and his few possessions, one cow, one goat, one sheep, one banana plant, and one sweet potato, and settled down in the no-man's-land of Uganda. So rapidly did his family increase that he soon found himself king of a flourishing community, whom he ruled with the utmost kindness and wisdom. Most nations look back to the good old days of some great and gentle monarch, the beloved father of his people, and among them Kintu of Uganda holds a high place. When his sons grew to manhood, he sent them out to cultivate and people fresh territory, giving one party of settlers a piece of the original banana plant and to another a sweet potato. 'And it may be seen,' say the tellers of the story, 'that one tribe of this country cultivates bananas to this day, while another lives almost entirely upon potatoes, the gift of Kintu, their first father.'

But, alas! those golden days of the first founder of a nation are always in the dim distance. Kintu himself was the most peaceable of men, hating bloodshed, and desiring only to see his large family living in love and concord. The trouble began when some enterprising cultivator introduced the grape-vine among the harmless bananas and potatoes. The sons

of Kintu began to make and to drink wine, and their feasts were no longer peaceful, but ended in quarrels and broken heads. War broke out among the members of the family, and Kintu, after trying vainly to compose the quarrels, felt that his day was done.

In the darkness of the night the old chief arose, called to him the faithful wife and the original cow, goat, and sheep - very long-lived animals, surely who had been the companions of his first journey, took a banana plant and a potato; and so, furnished as he had been at his first coming, he passed away

from the nation he had founded.

Great was the lamentation next day when his departure was known. His people felt that the greatness and the good fortune of their nation would surely go with the great leader, and they sought him far and wide, but with no result. He had passed away, quietly as he had come, leaving no trace behind him, and the sorrowing tribe chose one of his sons to be their head, though still clinging to the hope that the great father might yet appear again. Many tales there are of his successors: of the chief who was a mighty hunter, and first introduced the dogs still used and valued by the tribe; and of a warlike chief who was so far in advance of his times that he had in his army, it was said, an aeronaut who reconnoitred the movements of the enemy from the clouds. Poor air-man! his fate was a tragic one, for he wedded a maiden from a hostile tribe, whom he had taken as prisoner of war, and, against his better judgment, revealed to her his magic power of flying. She left her kinsfolk into the secret, and the king, missing his daring scout, found his body entangled in the tree-tops, pierced through and through by the arrows of the enemy.

But our story is of Kintu, and of the king who found him and lost him again for good and all.

Of all the chiefs who had ruled Uganda since Kintu's day, none had been so earnest in the search for the Father of the Tribe as this King Ma'anda. On his hunting expeditions into the forest he cared less for the game than for the chance that somewhere in those dark depths he might light upon the hiding-place of his great ancestor. The hope haunted his thoughts by day and his dreams by night, and one night there came to him, three times repeated, a dream of good omen. It seemed to him that there stood before him a poor wood-cutter of his tribe who, falling on his knees before the king, offered to guide him to the spot where Kintu held his court. And as he woke the third time from joy to disappointment, his chief officer stood before him with the news that a wood-cutter, returned from the forest, was begging for an audience. Eagerly the king gave orders that the man should be summoned, and there entered the wood-cutter of his dream, who prostrated himself before him.

'Speak!' commanded Ma'anda. 'Thou hast news

for me?

'Deign, O King,' said the wood-cutter, 'to dismiss thy guards. I have news which must be spoken to

no ears but thine own.'

Ma'anda impatiently ordered his followers away, and they withdrew reluctantly, only the chief officer, in fear of treachery, concealed himself within hear-

ing. 'Now say on,' said the king. 'None hears but thou

and I. Thou hast news for me of Kintu?'

'Lord King,' said the wood-cutter, 'thou speakest

the truth. Last night I slept beside my fire in the forest, and three times over there came to me a voice bidding me seek for an open space beside a stream, for wealth and fame awaited me there. And since wise men say that a dream thrice repeated tells a true tale, I rose up and sought for the spot. I found it near at hand - the stream and the open glade among the trees, and in the midst a king seated, white-bearded and stately to behold, with white-robed warriors in a circle round about him. And as I stood, with my knees knocking together in awe of so reverend a company, the king beckoned to me and asked me, "What is thy country?" "Lord," said I, "I am a man of Uganda." "Tell me, then," said he, "for thou shouldst know, who was the first king of thy country?" "Kintu," said I, trembling, and knowing full well that I stood before him. "How call they the present king?" said he. "They call him Ma'anda, lord," I answered. "Then," said he, "go thou to Ma'anda and bid him come hither with his mother and thyself, none other — let not even his dog follow him. Go and do my errand faithfully." Thou wilt bear me witness, Lord King, that I have delivered my message, and I am verily sure that it is Kintu who sent me.'

The king, in his joy at this ending of his long quest, heaped rewards upon the messenger, and, summoning his mother, bade the wood-cutter lead him without delay to the court of Kintu. Silently the three stole out from among the dwellings of the tribe and plunged into the depths of the tropical forest. And behind them, slipping stealthily from tree to tree with the noiseless tread of the hunter, followed the chief officer, fearful for the safety of his king and resolved not to let him go beyond his

sight.

The wood-cutter led the way to the open glade, and Ma'anda found himself in the presence of his great ancestor. Joyfully he bowed before the old chief, but Kintu looked upon him with grave eyes of mild reproach.

Wherefore dost thou transgress my instructions,

Ma'anda?' he said.

'I, Lord King?' said Ma'anda in amazement: when did I ever set lightly by a command of thine?

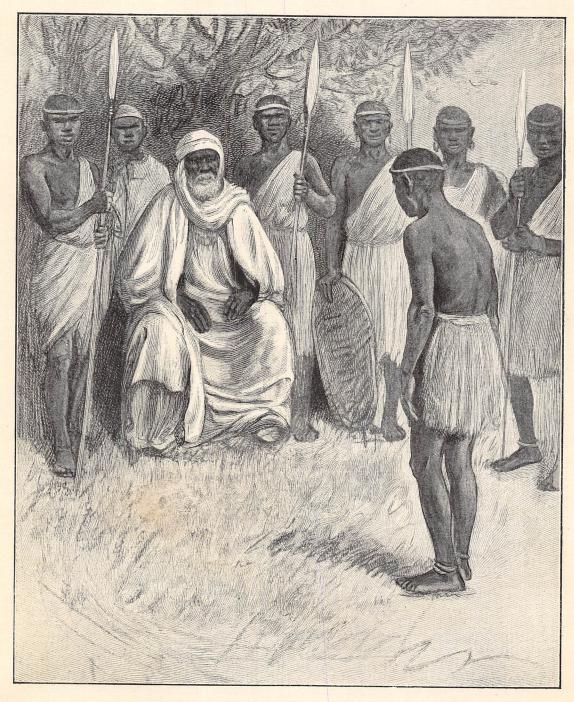
'I bade thee come to me with thy mother and thy guide, none other, said Kintu, sternly; 'what means the warrior who follows behind thee?'

Ma'anda turned swiftly and beheld his officer, who in his interest had forgotten for the moment the need for concealment. In a fit of ungovernable rage the king seized his spear and pierced his too faithful follower to the heart. Only when the deed was done did he remember the horror of Kintu against strife and bloodshed. He turned to ask forgiveness, but it The ancient chief, the white-robed was too late. warriors, were gone. Ma'anda stood alone with his two companions in the dark, echoing forest, and knew too well that his hasty deed had parted him for ever from the great founder of his tribe.

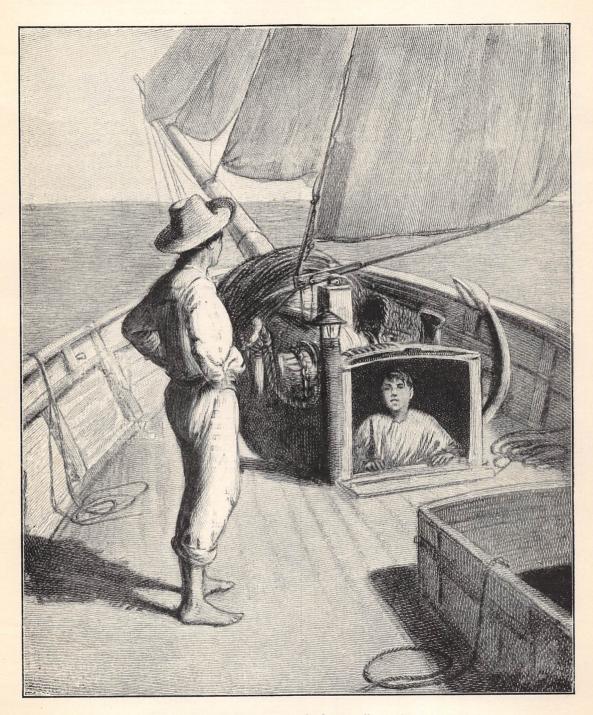
Such is the old legend of Uganda, a strange story to be handed from age to age in a nation where, until a few years ago, bloodshed and cruelty were so horribly familiar. Surely, as we look at Uganda to-day, we may see in the old story a forecast of these better times, when the people are being guided to a greater Ruler than Kintu, and learning the les-

sons of the true Prince of Peace.

M. H. Debenham,



"The King asked me, 'What is thy country?"



"His eyes were fixed on me."

BIRD CAY.

By H. de Vere Stacpoole.

(Continued from page 115.)

LOOKED around me. The Sarah Cutter interested I me more than even the Albatross when I first made her acquaintance.

She was much older than the brig, even my untutored eye could tell that, and her untidiness and dirtiness made her seem even older than she really

From the green-painted hull to the white-painted sun-blistered deck-house she bore the mark of the hand of the sea and the sun of the tropics! The deck was sunken and so dark that you could not see the dowels in the planking; the sail which the men had been at work on yesterday still lay where they had left it forward of the mizzen-mast; it seemed all patches, and the original sailcloth so old as to be almost rotten.

I turned from these things and looked over the side to see if the dinghy were all right, and when I turned again I saw something new: a head was peeping above the fo'c'sle hatch; it was the head of the boy I had seen fishing yesterday. He was staring at me, and I almost forgot Jim Prentice's yarn about his being a girl and the daughter of old Captain Cutter, as his body emerged fully into view, coming up from the fo'c'sle just as a cat crawls.

His eyes were fixed on me, and I thought I had never seen a more rascally or impudent face, for its size, or a more threatening one. Jack, for it was the boy I had seen fishing the day before, came along the deck towards me, and then before he had reached half-way he hailed me.

'Hi, you! what are you doing here - where you come from anyway?

'You yourself,' said I, for I had temper enough and to spare, and the insulting expression and manner of this creature raised my bristles, 'where have you come from?

Without answering he went to the bulwarks and popped his head over the side, saw the boat, and then

turned to me.

He looked at me, looked at my face all swollen and red with mosquito bites, at my hands, at my bare feet, and then he burst out laughing, without saying a word as to the cause of his laughter - a thing much more irritating and insulting than if he had summed up my appearance in words as a boy would have done.

'What are you laughing at?' said I. 'Nothing,' said Jack. 'Mayn't a body laugh on their own deck? Or maybe you're captain of this hooker; who are you, anyway?'

'That's nothing to you; I've come on board with

a friend — and that's enough.'

'Haven't you got a name to you?'

'Yes.'

'What is it?'

'Dick.'

'Dick what?'

'Dick Bannister.'

'Dick what do you say?'

'Bannister.'

He broke into such a fit of laughter at this that my fists came out of my pockets and clenched themselves. If he had only spoken and called me names, I could have lipped him back, but you can't do any-

thing with a person who only laughs. 'I tell you what,' said I, 'you'd better keep some of your laughter for yourself and your old shipyou want it.

'Who's laughing?' said Jack.

'You are,' said I.

At this he broke into another fit, giggling this time, and trying to walk round me as if to see me from all sides; but I kept my face to him and began to laugh myself, and sneer as much as I could, though my face was never built for that business.

Jack, failing to get the better of me on this line. suddenly swung himself up on the bulwarks, and with one hand on the ratlins, began to question me.

'You're from that brig to starboard?'

'How do you know?'

'Cause you look like it. Say, the man you come with is in the after-house with Dad, I expect?'

'He is.'

'What's he come about?'

'I don't know.'

'What's his name?'

'Prentice.'

'Is he captain of that old tub?'

'No.'

'Who's your captain?'

'Captain Horn.

'Don't know him. What port do you hail from?'

'You came from London?'

'Yes.'

Jack was silent for a moment, kicking his heels and whistling. The magic word 'London' seemed to fascinate him; he seemed struggling between curiosity and unfriendliness. Curiosity gained the day.

'London's a big place they say.

'It is,' said I.

'Bigger 'n Havana?'

'Bigger than Havana! Why, yo whole of Havana into — Cheapside.' Why, you could put the

'What's Cheapside?'

- 'A street.'
- 'And how many streets are there like that in London?'

'Thousands.'

'Where d'you live in London?'

'Cornhill.'

- 'What's that?'
- 'A street.' 'Have you a dad?'

'No.'

- 'Reckon you're lucky. How long you been at
- 'This is my first voyage. I've been at school up to now.'

School! What's that?'

I told him, and told him about St. Paul's School, and the boys and the masters, and the tasks and the punishments.

I could not have imagined that any one could be so interested in these commonplace things as he seemed, nor so ignorant. He did not know what geography was, nor arithmetic; I had to explain, and he listened with both ears, as they say, and when I had finished, wanted more.

We were quite good friends when, at last, the deck-house door opened, and Prentice and Captain Cutter came out. They stood for a moment finishing their conversation, and I could tell by the sideglances they cast in my direction they were talking about me.

I wondered dimly what they had been talking about all the time they were in the deck-house, and what I had to do with it, but I had little time for thought, for Jack was finishing his questions. He jumped down from the bulwarks as Prentice came towards us, and was even civil enough to get on the vessel and haul the little dinghy up alongside; the last I saw of him, as we pushed away, he was nodding and grinning at me, and his voice came over the water:

'See you again some time.'

I nodded in reply, little dreaming when our next meeting would take place.

(Continued on page 134.)

WITH THE RIVER POLICE.

A S I stood on London Bridge one night some little while ago, and looked down at the huddled masses of shipping lying at anchor off either bank, and the long lines of coal-barges lashed together in the centre of the river, I could not help thinking how peaceful the scene was that lay before me now that the toil of the day was over, and how different from what it would have been at that time a hundred years ago. Suddenly from under one of the arches of the bridge a boat in which were about halfadozen men suddenly came into view and was rowed silently down the stream. What might this craft be doing on the river at that time of night? It was one of the many boats which ply up and down the river between Waterloo and Wapping, and which are manned by that well-known body, the River Police.

Were it not for the River Police the Thames would once again become the pirate-infested stream it was in olden times, when merchant vessels lying at anchor were robbed of their cargoes and the watchmen on board were slain at their posts. Before the existence of this body of men, goods to the value of half a million pounds sterling were stolen annually by these wily river thieves, and although to-day a suspicious-looking craft is sometimes found lying off one of the many cargo vessels which line the banks of the river by the constables, or a boat laden with coal is captured as it is being rowed swiftly away from a number of barges at dead of night, the loss to merchants is comparatively small. It is probable that these coal-pirates cause the River Police more trouble and anxiety than any of the other thieves who frequent the river. Coal-dredging is quite a profitable business on the river, and numbers of men in small boats are daily to be seen casting their nets where vessels have lately lain, in the hope of recovering some of the coal which may have fallen overboard during the process of coaling. But it is not always that these enterprising workers confine their attentions to recovering coal from the bed of the river; again and again they are discovered by the River Police in the act of robbing the barges, and though they resort to all manner of dodges in order to escape detection, such as soaking the coal with the intention of making it appear as though it had been dredged from the river-bed, they are generally caught and brought to justice.

All night long the boats of the River Police are rowed silently up and down the stream, the occu-

pants keeping a sharp look-out for any craft they consider suspicious. Occasionally the call 'Yo-ho' may be heard across the water — that being the way in which the constables in one boat make themselves known to those in another — and if the answer 'All's well' is not returned in familiar tones — as no small boat has any right on the river after dark — they immediately consider something to be amiss, go in pursuit of the offending craft, and take it in tow to the nearest riverside police station, where inquiries are made.

But the work of the River Police is not always pleasant. During the cold and foggy winter night they often suffer severely, and even to-day a tough scuffle with a number of river robbers is not unknown, as the following story will show:

'It was a dark, foggy night in January,' a river policeman said to me, 'when I was in a boat with a number of other constables. We were not far from Wapping station when we heard a noise, coming as it seemed from one of the vessels anchored off the opposite bank, and we immediately pulled in the direction with all our might. Presently through the fog loomed the hull of a great vessel, and from the noises we heard we knew that thieves must be at work on board. We managed to board the vessel unobserved, but instead of being able to secure the fellows in the holds as we had hoped, the whole party, three in number, suddenly appeared on board, and a bit of a fight ensued. During the struggle, I and one of the ruffians fell overboard, and although the other fellows were unable to come to my help, I managed to swim to the place where our boat was moored and crawl aboard. The two pirates on board were soon overcome by the other constables, and it was not long before we had them all securely lodged in Wapping station.

It is not only at night, however, that the River Police may be seen at work; they have their duties to perform during day as well. In addition to protecting the shipping from the attacks of river thieves, it is their duty to see that order prevails and that the channel is not obstructed by barges and the like.

But one of the chief duties of the River Police is to keep a sharp look out for would-be suicides. Life-saving apparatus is kept at all the riverside stations, and accommodation is also provided for these unfortunate beings until they can be removed to the hospital or infirmary.

Notwithstanding the fact that the majority of articles sink the moment they strike the water, a considerable quantity of lost property which has been recovered by the constables is always to be found stored at the riverside stations. This usually takes the form of sticks and other light objects which have been dropped from the bridges. One of the most remarkable things which was ever recovered by the constables in this way, however, was a gold cup which was found floating near Waterloo Bridge several years ago. A few days before a robbery had taken place at Eton College, when this identical cup was found to be amongst the missing property. There is little doubt that the thieves had dropped it into the water in their hurry to get away, but it is a remarkable fact, nevertheless, that it should have floated down the river as it did without overturning or shipping a drop of water.

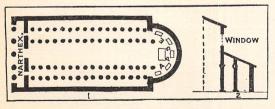
As may be supposed, the members of the River Police are drawn from the ranks of the Navy and seafaring classes, and are of course familiar with the principles of navigation. The force numbers about three hundred men and, in addition to a number of light river craft in which the men travel up and down the river, it also possesses a number of steamlaunches. The men have full authority to board any vessel at any time during the day or night, and it is owing to their efforts that London's great waterway is to-day one of the most orderly of the great navigable-rivers of the world.

A. E. Davy.

STONES AND THEIR STORIES.

IV. - THE EARLY CHURCH AND THE EAST.

S I have already said, the Roman people cared A little or nothing for religion during their most prosperous times; but gradually the Christian faith gained ground among them, and after it had persisted through years of worship in hiding, because of persecution, the great Emperor Constantine not only embraced the faith himself, but proclaimed it the national religion. The Romans then began to look round for places for public worship. Any temples that existed were useless because they were not intended for large congregations, as I have already told you. Eventually they used the basilicas (halls of justice) and, strange to say, even now we can trace the likeness to these buildings in our present churches. Many basilicas were used in this way, not only in Rome, but wherever the religion spread. Then, when they started to build churches for the sole purpose of worship, they still largely followed the plan of the basilicas. In fig. 1 I give a plan of a typical basilica. You will at once notice a sort of porch like ours, only it was then larger and called a narthex (St. Paul's Cathedral has a porch very large). This basilica had four rows of columns and the middle of the building was carried up higher than the sides and had windows high up, just as our churches often have (also you remember the way temples were lighted in Egypt by openings in higher walls*). This is shown in a little half-section at fig. 2. Then the far end was semicircular, known now as an apse (St. Paul's has one). There originally sat the judges and magistrates; but when the building was used for Christian worship, here stood the altar and the seat of the bishop. I shall refer to basilicas later when I come to speak of French and English Cathedrals.



As to the style of these buildings, they used up the materials from other disused buildings, and so they were 'patchwork,' so to speak, but often very eleverly put together.

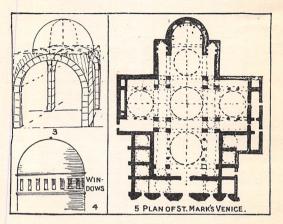
Now, this great Emperor Constantine, of whom I

Now, this great Emperor Constantine, of whom I have spoken, decided that there was another city of his Empire far better suited to be chief, or capital,

* See pages 51-54.

namely, Byzantium (now Constantinople, renamed after this Emperor), for it was very well placed for commerce, being by the sea, and he removed the seat of government to Byzantium, A. D. 330, so that naturally our 'story' must move to the 'stones' of Byzantium, and then, with the spread of learning, we shall follow the 'stories' of the 'stones.'

You can picture the difference it made to Rome, this moving the capital! Fancy if our capital, London, was altered and we had, say, Edinburgh instead,

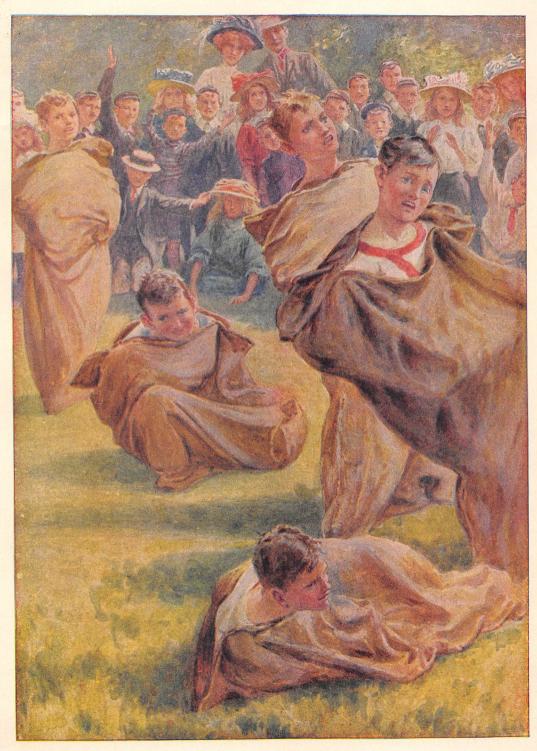


would not London seem strange without our Parliament sitting there and our Royal Family coming into residence?

Of course, Byzantium became a great centre of commerce, art, and literature, and a new style of architecture here developed which was called after its birthplace, Byzantine. Where it originated is uncertain, but later writers think it may have started in Egypt, as remains have recently been found in Egypt very like Byzantine work.

Now, on this occasion, I do not mean to go into all the details of differences, but just to tell you of the chief, and pass on as quickly as I can. First of all, domes became very popular, and they built them not only over round buildings like the Pantheon, but over square, resting the dome on four arches (fig. 3 - the dotted lines show how the angles were rounded). Another feature was the introduction of a row of windows round between the dome and the supporting walls (fig. 4). They used concrete as a sort of 'core' to their walls, for strength, and fortified their bricks with vast quantities of mortar, almost as much mortar as brick! They had many domes instead of only one. St. Mark's, at Venice (built in this style) is a good example, and in my little plan you can see what a lot of domes there were (fig. 5 all the circles are domes); all domes and apses showed on the outside (look out for a picture of the outside of St. Mark's - there are lots about). A very interesting detail of the structure of these domes is the fact that earthen vases were used in the thickness of the domes to lighten the weight (fig. 6).

As the columns now had to carry the extra weight of domes, they designed a new form of capital of a very strong appearance. The carving on them was always very fine but not projecting, always following the outlines of the original block, with no leaves



THE SACK RACE.

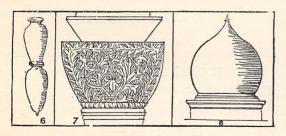
and 'curls' standing out as on the classic capitals. Fig. 7 is one from a church at Ravenna. Note the curious block above the capital, like a pyramid with

its top cut off and turned upside down.

All Byzantine buildings were very rich in interior decorations, but it was all flat and mostly mosaic (mosaic you know is patterns made up of numbers of pieces of coloured marble, stone or gilded glass, applied to flat surfaces such as walls or floors). The walls were all of brick and then entirely covered with these gorgeous mosaics. A very fine specimen of this Byzantine style can be seen to-day in London—Westminster Roman Catholic Cathedral, not yet quite finished inside. It is built of brick, and mosaics have still to be added inside. It is a copy of a style developed in Byzantine or Constantinople.

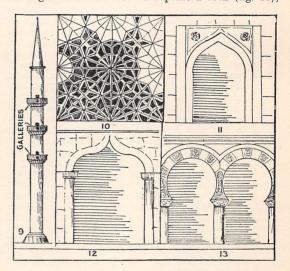
A wonderful church was built in Byzantium, Santa Sophia, in the time of the Emperor Justinian: it was begun about 537. There was a central dome, and semi-domes at each end, and then heaps of apses all domed. The outer appearance of these domes is described by Professor Lethaby as 'heaving up one above another like a cluster of bubbles.' This gives, I think, a very good idea of the look of domes!

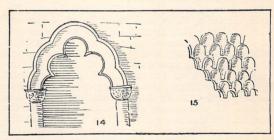
While Christianity was gradually making its way in the world, there sprung up another religion, which immediately took root and grew and spread at a great pace. I refer to the Mohammedan. The founder and leader was Mohammed, and he lived from A. D. 570-652 at Mecca, in Arabia. This religion quickly spread over Egypt, Syria, Persia, India, and into Spain. At first it did not affect the architecture, for the worship could take place anywhere, and the worshipper only had to turn towards Mecca. the home of the creed. But eventually mosques (mosque = a place for prostration — the worshippers not only kneel on their knees, but bend their heads to the ground when at prayer) were built in different places, and the style adopted in the country naturally affected the buildings. These mosques had lots of domes, but they were of a different shape from those we have already met. They were pear-shaped as you see in fig. 8. Then most mosques had a minaret (or more than one), a tall slender tower with galleries at intervals (fig. 9), from which the priests call the faithful to prayer, or rather inform them that it is prayer-time. This tower in fig. 9 of course is on top of a building, not on the ground.



One rule was laid down in Mohammedan law, in the Koran (their equivalent to our Bible), and that was that none of the decorations of the mosques must be founded on natural shapes, such as animals, flowers, and so on; so, as the people of that time were very given to ornament, they designed wonderful frets and interlacing patterns of a sort of straps and coils. In fig. 10 I give an Arab lattice pattern. These intricate patterns they painted and carved everywhere, and they also filled window spaces with patterns like this made of marble or wood, the spaces (black in my design) being open to the air and light; most of their lighting was done in this way.

The Mohammedan architecture introduced new forms of arches, some of which you will find later in England. These were the pointed arch (fig. 11),





the ogee (fig. 12), used much in India (you will recognise the curve I showed you in Greek and Roman mouldings of that name - see page 76), and the horseshoe (fig. 13), mostly used in Spain; also a scolloped arch (fig. 14). They also had a peculiar form of decoration they called stalactite; it is hard to illustrate, but it was a sort of honeycomb pattern, and it was sometimes made to hang or 'drop' like the natural form — stalactites, or crystals — which develop on the roofs of certain caves, where they are formed by the constant dropping of water; they look like icicles. Fig. 15 gives some idea of the pattern; it was all in little recessed cells, so to speak. A very fine model of this form of decoration can be seen at the Crystal Palace, where there is a copy of one of the courts of the Alhambra at Granada. There you can obtain a good idea of the gorgeous colouring of those times, and also the wonderful and patient workmanship. The original was built between 1309-1354 A. D.

Before I leave the Mohammedan work I must tell you of a wonderful building at Agra, India, the Taj-

Mahal. It is really a royal tomb built of white marble, and, being in such a sunny, clear climate, it is white, and simply glitters in the sun. It has a great central dome, and others round it, and four towers, one at each corner, and an entrance on each of the four sides. It is a very large, quite symmetrical building - that is, all four sides are exactly alike, and it is one of the most beautiful buildings in the world. The inside is most brilliant, being set with lovely stones and marble and many precious stones. The building is surrounded by groves of splendid cypress-trees and marble fountains, and I am told by travellers that the effect produced by the contrast of the deep blue of the Indian sky, the glittering whiteness of the building, the dark green of the cypresses, and the wonderful fountains is most extraordinary: you feel you must have stepped into the Arabian Nights. A traveller once told me that no one can think what the group is like who has not seen it; and one of the most curious features about it is the fact that not only are all four sides of the vast building exactly alike and the four entrances, but all the approaches of cypresses, avenues, and fountains are exactly alike too, so that unless you are very careful when there, you may easily leave by another avenue, and never know you have done so until you find yourself in a wrong part of the city.

There are three other religions in India—Buddhist, Jaina, and Hindu (or Brahmin)—and they all have their temples. The main feature of most is the profusion of sculpture, the whole of the walls being covered from top to bottom. One custom is strange: you often find on the walls of a building carved

models of the building itself.

Now a word or two about China and Japan. The styles in India, China, and Japan do not follow our history at all; they seemed to grow by themselves, without the influence of other styles. Now, in China (which, by the way, is larger than all Europe, you know) they have vast quantities of metals, so they use them much as decoration. They do not build very heavy buildings, because they often have earthquakes; so they make stone foundations and wooden houses. They have very steep roofs to throw off the rains in the wet season; they turn them up at the corners in a characteristic manner to admit light. The pagodas, quaint towers of many floors, with balconies at each, were very numerous. There is one in Kew Gardens you should look out for when there. They are very keen about roofs, and they sometimes have several, one in the other, to a building, as it is a symbol of dignity. They always use much colour, and often cover their buildings with brightly-coloured

The Japanese use wood even more than the Chinese, because they have so many earthquakes that anything else would be shaken down. I need not describe their houses, because you must have seen lots of models, for lately things Japanese have become very popular in this country — Japanese gardens, summer-houses, fish-ponds, and so on. You can see in Battersea Park, in London, a model Japanese garden, with buildings. It was presented to the London County Council by the city of Tokyo. They are a wonderful people the Japanese, and their skill in painting, carving, and embroidery is equalled by

none.

Now I must conclude. My next article will quickly arrive at our English 'stones,' and then we

shall come to styles which we all can see for ourselves within a few miles of our homes, and I hope what I then have to tell you will make you always 'on the look-out.'

E. M. Barlow.

GOSSIP IN THE GARDEN.

WHAT? Talk about an aeroplane!'
The Dragon Fly exclaimed,
'And boast about the clumsy thing!
They ought to be ashamed.
Watch me! and you shall see me go
In swift and clever flight
To yonder bush—where roses grow—
Like light.'

And so he did. 'Twas hard to trace
His shadow on the grass,
Or watch him shoot from place to place,
So swiftly did he pass.
Then back he came, to hover where
A frog in wonder sat:
'Now, sir!' said he, with boastful air,
'How's that?'

'Mag-ni-fi-cent!' the frog replied;
'I wonder you could stop.
'And now, unless you're tired out,
I'd like to see you hop.'
'Not I!' He spoke in scornful tone,
And settled on a plant,
'For—if the reason must be known—
'I can't.'

'Then just watch me, and I will show
Exactly how it's done;
For, in the days of long ago,
A prize I often won.'
He gave a jump. 'Twas high and wide;
He came down with a pat.
'Now, Mr. Dragon Fly,' he cried,
'How's that?'

The other buzzed with high disdain;
One flash—and he was gone
To spread his gauzy aeroplane
Beyond the garden lawn.
'Farewell, my friend!' the frog exclaimed;
'You've very clearly shown
A pride that I should be ashamed
To own.'

THE CHILTERN HUNDREDS.

Do any of you read the daily paper? If so, I wonder if you have ever seen the mention of a Member of Parliament receiving the stewardship of the Chiltern Hundreds? No doubt you have, and I dare say you wondered very much at the time what it meant. Now, I will tell you: The Three Hundreds—a hundred is an old land division—of Desborough, Stoke, and Buckinghamshire, are called the 'Chiltern Hundreds,' and take their name from the hills which run through Buckinghamshire and the neighbouring counties. The Hundreds are Crown property, and a steward is appointed at the small salary of twenty shillings. When a Member of Parliament wishes to

vacate his seat he applies for and is given the stew-ardship of the 'Chiltern Hundreds.' That is, he is That is, he is given an office with a salary, and by an old rule he loses his seat and must be re-elected to Parliament when this is the case. He forfeits the seat and does not offer himself for re-election, and so ceases to be a Member.

THE BACHELOR HOUSEKEEPERS.

O^H, Tom!' exclaimed Mrs. Newbery, as her son came into the breakfast-room one lovely morning in August, 'here is a letter from your aunt in-viting me to go to Scotland with her. Is it not vexatious?'

'Why vexatious, Mother?' said Tom. 'You can

go.'

'Indeed, I cannot, for Cook is away, as you know, nursing her sick sister, and it is uncertain when she will be back again.'

'Get another cook,' suggested Tom.
'Well, that would be a shame,' said his mother, 'for she has been with us so long, and does so well for us, and you know how kind she was to me when I was ill. Here comes Charlie. Charlie, your aunt has invited me to go to Scotland with her for a month's holiday, but Cook is away.'
'Well, Mother,' replied Charlie, 'you must go; we

shall get on all right for a few weeks. I am sure I can cook. Send Jane home for a holiday. I heard her say she was going to ask you for one. We can make our own beds and be our own housekeepers.

When does Aunt want you to start?'

'She says Saturday.'

'Well, Mother, you pack up. I will wire to Aunt that you will join her. Now don't think about us:

we shall be all right.'

'I really don't like to leave you,' said Mrs. Newbery, 'for who would clean the rooms? You might manage to cook ham or chops, and order in bread and butter and vegetables.'

'Order in bread and butter!' said both the boys, 'we shall order something better than bread and

butter, you see! '

So they both set off for business, and returned at dinner-time bringing with them a cousin to whom they had given an invitation to keep them company

during their mother's absence.

Well, Mother,' said Herbert, 'I hope you have begun your packing. I shall be glad to help to keep house. I know all about cooking meat and making pies and puddings; and I can make splendid coffee, and any one can make tea.'

'But, Herbert,' said Mrs. Newbery, 'there is sweep-

ing and dusting and bed-making; if I go — 'Of course you will go, Mother,' said her sons. 'If there is any washing to be done, why, we can do that as well. You just soap the dirty things, and put them in the boiler to boil. We did that when we were in camp — we do all sorts of things there and when you come back, everything will be in applepie order, you'll see.'

Saturday came at last. Jane left for her holiday; Mrs. Newbery following in an hour, leaving her two sons in sole possession of the house. After a quiet read, Tom went down into the kitchen to prepare lunch. He found a good fire, coal and wood ready for the next day, the kettle boiling, and everything 'as

neat as a new pin.'

In the larder was a piece of cold lamb, a pie, and an uncooked piece of beef. 'Well,' he said to himself, 'there's precious little to do in a house. I wonder what servants find to fill their time up with; I expect they do a good deal of talking to each other.' He quite overlooked the fact that the real work had been done by Jane before she left. After looking round the kitchen he strolled into the garden and sat down for a rest, but the day being warm, in a few minutes he fell fast asleep; but waking up with a start, he heard whistling, which he found came from the front of the house, where his brother and cousin were trying to attract his attention, and be admitted.

'A nice housekeeper you are,' they remarked, 'to go to sleep when you knew it was near lunch-time. Where is it laid?' they asked, as they looked in at the dining-room table and found it showed no signs

of a meal.

'All right, don't be in too big a hurry,' said Tom.
'I'll have it up in a moment.' Then, after a good deal of noise, he brought in the lamb, tart, and pickles, and just threw the cloth over one end of the table.

potatoes?' inquired his brother. 'No? Never mind, the day is too sultry for hot stuff;

bread will do as well.'

was already roasting.

'Any lettuce or cucumber about?' asked his cousin.

'Take pickles to-day. I'll get some green-stuff out of the garden for to-morrow,' said Tom.

The tart went down with great gusto, and this meal being over, the cousin and brothers sat in the garden and dozed and talked, until they heard the church clock strike five, when they declared it was tea-time.

'I am going to keep house next week,' Tom said,

'so you two take to-day and Sunday."

'All serene,' was the answer. 'I'll make the tea, Herbert,' said Charlie, 'while you cut the bread and butter.

When they got to the kitchen the fire was out, so they boiled the kettle on the gas-ring. During the meal the question of dinner was raised.

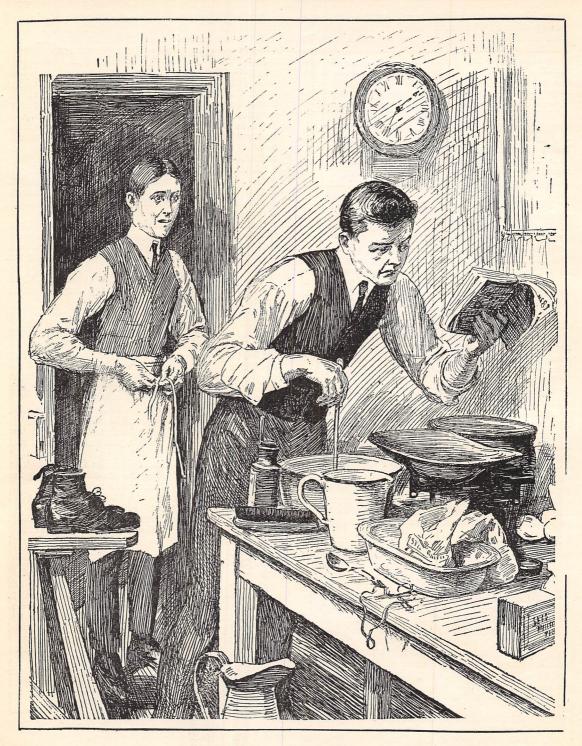
'Roast beef, potatoes, stewed tomatoes, and — shall we say — plum-pudding?' said Charlie.
'Just suit me to a T,' replied his cousin. 'I think

I'll go out and lay in a stock for you for to-morrow.' Then Charlie reached out a cookery-book and found this recipe, which he read out to his brother:
—'1 lb. flour, 1 lb. bread crumbs, ½ lb. suet, ½ lb. raisins, ½ lb. currents, ½ lb. sultanas, ½ lb. candied peel, ½ lb. moist sugar, a little spice, 3 eggs, a pinch of salt, and a gill of milk. Boil for 3 hours. 'Why, it will not be ready in time if I boil it; I'll bake it instead.' So he got the things together, broke the eggs in the basin with the rest of the ingredients, stirred the mass up and put it all into a large piedish, and pushed it into the oven, where the meat

'I'll peel the potatoes,' said Tom; 'do go and clear the table and bring the dirty pots down, and lay the dinner-table.' Then he put the potatoes in a pan, with a little water, and placed it on the fire.

'What a time Herbert is with his shopping!' remarked Charlie; 'do go and look for him, while I mind the dinner.'

(Concluded on page 130.)



"Charlie read the recipe out."



"Tom found his tart as black as coal,"

THE BACHELOR HOUSEKEEPERS.

(Concluded from page 127.)

I N about an hour Herbert and Charlie returned, and Tom began to dish up the dinner. Alas! he had forgotten to baste the beef, which was as black as coal, and, after being an hour on the fire, the potatoes were burnt to cinders. But they set to and got what meat was eatable, and bread, consoling themselves with the thoughts of the pudding.

'Call this pudding?' Tom remarked when it made its appearance on the table. 'Why, it's like leather!'

'Well, I made it from the cookery-book,' responded the cook; 'but better luck next time.'

'Never mind,' said Herbert, 'let's get some bread

and cheese, and I'll make some coffee.'

The evening was spent out in the garden gathering plums for the morrow's tart, and discussing the

fare for Sunday's dinner.

The next morning Tom and his brother came down in good time. Tom lighted the fire, while Charlie proceeded to dust the dining-room and carry away what was left of the previous day's meal, after which he set the table for breakfast, to find that as there had been no washing up the previous day there must be some done now, for the cups and saucers had run short; Tom in the meantime cooking the ham. In a few minutes, however, they all sat down to breakfast. This over, each proceeded to make his own bed.

As Herbert's duties did not begin till the next day,

he set off for church.

The meat was duly put into the oven, the potatoes peeled, and the cookery-book brought out to see how the tart was to be made: —'1 lb. flour, 6 ozs. lard, pinch of salt, a little water, 1 teaspoonful baking powder,' read out the cook. These ingredients were duly measured, mixed together, and the water poured on, but a horrid sloppy mess was the result, too much water having been used; so more flour was added, the fruit put in the dish and covered over with the paste, then popped in the oven — which was nearly red-hot—to bake. In a short time, when the door was opened, Tom found his tart as black as coal.

His brother then placed the potatoes on the fire, and Herbert having returned from church, the three sat down to dinner. This time, again, everything was much overdone—the meat dry and cindery looking, the potatoes like soup, and the tart black outside and raw inside. Bread, cheese, and coffee ended the meal. Tea was more satisfactory, being

a plain one; then bed-time arrived.

The next day it was Herbert's turn to keep house, so he got home early, doing his shopping on the way from town. Beefsteak pie and apple tart was his idea, and having made both pies he took great care, in his way, that they should not burn — with the result that neither was half cooked; so bread, cheese, and coffee were again brought on to finish the meal.

A few days more of this convinced them that 'cooks were born, not made,' and they agreed to-dine in town, getting only their breakfast and tea

it home.

But before long their collars began to run out, so one evening after tea they washed up their socks, handkerchiefs, and collars, and when dry they proceeded to starch these last. But somehow they looked anything but fit to wear when ironed; the handkerchiefs were iron-moulded, and the collars like rags, the irons having been nearly cold when used; so a shopping excursion was made to fit the three

out for business next day.

I am sure you may guess that by this time the three youths were tired of housekeeping; that night a letter was written to Cook, asking her to come 'just for a few hours to put them straight,' and when she did arrive, and had seen the straits they were in, she came twice a week until the mistress came home, to keep the place straight; and many were the laughs that were raised by friends when the experiences of the bachelor housekeepers were related.

F. Waddington.

BLOSSOMS OF THE YEAR.

IV. — BLUEBELL (WILD HYACINTH).

WOOD and copse are decked anew, Strewn with bells of deepest blue, Sky and sea's eternal hue.

'Mid the early tender green Quietly they grew, unseen, Till they spread their wondrous sheen!

Now a cloud of blue they stand, Fairy bells on every hand, Waves of blue across the land.

From afar we see the gleam, Tremble lest it only 'seem'— Joy to prove it not a dream!

E. M. H.

THE BEST MONUMENT

A YOUNG man once asked Mahomet what monument he should erect to the memory of a departed friend.

'Dig a well,' said the prophet.

It was a wise answer. A place where the weary may rest, where the thirsty may find refreshment, and the traveller gain new strength for his journey, is worth far more than shafts of marble, glitter of gold, or epitaph of praise.

THE MODEL-MAKER.

IV. - A MOTOR - CAR.

As the working model of a motor-car is somewhat complicated, even when built on such simple lines as we intend to describe, perhaps it would be well to divide the subject into three parts: (1) The frame, (2) the wheels and body, (3) the methods of driving.

For all these we shall require only the commonplace tools used in our previous efforts, while a bundle of the gardener's sticks, of which we made so much use when building the aeroplane, will serve us

for the main part of the construction.

To begin with, cut two sticks ten inches long, and whittle them down to about three-eighths of an inch in diameter, to form the side members of the frame. At one end of each of these cut a flat surface half an inch in extent in the manner shown in fig. 1, on page 132.

To each of the flat surfaces fasten securely a small piece of thin wood (ordinary picture backing will

do) three-quarters of an inch wide and one inch long, having first bored a central hole, a quarter of an inch in diameter. Fig. 2, AA, shows these in place. Three small pins carefully driven through will hold

them firmly.

The quarter-inch holes are to form the bearings of the back axle, by which the car will be driven, so we will next prepare this important member. Cut another round stick from your bundle exactly six inches long; mark off half an inch from each end, and with a sharp knife cut the thickness down to a little less than a quarter of an inch, as shown in fig. 3. Now insert these two ends in their respective 'bearings' (A A of fig. 2), and see that the axle, B, turns freely. When in place, the two long sticks forming the sides of the frame should be on the inside of the bearings, as in fig. 4.

While spinning the axle round watch the two projecting portions. If the extreme tips seem to rise and fall while turning, it is a proof that you have not cut them truly, and this must be put right before going any farther, or when you put the wheels on, the 'wobbling' movement will become very apparent, and your car, if it travels at all, will only do so by fits and starts. A little care, and frequent examination while carving your axle, will prevent this mis-

chance.

Having satisfied ourselves on this score, we will now go to the front end of the frame and join the two side members by a cross-bar of the same length as the back axle, minus its two projecting portions. To make the front bar 'bed' firmly, it is well to cut flats upon it in the same manner as we treated the axle ends of the side sticks. Fig. 5 shows the frame complete as far as we have gone at present, C being the front cross-bar. As this cross-bar will carry the pivot upon which the front axle will turn, bore through its centre a perpendicular hole, a little larger than would allow an ordinary match to pass, and whittle down a short stick a couple of inches long to form the pivot (D in fig. 6). Having passed it through the hole C C (in fig. 5), which it should fit tightly, projecting below it for some three-quarters of an inch, prepare the front axle. This may be exactly after the pattern of the rear axle, only a trifle longer, to allow more steering 'play,' or the wheels upon it, when steered, will come in contact with the outside of the frame. Bore a hole through the centre of the axle, into which the pivot may enter; but, before fitting the axle on to this pivot, slip over the latter a small collar of wood or cork, about a quarter of an inch thick (E, fig. 6), to act as a 'washer,' with the object of separating the axle from the crossbar. Fig. 6 explains this, and shows the front axle in position. Now remove the front axle, and lay it aside for the moment, as it is likely to be in the way while continuing our construction.

A second cross-bar (which we will call F), similar to the one carrying the front axle, should now be cut. Measure off four inches from the rear axle on the side bars of the frame, and at this point fix the bar F (as in fig. 7). Care should be taken to fasten it firmly, as it will have to carry the most important of the working mechanism. Small pins driven through the bar and the frame, and clinched on the further side, will serve the purpose, particularly if supplemented by glue and strong lashings of thread. The bar should be on the under side of the frame rods, as shown in fig. 7. Find its exact centre, and

at this point bore a hole about one-eighth of an inch in diameter (H). Now cut four slender sticks (KK, LL, in fig. 7), all eight inches long, and a short stout one of half that length (M). These must be erected upon the frame in the manner shown in fig. 7, pins and threads being again used for securing them in their places.

The framework being now practically completed, we will fit it with some, at least, of the working mechanism, to see 'how things go,' though this part of the undertaking will require more of our attention

ater on

Get a canister-lid of about four inches in diameter, not quite equal to the width of the frame. We will explain presently why this lid should be as large as the frame will allow. Find the centre of the lid, which may be done with sufficient accuracy by the help of a pair of compasses. Bore a small hole here, and at a distance of about a quarter of an inch on each side of it bore another small hole, all three being large enough to admit a piece of wire as thick as a common hair-pin. Indeed, failing a supply of other wire, a hair-pin will serve the purpose we have in view. With a pair of pliers twist the hair-pin-for part of its length, leave a loop at the top and the two ends free (see fig. 8), insert the twisted portion through the central hole in the canister-lid, and bend each of the two ends up so as to pass them through the smaller holes on either side, in which position

they may be clinched (fig. 9).

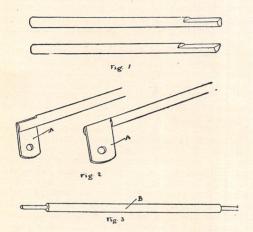
Now place over the upright portion of the twisted wire, a small collar of wood or cork, or a glass bead, pressing it down to rest on the canister-lid, and pass the loop through the hole in the cross-bar F from its under side. If you find that the wire turns freely in this hole, look along the frame to see if the canister-lid is in a line with the back axle. This is very important, because the thread which is to drive the car will have to unwind from one on to the other. See fig. 10, which also shows the manner of putting on the elastic, presently to be described. If any adjustment is necessary, it can be done by enlarging or diminishing the collar already referred to. this point is satisfactorily settled, remove the lid again and cut off about a yard of strong carpet thread, and boring a small hole in the flange or edge of the lid pass one end of the thread through it and tie a knot to prevent it coming out again. Now return the lid to its place under the cross-bar, and when fairly in position, slip the half of a broken match (the thick, strong kind is best) through the loop in the twisted wire, forming a cross-bar like the top of the letter T. This small cross-bar is useful for carrying the elastic which is to supply our driving power.

And now for the elastic itself. A number (six or seven) of thin india-rubber rings (the thinner the better) will serve the present purpose, though of course about three feet of the thick rubber we used in the aeroplane would do as well or better. If bands are used, take one at a time, and laying it over the middle of the top-bar (M in fig. 7) stretch the two ends down till they can be slipped over the halfmatch in the wire loop, one, of course, on the one side of the T and the other on the other side. When the elastic is thus in place, it will draw the canister-lid up, till the bead or collar rests firmly against the underside of the cross-bar F in fig. 7. Having disposed of all your rings in this way, turn the canister-

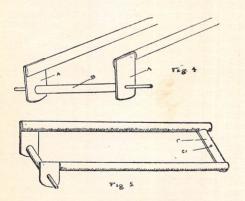
lid round and round till the elastic has become moderately twisted. A slight strain will thus be thrown on the top cross-bar M, but if the supports LL have

been properly fixed they will hold all ship-shape.

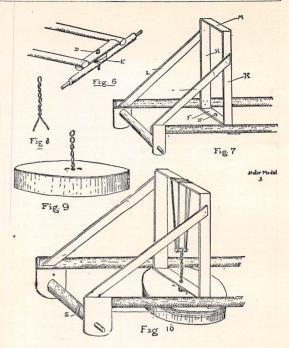
While the elastic is still twisted, hold the lid with one hand to prevent it revolving back again, and proceed to wind the thread round and round the flange.



in the same direction that you have been twisting the lid, till its entire length is taken up. When this is done, tie its free end as tightly as possible round the back axle close to the nearest bearing, so that the thread may stretch in a straight line from the axle to the lid (S in fig. 10 represents the run of the thread). You may now release the lid, which in its effort to turn, will draw the thread tight. Until the



winding-up mechanism, which shall presently be described, is added, we will make shift with the axle itself, and turn it round and round with the thumb and finger until all the thread wound upon the tin lid has been drawn off on to the axle. Of course while thus winding off the lid, it will further twist the elastic, and by the time the winding process is complete, considerable driving power will have been created. We will now release the axle, which should spin rapidly round as the untwisting elastic revolves the lid. If the friction is too great, a little blacklead



powdered into the bearings will reduce it, or it may be necessary to cut away some of the axle wood nearest the bearings. It will now be apparent that one revolution of the tin lid will turn the axle many times, thus driving our motor-car over a greater distance than if the lid and the axle were more nearly of the same diameter.

We will next proceed to fit the frame with wheels. (Concluded on page 149.)

FLUFF.

CHAPTER I.

THOUGH Ted Blake and Archie Scott were so different, they were alike in one thing—they both loved animals, and Ted had a perfect menagerie. Two guinea-pigs were in one cage, two rabbits in another; a bullfinch whistled gaily and made a duet with a sweet-voiced canary, and several dogs and cats roamed about. Ted was an only child, and his

parents denied him nothing they could afford.

Archie's home was different. He was an orphan, brought up by an aunt who thought boys ought always to wipe their boots, their hair ought always to be tidy, and animals could not be allowed because they made the place dirty. She loved Archie, and wanted him to be happy, but did not know how to

make him so.

It was a hot summer afternoon. The boys had a half-holiday, and, as usual, spent it in Ted's garden, surrounded by all the animals.

Archie looked round rather enviously and sighed. 'You are well off, Ted, to have such a lot of pets!'

'Why don't you persuade Miss Scott to let you keep some?' replied Ted.
'I can't. Aunt Jane is very good to me, but she doesn't like animals; so I won't bother her by asking.'



"Out jumped—a tiny puppy!"

'It is a pity; you get on with them so well. Just see how quickly Grip learnt to "Trust" when you took him in hand. I tried to teach him for ever so long, but he wouldn't learn from me. I say, Archie,' he went on, 'what's the row between Fred Peters and you? He's going round vowing vengeance.'

Archie, who was lying at full length on his back, sat up, saying, 'He's a cad! What do you think I found him doing the other day? He'd got a kitten with a can tied to its tail, and was teasing it!'

'Brute!' exclaimed Ted. 'What did you do? You couldn't stop him. He's ever so much bigger and older than you.'

'I know he is. I did try, but I should have come off badly if one of the masters hadn't passed. That's one thing he has against me; and the other is, he has never forgiven me for winning the swimming prize last term. He has had it ever so many times, and can't get over being beaten. So I suppose if ever he gets hold of me I shall catch it.'

"He's a horrid cad! 'said Ted.

'I wish he didn't live near to us,' sighed Archie. 'He climbs on the wall between the gardens, and says things about Aunt Jane when she's sitting there. She pretends not to hear them, but I can see from her face she does; only she won't let him see it annoys her. If only I were a bit older, he wouldn't dare!

'He's a bully and a coward, but, all the same, he's

too big for us to tackle,' said Ted dolefully.

A few days later Ted went to call for his friend. To his surprise, he was told that Miss Scott wished to see him. He hastily tried to straighten his hair with his fingers, wiped his boots carefully, and entered the room.

The lady was sitting very upright in a most uncomfortable chair, but she smiled kindly. 'Good afternoon, Edward,' she began. She never said 'Ted.' She thought short names were not dignified. 'I am very much pleased to see you, and want your advice on an important matter. It is my nephew's birthday shortly, and I am at a loss to know what to give him.' Miss Scott never forgot Archie's birthday or Christmas, but usually her presents were hairbrushes, nail-brushes, collar-studs, neckties, or useful things of that sort. 'Do you know of anything he would like?'

Ted's heart beat uncomfortably fast, but he determined to do his best for his friend. 'I know what he wants more than anything,' he blurted out. 'He wants a dog. He loves dogs, and he's awfully clever with them. You should see the way Grip obeys him at a word, and he will do tricks for Archie when I can't make him, however long I try. But he says he wouldn't think of asking you, because you're so good to him, and he knows you don't like animals.'

Miss Scott looked at the boy, and then said, 'I am much obliged to you, Edward. I trust you will not mention this matter to my nephew. Good afternoon. Archie is out at present, but I will tell him you have

Ted went off in high glee, wondering if Miss Scott would really give Archie his heart's desire.

The birthday dawned a week later, and Archie came down to breakfast with his hair brushed to

perfection and a spotless collar.

Good-morning, nephew,' began Aunt Jane. 'We have again come round to the anniversary of your birth, and it is with great pleasure that I tell you I have noticed your efforts after improvement. Your nails look much better, your hair tidier. I have seen, with thankfulness, that you wipe your boots more carefully than you used, and Sarah informs me that you use fewer collars than formerly, and yet present a cleaner appearance. All this has been very pleasing to me, and I wish, therefore, to celebrate this birthday by giving you a present which I hope may be acceptable to you.' And she handed him a small basket.

Archie took it, thinking to himself, 'Well, it's nicer than a hair-brush. At least, it will do to take out on picnics.' But all he said was, 'Thank you, Aunt Jane; it is very kind of you,' and proceeded to 'There's something inside! 'he said, examine it.

suddenly.

'Yes. Perhaps you had better look before you turn it upside down,' said Miss Scott graciously.

Archie undid the lid, and out jumped - a tiny puppy!

'Oh, Auntie!' gasped the boy, picking up the little animal. 'Oh, it's a dog! How kind of you! What a jolly little chap! How did you know I was longing for one?' and he rubbed his cheek against the soft head, while the puppy put out a red tongue and tried to lick him.

Miss Scott flushed with pleasure at seeing his delight, and thought how nice it was to be called

'Auntie' instead of 'Aunt Jane.'
'I'll never let him bother you,' Archie went on. 'I know you don't like animals, and I'll train him to be obedient. How kind of you to think of it!'

My dear,' said Miss Scott, 'I had no idea you wanted one so much. It is true I do not care for most animals about the house, but a dog is rather different. He is a noble creature and the friend of man. It is white rats and mice and rabbits to which I object.' And Miss Scott timidly stroked the tiny 'friend of man,' who tried to lick her in return. 'I hope,' she continued, 'you will remember this as a very happy birthday, Archibald. Indeed, my boy, I want you to be happy, but I fear this is a dull house for you to live in.

'I am happy,' protested Archie. 'And now you have given me the thing I wanted most in the world. I think I must call him "Fluff." He is such a fluffy little thing. Do you think it would be a good

name?'

'I think it most suitable,' agreed Miss Scott. 'And now I am sure you must be wanting to show him to Edward, so have your breakfast and run away.'

(Continued on page 139.)

BIRD CAY.

By H. de Vere Stacpoole. (Continued from page 123.) CHAPTER X.

WE were nearly a week getting the cargo out, and I have never spent a duller time. There was no getting ashore; every one was so busy, and all day long you could hear the clanking of the windlass and the jabbering of the negroes in the lighter alongside. I could catch sight sometimes of Jack Cutter on the barque, and we would wave to each other friendly enough, and sometimes I would see old Captain Cutter standing looking over the side with his cast-iron face turned towards the brig. Once he was standing like this when I saw Prentice, who was close to me on deck, wave to him with his scarf, which he whipped from round his neck.

I saw little of Captain Horn all this time, that is to say in the way of speaking to him; he seemed to avoid me, not being disposed, I think, to speak of his foolishness ashore. Jam was my main stand-by in the way of amusement, and we would hang sometimes by the hour together leaning over the side and talking. He knew a good many things about the fish of these waters and the birds, and invented more. Sometimes, as we leaned like this, a grey shape would pass through the water below; it was a shark - the harbour was full of them. But the devil-fish which Jam declared to inhabit these waters interested me more even than the sharks. He said that they were big enough to tow a ship, and if they fouled the anchor chain they would drag a ship from her moorings. Of course I did not believe him, yet what he said was true enough, for he was speaking

of the great rays; enormous flat fish as broad as a topsail and as thick as a boat, and quite powerful enough to shift a brig of the size of the Albatross if by any chance they fouled her anchor.

It took another week to take in cargo, which work was finished on a Monday; we were due to leave on the Wednesday, and Captain Horn, now that work was over, gave leave to all hands for a liberty day ashore; half the crew were permitted to land on the Monday afternoon, half on Tuesday. Prentice and I being in the same watch, it fell to us both to land

on the Tuesday.

'Dick,' said Prentice, 'you and me will stick together and cut adrift from the others; we don't want no bars and taverns and broken heads along with those chaps — you come along with me and I'll pilot you to a place I know, a couple of miles out of the town, the biggest garden you ever saw, chockful of fruit trees, where I've picked oranges in the orange season many a time. Know Havana? Why, I knew all the country round here about, in times when my pockets were full of money too, and when I rode a mule instead of hoofing it; but I've never been one for bars and taverns, so if that's your lay, why, you go with the others and I'll steer my own course.'

'I'm not one for bars or taverns, either,' replied I,

'I'll go with you. How far is the place?'

'Not more than a couple of miles,' replied Prentice, 'and we'll have time for a word or two, for I have something to talk to you about, Dick, that'll be to your own advantage, as the lawyer chaps say, or I'm much mistaken.'

'What is it?' I asked.

'You wait and see,' replied Prentice. 'Mum's the

word till I give the signal.'

I do not know why, but this last speech of his disturbed me; what could he have to say that would be to my advantage, and why could not he say it on board ship? But I could not question him any more, for he simply turned on his heel and went off, leav-

ing me looking over the side.

On the Tuesday after dinner the long-boat was got out and manned, and the liberty men, smartened up as well as they might be, crowded down into her. I have never seen a more jolly lot than we were as we started, the men shouting songs (for you could not call it singing), playing tricks on one another, more like children than grown men, mad with delight at the idea of getting ashore and spending the few shillings in their pockets. We hooked on to the quay steps, and the men scrambled out, laughing and chasing one another up the steps; a crowd of darkies were looking on, for the landing of a liberty party always attracted attention.

'You'll see those chaps coming back to-night, and every man Jack of them with sore heads and empty pockets,' said Prentice. 'Fighting and larking is all they think of, and if they've a penny it burns a hole in their pockets till it's gone. You follow me.'

We came along up the quay, keeping in touch with our men till we reached the town; then, in the first street we reached, Prentice turned down a narrow

passage and I followed him.

In a moment we were free of the others, and very glad I was, for they were already getting quarrelsome. We passed into a fairly broad street; then by big public gardens where palm-trees and the most wonderful flowers grew, we struck into another

street, which turned into a road which led us to the country.

We had brought biscuits with us, and Prentice said we could find fruit in plenty; but I had no thought of eating, so taken up was I by the wonderful trees and flowers, the palms and great sand-box trees that bordered the way. We passed negroes driving mules with bells on their harness, and here and there were wayside fountains where we stopped to drink.

It took us less than two hours to reach the place Prentice was making for, a huge old garden half surrounded by a ruined wall. It was the strangest place I have ever seen, or perhaps shall ever see again. It must have been beautiful once, for the walks were still there, though half overgrown by tropical vegetation; and here and there were statues, some of them broken, and fountains dried up now. There was an old disused well with a waterwheel, and pushing on through the trees we found the ruins of the villa to which the grounds belonged; only the outside walls remained, and such another ruin I never did see, for the tropical vegetation had invaded the place and trees were growing absolutely within the walls.

Prentice picked some fruit from one of the trees and some prickly pears, taking great care how he handled the latter. Then we sat down on a bit of broken wall and set to upon our provisions.

When we had finished, Prentice lit a pipe. He smoked for a minute or two in silence, and then all at once he began to speak out what was evidently

on his mind.

'Dick,' said he, 'I've been a sailor, man and boy, this forty year, and I've learned one thing and another, but there's nothing I've learned trucr than the fact that there's only one thing worth having in this world, and that's money. For if a chap's got money, he has got wings as well as legs, to say nothing of a horse to ride on and servants to serve his vittles. You're only a boy and you haven't learned yet what money can do. I have, and I tell you it can do anything. Here's you and me eating biscuits an' prickly Jacks, sitting on a ruin, and there's men in Havana town eating off silver plates and being served by niggers, driving, with four mules to their carriages, and living in houses which is palaces, they are, and I'm going to be one of them.'

I'm going to be one of them.'

'Are you?' said I, surprised at the energy and conviction with which he spoke. 'How are you

going to do it?

'That's what I've brought you here to tell you about,' replied he. 'You remember that yarn you told me some time ago?'

'Which yarn?'

'Why, the yarn about the gold.'

'Oh, that!

'The same. Well, Dick, I'm no fool, and I'm free to admit it may all be bunkum, and then, again, I'm free to admit it mayn't. I keep an open mind, but there's one thing I'm fixed on, and that is, I'm going to see.'

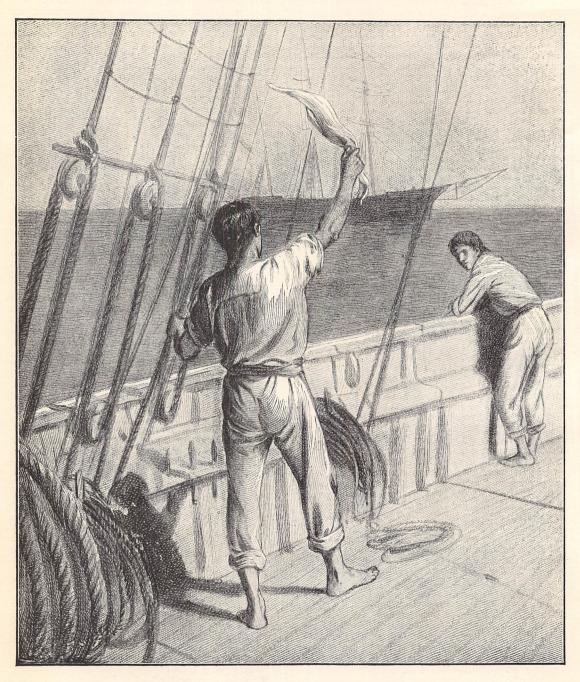
'But we're all going there,' said I.

'Who's going there?'

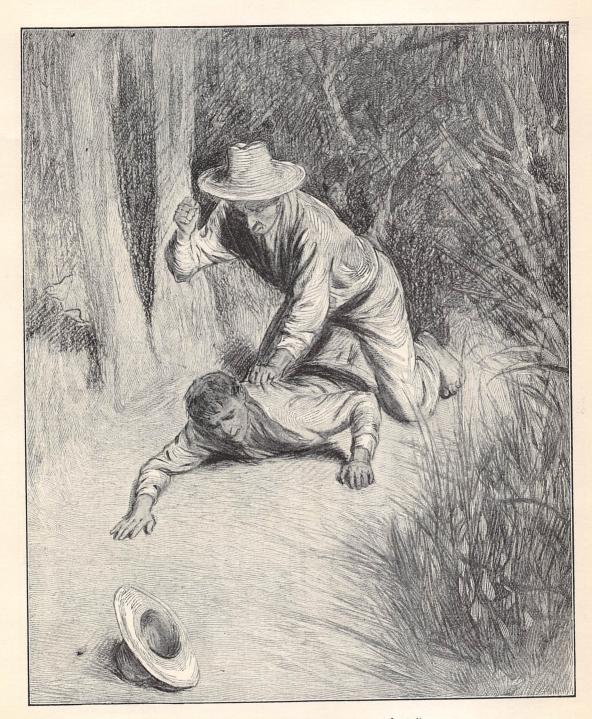
'Captain Horn and all of us.'.

'So's Captain Cutter,' replied Prentice, 'and as the Sarah Cutter can outsail the old Albatross two to one, why, Dick, it seems to me that Captain Cutter will get there first.'

(Continued on page 138.)



"I saw Prentice wave to him with his scarf."



"The next moment Prentice was on top of me."

BIRD CAY.

By H. de Vere Staepoole.

(Continued from page 135.)

FOR a moment I could not speak; in a flash I saw the scoundrelism of the man beside me, and how I had played into his hands. Though I did not understand his methods in the least, I saw that he had got what sailors call the weather-gauge of Captain Horn.

I half rose from where I was sitting, and then took my seat again. 'Look here,' said I, 'you told Captain Cutter?

'Dick,' said Prentice, 'I'm not denying it, and why

shouldn't I?'

'Why shouldn't you?' cried I. 'You got the story from me and promised not to say a word to any

'On board,' cut in Prentice. 'But's that's to hinder me talking of it to my friend, Captain Cutter? Besides, you blabbed it all out in your sleep, and if it hadn't been for me silencing you with a boot, the whole fo'cs'le would have got to know of it.'

'If I told the whole story in my sleep, why didn't

you stop me before I got to the end?

'Listen to him!' cried Prentice, as though some third person were present. Then to me, 'And what call had I to stop you - what affair was it of mine?

You told, and I got the yarn ——'
'Yes,' said I, 'but I didn't tell you of the locality of the wreck in my sleep; you got that out of me

afterwards.

'Maybe I did,' replied he; 'but that's all neither here nor there, now. Cutter has got wind of the thing, and Cutter has got everything but the locality, which is in my head, and we're going together to see what's in it.'

'You're leaving the Albatross?'

'You've said the word, son — deserting is another name for it. When the liberty men get on board to-night, they'll go without Jim Prentice. I've money enough to pay for a shore-boat to the barque after sundown, and what I brought you here for was to make a proposal. Horn's plan is blown on, you may take that from me; the Sarah Cutter will reach her destination days before the old Albatross can crawl after her, and if the stuff's there we'll scoop it. Well, what I propose is this, you come along with us and take your share and see the fun; and I'll tell you why I ask you to come, straight and plain: I don't trust Cutter, I want the backing of another pair of hands and eyes, even if they're only the hands and eyes of a boy. And see here, I have another plan in my head, which means, if we do sight the stuff, we may collar the lot for our own two selves.'

What new wickedness lay concealed in this new plan, heaven knows. I was so taken aback by the whole business, and by the sense that I and I alone had brought this disaster, not only to Captain Horn, but to my uncle, that for a moment I was speechless.

'For our two selves,' he went on, evidently taking my silence as being favourable. 'Dick Bannister and Jim Prentice 'll be the name of the firm, with a palace in Havana, and more money to spend than they could spend with two hands if they lived to be a thousand. You put your trust in Jim - he's no fool, though maybe he's been unfortunate; he's

thought of everything and left nothing to chance this time - see here.

He took a paper from his pocket, and spread it on his knee. It was the chart - the very same chart I had seen in the after-house of the Albatross.

'How did you get that?' I cried, the blood rushing to my face in a flame. I caught at it, but Prentice

was too quick for me.
'Hands off!' cried he. 'What are you snatching

He held it away at arm's length. He was a fullgrown man and I only a boy. I had no chance whatever against him, nor did I try. After the first moment I saw that force was useless, and that my only chance was to give him the slip, get back to the harbour as quickly as might be, and warn the Captain of what my folly had brought upon him. I rose to my feet.

'Sit you down,' cried Prentice. 'Ah, you would,

would you! '

The next moment he was on his feet and I was running, making for the entrance of the garden by the path we had followed. I was a good runner, and I had got a few yards start, and I was spurred by the thought that I was running for my life. heard him behind me so close that every second I expected his hand on my shoulder.

I had reached half-way to the entrance and had passed the well and the water-wheel when, catching my foot in a tree-root that stretched across the path, I fell sprawling with arms outspread, and the next moment Prentice was on top of me. He struck me with his fist on the back of the head. I tried to kick him, then he struck me again, this time behind the ear, and I remembered nothing more.

CHAPTER XI.

When I recovered consciousness I was in almost complete darkness. I was stiff and bruised, and my head felt as if an iron band had been fixed round my forehead and welded there.

For the first minute or so I remembered nothing, then bit by bit the whole thing came back to me-Prentice and our pleasure trip, and the villa garden, and his suggestion that I should join him in the Sarah Cutter business. I remembered the chart and how I had tried to snatch it from him; how I had run away from him; how he had chased me and struck me.

Mind is such a curious thing and acts so strangely when shaken up or interfered with, that for a full minute I lay vaguely considering not my own position or how I had got to the place where I lay, but the fact of the chart being in Prentice's possession and the fact that he must have stolen it. Then, all at once, and as though Fear had taken her seat beside me and placed her hand on my shoulder, I became wide awake to my position and the strangeness and terror of it.

I was lying on a surface of sand: my fingers told me that, for I could dig them into it, and when I pinched some of it up between finger and thumb I could tell by the feel of the powder-dry grains that it was fine as the sand in an hour-glass. I looked up, and far above me in the darkness I could see a circle of light, and above the circle something that moved slightly with a rhythmical movement, which in a moment I recognised as the frond of a palm-tree moved gently by the wind.

Then I struggled to my feet and stretched out my arms. My right hand touched a bricked surface. I called out, and my voice came back to me as it does when one calls out in a narrow tunnel. For a moment, filled with the terror of perplexity, which is even worse than the worst terror that knowledge can give one, I stood with the perspiration beading on my face through every pore and pricking as if a thousand needles were piercing the skin. Then, in a second, the knowledge came to me: I was at the bottom of the old disused well which I had passed just before Prentice had seized and struck me.

He must have flung me down it, thinking me dead, or sure in his mind that I would be dead when I reached the bottom of it, and safely hid for ever. Looking back, I can scarcely recall what sensations I felt just then, for the strangest thing in life is that terrible and unpleasant things fade in the memory, whilst delightful and pleasant things do not lose

their colour or their details.

One thing I remember — that I shouted for help, and kept on shouting till I was hoarse, and that no reply came. An hour or more must have passed during which I shouted at intervals, without obtaining any reply and without any seeming chance of being heard.

Yet heard I was, by the mercy of Providence. (Continued on page 150.)

A MONUMENT TO AN APPLE-TREE.

THE farmers of Dundas County, Canada, have placed a marble stone close to the spot where stands the original 'McIntosh' apple-tree, which only recently succumbed after bearing the storms of more than a century. About one hundred and fifteen years ago a certain John McIntosh emigrated to Canada, and settled in Matilda Township. There, while clearing a space for his home, he came across a number of apple-trees. One of these, which produced fruit of bright colour and superior quality, he named 'the McIntosh Red.' It soon became famous. The owner's son, Allan, propagated from it, and the variety has been widely circulated, so that now it is planted in all parts of the continent where apples flourish. In 1896, the good old tree was injured by fire, but pluckily continued to bear on one side until 1908, when it failed entirely.

WHAT IS 'THE BITTER END'?

WE often make use of the expression, 'To the bitter end,' but few know that it has anything to do with the sea. 'Bitt' is a turn of a cable, and the bitter end is that part of the cable which is wound around the bitt. 'The bitter end,' therefore, is the extreme end. Our old friend Robinson Crusoe has a description of an adventure at sea in which it is stated that the cables 'were veered out to the bitter end.' In a standard work on nautical phraseology, the bitter end is defined as 'that part of the cable which is abaft the bitts.'

FLUFF.

(Continued from page 134.) CHAPTER II.

T was a fortunate thing that it was just the end of the term when Fluff arrived, for Archie felt he could not drag himself away from his pet. As it was he devoted his holiday to his training. Many a happy hour he and Ted spent in the garden with the little animal, who grew more intelligent and affectionate every day. Even the jeers and taunts and rude remarks which Fred Peters showered upon them from the garden wall ceased to have any effect upon them, so absorbed were they. When Peters found words were useless he tried stones, and several of Aunt Jane's choice rose-trees were broken in consequence.

Then did Miss Scott put on her bonnet and pay a call on her next-door neighbours. But, unfortunately, Mr. and Mrs. Peters, who were vulgar people, would believe no harm of their spoilt son, and informed Miss Scott that 'boys would be boys,' and if their darling Fred were more high-spirited than boys brought up by maiden aunts, there was no harm in that! So Miss Scott did no good, and Fred Peters continued his bad behaviour.

It was towards the end of the holidays that Ted and Archie, with some friends, started off well laden with provisions for a picnic in the woods which were not far away, Fluff of course accompanying them. On arriving the first thing was to find a spot where

they should have their dinner.

'Don't let us go far from the lake, or it will be a bother to carry the water,' said Ted. So a nice flat stone was selected on which to set their meal, and a place chosen to build a fire to boil the kettle. When all was arranged, they began a game of 'hide and seek.'

'I'll seek first, if you like,' said Archie. 'I'll shut

my eyes, and count fifty and then come.'

Off the others ran to climb trees, hide behind boulders, or get into the ruined castle near, while Archie began, 'One - two - three -

He had just got to 'Thirty-six — thirty-seven thirty-eight,' when he was grasped by the coat-collar

and a well-known voice remarked:

'Now, kid, I've caught you at last, and I'm going to give you a jolly good thrashing! Here, Brown,' to a companion, 'catch hold of him a minute while

I find a stick.'

Brown did as he was bidden, and poor Archie struggled vainly in the clutch of the big boy. When Fred Peters had found what he wanted he approached his victim prepared to swish it across his back; but he had overlooked one small thing-Fluff had been standing by unnoticed, but when he saw the blow descend he suddenly bared all his sharp little teeth and flew at Peters, making them meet in the calf of the bully's leg. Fred yelled with pain, then turned and caught the little dog by the scruff of his neck.

'You little brute!' he cried. 'I've a good mind to

wring your neck.'

Archie struggled to free himself, to go to his pet's rescue, but was held too tightly.

'Chuck the pup into the lake,' suggested Brown.
'Good idea!' said Peters, and exerting all his strength he hurled the little animal as far as he could into the water.

Archie gave an agonised cry as he saw Fluff drop with a splash, but his horror was turned into joy when the next moment the puppy rose to the surface, and, shaking the water out of its eyes, began to paddle gallantly towards the shore.

'Come along, old fellow!' he shouted. 'Good old chap!' and the little ears perked up at the sound of the loved voice and the little paws paddled harder than before.



"Archie struggled vainly."

'Pepper the little beast with stones!' said Peters brutally. 'I'll teach it to fly at me!' And picking up a handful of pebbles he began to throw them with such good aim that Fluff turned from side to side to

escape them, but turn which way he would, the shower of stones still fell on his nose and eyes, till he got confused and began to utter plaintive little barks and whines, and his little paws worked slower and slower, while he tried in vain to cock his ears at his master's cheering call. A few moments longer he struggled, then the pretty fluffy head went under. Archie gave a sob of anguish, and then suddenly kicked the ankles of the boy who held him with such force that the bully, taken by surprise, loosed his hold.

(Concluded on page 147.)

SAVAGE MEN AND SAVAGE CUSTOMS.

T.

GREAT poet once assured us that 'the proper A study of Mankind is Man.' Whether this be so or not, it is certain that the study of mankind is one of more than ordinary interest. There are a dozen ways in which mankind can be studied, but undoubtedly the best way is to begin by a survey of man in his savage or wild state. The only men in this condition to-day are black men, for the white and yellow races of men have long since become more or less civilised. By 'yellow' races, it must be explained, we mean people like the Japanese or Chinese, whose skins are more or less yellow in colour, and whose hair is long, coarse, and black; further, they are distinguished by a peculiar feature of the eyelids, which we must describe later. But time was, thousands of years ago, when the people who lived in these islands of ours which we call Great Britain, were as savage and uncivilised as the most uncivilised people of to-day; for who does not know that the ancient Britons wore no clothing in the summer-time, and skins of animals in the wintertime, and lived after the most primitive fashion; and this while on the continent of Europe there lived people who had attained a degree of civilisation, and a knowledge of art and literature which has never been surpassed, even to this present day.

The existence and mode of life of the ancient Britons was first made known to the world by Julius Caesar, who, in invading these islands and conquering these brave people, seemed to them, no doubt, to have been anything but a benefactor, for war is always horrible; but its results are often followed by lasting good, and this was certainly true of the visitation of the Roman Legions. But we must not dwell on this theme, for we have much else to say. 'But before you go any further,' I hear some of my readers say, 'please tell us what is the difference between "civilised" and savage or "uncivilised" people?' Well, really, that is a very difficult question to answer. We could frame a reply readily enough if we were to take as our standard, say, the Australian aborigines, or some of the hill-tribes of India, and the people of Great Britain. But between these extremes we find every possible gradation. Perhaps we shall be near the truth if we describe civilised people as those who have a written language, and those who have not as uncivilised.

Uncivilised people wear little or no clothing, and this is partly because they live in warm climates which makes clothing not only unnecessary, but uncomfortable. Clothes seemed to have been designed, in the first place, to satisfy personal vanity, or to excite admiration, which is much the same thing. To minister to this love of decoration before men hit upon the idea of adorning their bodies with feathers, they used paint, and some confine themselves to this

even to-day. The ancient Britons we know stained their bodies with a blue dye obtained from the woad plant, a near relation of the wall-flower, and rare in England at the present day. Thus, then, even though by our definition they were uncivilised, they yet possessed some kind of art, and were, by this fact alone, raised high above 'the beasts that perish,' for only men could have made the discovery of this dye, and only men could have devised means for extracting and applying the coveted stain.

Paint, whether applied to the whole surface of the body, or used to form more or less decorative patterns, seems always to be regarded as a means of expressing some special event. The North American Indian's 'war paint' tells us this, but there were, and are, among savage peoples of to-day, other and peaceful events which can only be duly honoured by the use of paint. How this is applied can be seen, for example, by comparing an Australian and an East African, one of the Kikuyu people. In the Australian we have simply bands of white contrasted with the dark skin; in the African, the whole body



An Australian Man painted.

is whitened, and on this background various coloured lines are painted.

The Andaman Islanders plaster themselves with a mixture of lard and coloured earth, not for decorative purposes, but to protect the skin from heat and mosquitoes; but they show a love of display when they proceed to draw lines on the paint with their fingers. Sometimes a dandy will go further, and paint one

side of his face red, the other olive green, and make an ornamental border line where the two colours

meet, down his chest and stomach.

Sometimes paint is used as a sign of mourning, the body being either blackened or whitened, as the custom of the country may dictate. Among the relies of the ancient cave-dwellers of Europe are hollowed stones, which were their primitive mortars for grinding the ochre and other colours for painting themselves.

It is possible that the painted face of the circus clown represents a fashion that has come down to us from the most ancient times when paint was worn by the barbarians of Europe, much as in Japan actors paint their faces with bright streaks of red, doubtless keeping up what was once an ordinary decoration.

W. P. Pycraft, F. Z. S., A. L. S.

THE SEA POST-OFFICE.

POST-OFFICES have been established of recent years on most of the big liners which cross the Atlantic, for the sorting of letters during the voyage. The idea comes from America, and through it letters can be delivered at their destinations in a much shorter period than was previously the case.

The sorting of letters, of course, is carried out by a number of clerks, or sea-postmen, as they have been called. These men have to be on duty all day, whether the sea is rough or smooth, and every minute has to be utilised to the best advantage now that the journey from England to New York is done in

so short a space of time.

The work of the sea-postman begins before the liner leaves the port of departure. He has to stand near the gangway while the letters are being carried aboard by the longshoremen, read the directions on each bag, and see that it is put in the right place on board. Some of the sacks, of course, have to be delivered unopened: these are placed in the hold of the ship, while the remainder, which have to be opened and sorted during the voyage, are placed in the part of the ship set apart for the sea post-office. An idea of the amount of work to be done may be gathered from the fact that as many as three thousand bags of mail at a time have been carried across the Atlantic by one ship.

The sea post-office usually consists of two large rooms situated somewhere under the deck of the ship: one of these is generally reserved for the storage of the mail-bags, while the other is used as a sorting-room. The sorting-room contains several large tables on which the bags are emptied before being sorted, and the walls are studded with hundreds of pigeon-holes into which the packages are

placed as they are sorted.

The checking and sorting of the letters is a very important business and occupies a good deal of time. Each bundle has to be separately checked, and a description of it, such as its number and destination, has to be recorded on a separate sheet. Perhaps the most intricate part of the sea-postman's work, however, is the final sorting of letters for New York. In order to accomplish this part of the work the seapostman must know all the streets located in the different postal districts, of which there are over thirty-eight in New York. If by mistake a package for one district happens to be placed with the letters of another district, much trouble and delay follow.

The sorting and checking of letters continues throughout the voyage until the ship is within twenty-four hours of her destination, at which time the sea-postmen begin to prepare for the landing of the mails. The liner, on reaching the quarantine limit, is met by a Government tug, the captain of which has been told by wireless telegraphy what time the liner is likely to be alongside the quay. The mails are speedily transferred to the tug, and they are often placed on land and well on their way to the General Post Office before the mail steamer has left quarantine.

Some good stories are sometimes told by sea-postmen. On one occasion, for instance, the mail steamer Ems broke her shaft and rudder-stem at sea and was drifting about in mid-ocean for over six days, eventually being picked up and towed to the Azores. The head mail-clerk realising that he would be held responsible for the thousands of letters placed under his care, remained on board until all the mails had

been removed to the relief ship.

Some years ago the steamer Spree also broke her shaft at sea. This time the damage was more serious, a hole being made in the hull of the vessel through which large quantities of water poured, filling the mail-rooms. A brigade of steerage passengers was immediately summoned, who, with the aid of buckets, attempted to bail the water out. Their efforts, however, were not successful, and the mail-bags remained under water for six days.

Mr. W. H. Hall, foreman of the foreign station at the New York Post Office, gives an interesting account of an experience he had when head clerk on board the liner Elder, which was wrecked off the Isle of Wight some years ago. He had over six hundred mail-bags under his care when the vessel was wrecked, fifty-five of which were unfortunately lost through a hole in the ship. The remainder were, however, eventually taken ashore in lifeboats, and carried to Newport in waggons, where they were put on rail for their destination. Notwithstanding the fact that the ship was in imminent danger of destruction, Mr. Hall refused to leave the ship, in spite of the entreaties of his fellow-passengers, until the last mail-bag was safely in the lifeboat.

A. E. Davy.

OUR LITTLE GARDENS: A YEAR'S WORK.

IV. — APRIL.

N spite of my caution to you to sow your seeds in March thinly, I think you will find they have come up too thickly to be allowed to remain as they now are. We are bound to pull some of them up if we wish the others to grow strong, sturdy plants. Plants need a great deal of light and air, and you can see for yourselves that if the little plants are closely packed together they will be cut off from much of both. If children were kept in great numbers in small rooms, we know how weak and sickly they would become. Plants suffer in somewhat the same way: they get drawn up and weakly. We want our plants to be healthy and robust; therefore, we see to it that they do not touch each other. We may thin them now to a couple of inches apart, but later, when the seedlings have grown larger, we shall have to thin them a second time, and finally leave them nine inches apart; and in the case of plants that grow to a large size, a foot or more is not too much. Very large plants will need more than this. Slugs and other insects are delighted to get a meal off our seedlings, so that we had better not thin out

too many the first time.

It really is heart-rending sometimes the way these slugs destroy our plants, and the only remedy is to go slug-hunting. Put down upon the ground some pieces of turnip or potato, and perhaps you will find some of them underneath. It is a good thing to pick off the dead flowers from our growing plants. It prevents seeds from forming. Why, you ask, should we prevent seeds from forming? For this reason, a plant cannot flower so long as it would do if it is called upon to ripen its seeds. A plant has just so much strength, and no more. It requires much of the plant's strength to ripen its seeds, and if we prevent the strength being used up in this way, the plant will spend it in producing more flowers. But if we really want a few seeds of any particular plant to sow, then, of course, we must let a few seed-vessels mature.

.These remarks do not apply to our daffodils, or other flowers that grow from a bulb, because in these cases new flower-buds are not quickly formed. It applies most particularly to our annual plants, so mind you pick your sweet peas very often, when in time they shall flower. Again, some plants produce really beautiful seed-vessels. I dare say you have seen those lovely flame-coloured 'Chinese lanterns.' We grow this plant entirely for these 'lanterns,' which are the seed-vessels. It is worth while to let these grow for a short time, just to give us a chance to admire them. If you think of it you will realise that among all our spring flowers we have scarcely any tall ones. The spring-flowering Crown Imperial 'Chinese lanterns' are among the few. They are very strong and very sturdy, as they need to be, for I firmly believe the reason most of the spring flowers are short-stemmed is because Nature provides what is most suitable to the conditions that these plants will be called upon to face. We know the high, blustering winds come in spring, and we can easily see that dwarf or medium plants can stand against these far better than the taller ones can do. It is very wonderful, I think, to trace the hand of God among His plants, and to realise the thought and care He has bestowed on their creation:

'Each flower is a separate thought.'

I have yet to fulfil my promise and tell you the names of various plants that can be grown in shady gardens. Many spring-flowering plants blossom splendidly under the trees before they are in leaf—snowdrops, aconites, wood-anemones, primroses, woodruffe, and later on even when the leaves have come out, foxgloves, wild hyacinths, lilies of the valley, honesty, periwinkle, and Leopard's bane. Wallflowers will grow in half-shady places, but they like a sunny one best. Among the summer-flowering plants I may-mention phloxes, some of the lovely lilies, pansies, St. John's wort, and sweet bergamot and musk. The sweet Christmas roses may also have a shady spot, but these do not like tree branches to hang heavily over them. Where we have to plant wholly under trees we can plant these things I have mentioned as near the light as possible, and far back in the denser shade we can grow ferns, Ferns, I

think, are very beautiful, and I am sure you will be interested to learn that pine-trees and ferns grew on this earth long before our flowering plants or our deciduous trees ('deciduous' we call all those trees that shed their leaves for the winter, and bring forth fresh ones each succeeding spring-time).

Weeds grow very fast this month, so that a hoe will prove useful. Never let weeds go to seed, for

there is truth in the old rhyme -

'One year's seeding Gives seven years' weeding.'

It is not too late to plant various things you may have given you, and I would impress upon you to plant firmly. It does not do just to shovel the soil on the top of the roots, and leave it thus; go all round the plant you have just established, and tread it carefully down without injuring the stems or leaves. That is firm planting. You see, you want the roots of the plants to grip the soil, as it were, and work among the tiny particles of soil for nour ishment; if these tiny particles lie loose and separate, the roots cannot work as they should, and probably the plant itself will die.

If you should still have seeds of annuals to sow you can make sowings all through this month and next, so as to have a long succession of flowers. A late sowing of mignonette is delightful. You may also sow sweet-williams, foxgloves, and Canterbury

bells for next year's flowering.

F. M. Wells.

POOR JACKO!

O NCE upon a summer morning
Master Jacko roamed around,
And, when no one else was looking,
Ventured on forbidden ground.

Said young Jacko, full of mischief, 'On Professor Jones I'll call; If he's out it doesn't matter, 'Twill not trouble me at all.

'I have heard that in his study, There are quaint and curious things.' Swiftly through the open window Naughty Master Jacko springs.

Looks around with eyes of wonder, Peers at this and peers at that; Suddenly he sees a figure, And his heart goes pit-a-pat!

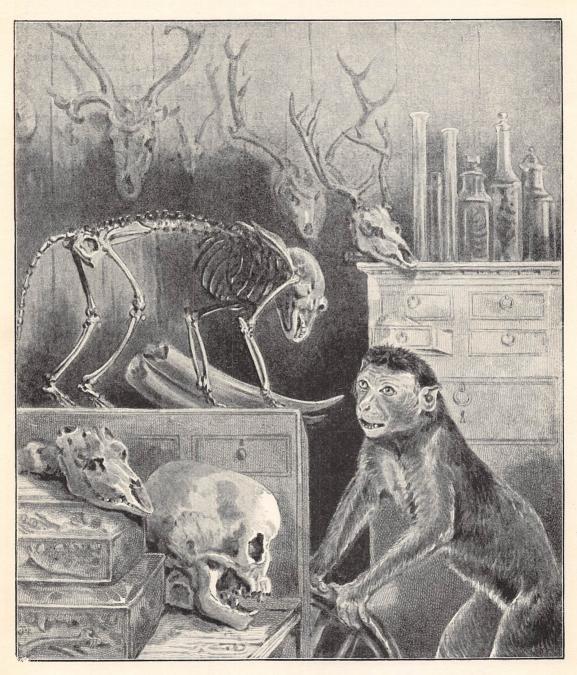
'If,' quoth he, 'I'm not mistaken'
(Awed and frightened were his tones),
'Here is what was once a monkey,
Now a fearsome frame of bones.'

(Grew his eyes quite melancholic, Gazing at the figure grim,) 'In the years to come, I wonder, Shall I ever look like him?

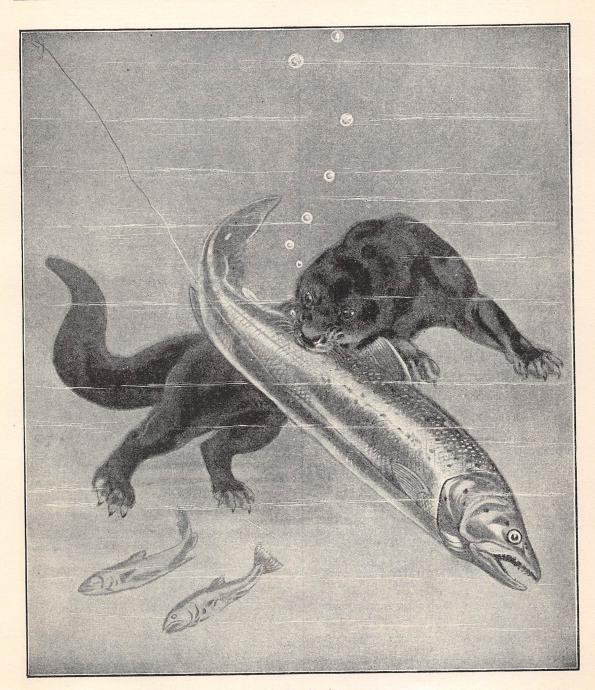
'Truly 'tis a room of marvels.

Would I care to stay? Oh, no;
I have seen enough this morning;
It is time for me to go.'

Marian Isabel Hurrell.



" 'Shall I ever look like him?"



The River Poacher.

THE RIVER POACHER.

THERE is hardly a living thing which the keen angler in fresh water detests more thoroughly than the otter, because of its destructiveness of the fish which he desires for his sport. Though the otter may eat other food, it lives almost entirely upon fish, and when these are plentiful, it selects only the daintiest of the flesh, that at the back of the fish's neck, and rejects the remainder. Naturally, the otter has to kill a great many fish in order to satisfy a greedy appetite which is as fastidious as this.

The otter glides about in the water with the ease and dexterity of a seal, turning and twisting with the utmost quickness in pursuit of its prey. It is a somewhat near relative of the badger, yet its natural element is the water, and its form and structure are modified to suit its habits. It is not, however, as thoroughly aquatic as the seal and some other animals, and it is able to move about upon land with ease and activity. When full grown it is about three and a halffeet long from its nose to the tip of its tail, the tail itself being about a foot and a half in length. The head is long and flattened, and the neck short but broad. The tail is also flattened, and like the tails of fish is of great use in swimming. The legs are short and stout, but they are so loosely jointed that they can be used almost like fins, and the toes are webbed. The latter are provided with short claws, which are not very strong, but are no doubt of some advantage when the otter is on land. The otter's eyes are small, his ears short and almost unnoticeable, his teeth strong and sharp. A soft, closehaired brown fur, displaying a lighter colour under the throat and the breast and in small patches on each side of the nose, affords protection from the chill of the water. The long hairs on the upper lip, resembling those of a cat, are also a noticeable feature.

The otter makes its home in a hole or burrow on the banks of the river where it finds its food. In this burrow, the entrance to which is generally hidden under some bush overhanging the water, it builds a sort of nest for its young. It sometimes basks upon the rocks or tree-stumps stranded in the middle of the stream, but it is as alert and agile as a cat, and is rarely seen, even when frequent remains of half-devoured fish give ample proof of its presence.

The otter is sometimes hunted with hounds. They work in a pack, and swimming or running along the bank, they are led up the stream, scenting all the while for an otter. The scene is one of great commotion, a score of dogs splashing in and out of the water, while even the huntsmen frequently wade knee-deep in the stream. When an otter is scented, the turmoil increases, and it seems scarcely possible that any animal could elude so many eager pursuers. But the otter is as active and wary as a fox, and as often as not escapes them all.

Otters, if they are caught young, may be so far domesticated and trained as to catch fish for their masters. They are first taught to fetch and carry a stick, as a dog does. A stuffed fish is then substituted for the stick, and afterwards a dead fish is used in place of the stuffed one. When the otter has learned to carry these without tearing them to pieces, he is set to hunt living fish. Such trained otters are frequently employed by the Hindus and Chinese. The Hindus put collars round the otters' necks, and attach them to posts on the banks of the

rivers, as we might fasten up a yard-dog. The Chinese take them on their boats, to which they are attached in a similar way. They are sent into the water where fish abound, and there they remain until they have caught one, when they are hauled on board, and compelled to give it up to their masters.

BLOSSOMS OF THE YEAR.

V. — HAWTHORN.

AWTHORN hedges greet us now With a wealth on every bough, Crowded blossoms, white as snow.

Every spray is garbed in white, Every blossom breathes delight — Springtime's gayest, sweetest sight.

All the sunny day one sees Flies, and gnats, and busy bees Buzzing round the hawthorn-trees.

Butterflies around them play, Showing, like the bees, how they Love the almond-scented May.

E. M. H.

THE FIRST CUNARDER.

In July, 1840, the Britannia, which was the pioneer vessel of the 'Cunard' fleet, steamed to Boston in fourteen days and eight hours, carrying rather more than one hundred passengers. This was considered a wonderful feat. The Bostonians enthusiastically welcomed the little one-thousand-five-hundredton vessel. Before she was ready for her return journey, the water in the harbour was frozen over, and she was a prisoner! But Mr. Samuel Cunard, who had gone to Boston on this vessel of his, was a resourceful man, and, with the willing help of the Boston folk, a passage over six miles long was cut through the ice. Along this passage the Britannia slowly steamed to the open sea. Ten days later she arrived safely at the English port.

PUZZLERS FOR WISE HEADS.

5. — SEVENTEEN BURIED ENGLISH CATHE-DRALS.

- 1. It measures but a few ells. Why this panic, Hester?
- 2. On the banks of the Exe terrible slaughter occurred, hundreds either wounded severely or killed.
 - 3. The case being lost, erase the signature.
 4. Now, Ethel, you must beg my pardon.
- 5. My German friend, Carl, is leaving via Southampton.
 - 6. The work-box for Doris is from Aunt Jane.
 7. Brayo, Bob! A three through the slips.
- 8. Wherever I wander I ponder this line.
 9. Cheer, man! Chesterton will win! Chesterton
- will win!

 10. The swell on Donham Bay made the boat rock.
- 11. There is no mercy here for dastards.12. The legend of Lobr is told when, in the South,
- was keeps the peasants alert.

 13. Jackson, keep awake! Fielding is a serious business.

 A. B. C.

(Answers on page 178.)

ANSWER TO RIDDLE - ME - REE ON PAGE 110. Freda.

SHADOWS.

ONE by one the shadows come. And dance around my bed; They lie along the shining floor And climb above my head: The big one goes just where he will; The others, where they're led.

And when the fire is dying, The pictures join the game: Alice, who went to Wonderland, Steps from her wooden frame, To dance awhile with Joan of Arc, And others known to fame.

'Tis better than a picture-book, Or any kind of tale, Until the fire goes black and cold And the sky turns wan and pale: Then the leader of the shadows Finds his power begin to fail.

So he runs into his corner While the others hide pell-mell: And Alice kisses Joan of Arc A sad and long farewell. I know they'd tell me many a tale, If they had time to tell.

P. Lynch.

FLUFF.

(Concluded from page 141.)

BEFORE it was realised that he was free, Archie was in the lake and making rapidly for the place where the puppy had sunk. The distance was short, and Archie was quickly at the spot. Grasping the drowning dog, he held it above the water.

'He can swim like a fish,' shouted Peters. give him a peppering, too! ' and the coward proceeded

to do as he said.

Now, Peters had no intention of doing more than preventing Archie swimming back to land till he was tired out. He would not have minded drowning a dog, but he had no intention of drowning a boy; but, unfortunately for him, one of the stones hit Archie in the eye. The pain was so bad that he sank for a moment, to come up again coughing and spluttering; but, hampered as he was by the weight of his clothes and the little dog too, he lost his nerve and grew frightened. The bank seemed to be getting further instead of nearer, and he sent out a cry for 'Help!'

It was answered by his faithful chum.

'Coming, old boy!' shouted a voice which sounded far off, but which in reality was close at hand. 'Hold on, old fellow! You're all right. Don't grab me! and the next second he felt Ted's hand grasp him. 'Steady, and I'll tow you in!' and in a few minutes they were safe on land.

Peters came up looking as if he had had a fright, and began, 'I say, Scott, I never meant to hurt you.

'Get out of my way, you coward! Do you think I care what you meant? I know what you have done!' and Archie looked at the small limp body he was clasping close to him. Then, 'Ted, come on! Let's get home! ' and the two boys started at a run.

Aunt Jane was sitting in the garden in her best

silk dress when a dripping figure rushed in at the

'My dear boy, where have you been?' she began in horror.

'Auntie! Fluff! Look at him!' gasped Archie in.

a heart-broken voice.

Aunt Jane rose. 'Give me the dog,' and she tenderly took the wet puppy into her arms, regardless of her dress. 'Go up to your room at once, Archibald, and change your things, and then come to the kitchen.'

Five minutes later, when Archie hurried down, Aunt Jane was kneeling before the fire rubbing Fluff with hot flannels, and every now and then trying to get some hot milk between the closed teeth.

Come and heat the cloths, Archibald,' she said, briskly. 'He's not dead. We'll save him yet!'

Together they worked, till at last, 'Auntie, he moved his tail!' cried Archie, excitedly.

'Warm the milk again!' said Aunt Jane as excited as he, and, to their joy, in a few minutes, Fluff feebly tried to lick the hands which were feeding

'He will be all right soon,' said Miss Scott, and Archie, who was overcome with the fright and all he had gone through, suddenly burst into tears.

It would be hard to say which was the more surprised when Aunt Jane sat down in the armchair and pulled the sobbing boy on to her lap, saying, 'There, there, dearie, it is all over now, and he will soon be quite well again!' She tenderly pressed his head against her shoulder, and stroked the still damp hair. 'Dry your eyes, dear,' she added. 'Here is Edward coming up the garden. You will not want him to see you crying. Sarah'—to the elderly maid -'I think we should all be better for cocoa and toast and boiled eggs, and we will have them here, so that we can see that the little dog gets on.'

When Fluff was fast asleep in his basket, Aunt Jane heard the whole tale from the two boys. At the end she rose and said, 'This settles it. I have suffered enough from that boy, and I shall bear no

Upstairs she went, and, putting on her bonnet and mantle, went with dignified step to pay another call next door. She was shown into the study. 'Mr. Peters,' she began, 'I have called before on an unpleasant errand, but no good resulted from it. I regret to say I am obliged to do it once again. For a long time past I have borne with the rude remarks of your son, and have endured having my flowers broken and the privacy of my garden disturbed. But when it comes to attempting to drown my relatives and domestic pets, I stand it no longer. I allow you to choose between two things. Either you send your son out of the town for a year until he has learnt better manners, or I take out a summons for assault upon my nephew.'

Mr. Peters stormed and raged and said all manner of ungentlemanly things, but Miss Scott was firm.

'It is useless addressing me thus, Mr. Peters,' said the lady with dignity. 'I give you one week to decide. After that, if I see or hear of your son being seen in the town for a space of one year, I shall immediately go to my lawyer and place the case in his hands. Whether I win or lose, it will matter little to me, as the unpleasant notoriety it will bring upon your son will be punishment enough.' So saying, Miss Scott marched majestically out of the house.



"Making rapidly for the place."

As soon as she had gone, Mr. Peters sent for Fred, and the spoilt, unpleasant boy spent the most unhappy quarter of an hour he had ever had, and was told to get ready for boarding-school at once.

Miss Scott returned to her home, and from that

time she and Archie grew to understand each other better still, and now it would be hard to find a happier trio than Aunt Jane, Archie, and Fluff.

C. E. Thonger.

THE MODEL-MAKER.

IV. - A MOTOR - CAR.

(Concluded from page 132.)

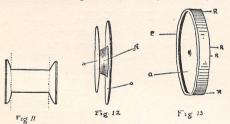
THOSE who wish to avoid the trouble of making Their own wheels may do so by purchasing four of the small flywheels supplied by Messrs. Hamley Brothers, of Regent Street and elsewhere. This firm lays itself out to meet the requirements of the modelmaker in almost every conceivable shape, and the smallest of their excellent little flywheels, cast and highly finished for stationary engines, is well adapted for such a motor-car as we are building. Its diameter is two and a quarter inches, and its rim, being wide and flat, could easily be furnished with a thick elastic band by way of a tire. There are no less than nine different sizes to be had.

However, if you decide to build your own wheels,

the following is a simple method.

Take two empty cotton-reels, and saw or cut them through at the places marked by dotted lines in fig-11. Now cut from a piece of thin card four circular discs, each two and a quarter inches in diameter, and four more about two and three-eighths of an inch in diameter. The circles should be struck with compasses, as they must be perfectly round. Take one large disc and one small, and insert between them, exactly in the centre, one of the wooden discs you have cut from the ends of the reels. It must be fastened in this position by driving small pins through, and the easiest way to do this is to fasten it first to one disc, and, when firmly attached, fix the other in place.

Fig. 12 shows this portion of the undertaking completed, N being the wooden disc forming the hub, and O O the two cardboard discs. The same plan having been followed for the remaining wheels, pierce the opening in the hub, which is now covered by the cardboard discs, and spin them on a temporary axle to assure yourself that the hub has been fixed in the middle of the wheel. Our tires consist of the indiarubber rings supplied by most ironmongers for the wheels of machine carpet-brooms, and can be purchased for about threepence each. Their inside diameter being two and a quarter inches, they should slip over the smaller disc of each wheel, and rest against the side of the larger disc, which, however, is not



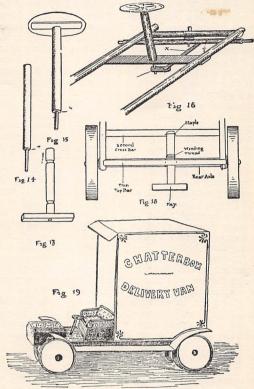
sufficiently large to reach the limits of the rubber. To fix the tire in this position, push four or five small pins, at equal distances apart, through the larger disc into the rubber.

P is the tire, O the

Fig. 13 will explain this. smaller disc, and R the pins.

When the pairs of wheels are ready for fitting on to their respective axles, it may be found that the hole in the hub is much larger than necessary. If this is the case, a strip of thin gummed paper, rolled

carefully round the axle, will take up the space satisfactorily, and, indeed, form a smoother bearing for the wheel to turn on than the wood itself. In the case of one of the rear wheels, however, the fit must be sufficiently tight to prevent it from turning on the axle, as it is with this wheel that we intend to propel the car. Of course, if both rear wheels were fitted equally tightly, the steering would be impossible, and we could only travel in a straight line.



Before putting the wheels in place, slip over each of the axle-ends a small disc of thin card, and push it up to the framework, so that the sides of the wheels shall not rub against the latter. Some patience may be required to make the wheels run freely, but, once in place, a few experiments in winding up and allowing the axle to run will show where there is any friction to be removed. When this point is settled, the wheels can be prevented from coming off by tapping a small brass-headed nail into the axleends till the brass head is close up against the side of the wheel, though not actually touching it.

The Steering-gear. - The front axle being in place on the pivot already described, turn the frame upside down, and fasten a thin strip of wood, a little less than half an inch wide, across it at a distance of two inches from the front bar. In the centre of this strip bore a hole about one-eighth of an inch in diameter. Now cut a round stick three inches long, and whittle down a portion of one end of it, as shown in fig. 14. Across the top end fix a short bar, and on this tack the cardboard steering-wheel (fig. 15). The lower end must now be inserted through the hole in the thin strip crossing the frame, till the shoulder (T in

fig. 15) prevents it going any farther. It should fit the hole fairly tightly. On the end of the protruding portion fix another short bar (W, fig. 16), about one inch long, and connect the end of this with the front axle (Y, fig. 16) by means of a short length of thin stick (X, fig. 16). The attachment of the latter should be a single small pin, which will allow it to move freely when the steering-wheel is turned. Fig.

16 should make this clear.

Winding-up Key. — Bend two wire staples equal to an ordinary hair-pin, and about one inch long. Now prepare a light cross-bar for fixing across the extreme end of the frame immediately above the rear axle. Push one of the staples into this bar somewhere near its centre, first boring small holes to let the wire pass, but not too easily. Now fix the bar in its place with the staple downwards. Cut a second cross-bar of a similar kind, and fix this across the frame at a distance of an inch and a half away, but on the under-side of the frame, and with the staple upwards. Thus, on lifting the frame to the eye-level you should be able to see in a straight line through both staples. They are the bearings for our key, the key itself being a round stick two and a half inches long, with a small T bar firmly fixed to one end. When completed insert the key through the staples, and if it turns freely take it out again, and cut round it two encircling notches of a depth equal to the thickness of the wire staples (fig. 17). These notches must be the same distance apart as the staples are, for when the key is re-inserted the staples will be pressed into the notches, but not deeply enough to prevent the key turning freely.

Now cut off a length of thread equal to that of the driving thread, and having pushed the key through the staples, tie one end of the thread firmly to the key at a point between the two notches, winding the rest of the thread round and round the key till only an inch or two remains unwound. This task accomplished, wind up the car in the manner previously described, and before releasing, tie the loose end of the key thread to the rear axle. The result will be that when the axle is allowed to revolve, it will wind the thread off the key on to itself, turning the key rapidly round in the process. Thus, as soon as it has 'run down,' the key will be in readiness to wind it up again. Fig. 18 is a bird's-eye view of the wind-

ing key, &c., in position.

The Body. — The design of the body may well be a matter of taste. We chose the pattern shown in fig. 19 as being one of simple lines and easy construction. For the most part it is a thin cardboard box with the front and bottom removed. This is fixed to the frame by thin strips of gummed paper - a better method than a more permanent kind of fastening, because we may have occasion to remove the body for repairs to the working parts, and a sharp knife run along the joints will easily effect this. The mudguards, also of cardboard, are added afterwards with similar strips of thin, tough paper. The engine-box and radiator (merely included for appearance sake) is a piece of bent cardboard with two endpieces cut to shape, and gummed in their places by overlapping the corners of contact with the already mentioned strips of paper. The lower part of its rear portion is then cut away to fit on to the footboard, as the sketch indicates.

To any neat-fingered boy or girl, detailed description of this portion of the work would be unneces-

sary. The seat, of course, may also vary in design, but is very simply made of folded card. With the exception of ornamental treatment, which we leave entirely to our readers, our model motor is now finished; but we shall supplement this article with one describing how a clock spring may be fitted to furnish a stronger motive-power than that of the twisted elastic, though, if instructions have been properly followed, the elastic-driven 'engine' should send your car, with one winding, a good twenty yards.

WHAT OUR GRANDPARENTS DID WITHOUT.

OF course we know that they had to do without telephones, wireless telegraphy, aeroplanes, motor-cars, and the X-rays. But somebody has remarked how little we realise that many every-day kind of things, which we have been accustomed to all our lives, were quite unknown to our not very remote ancestors.

Most of us are fond of biscuits, and what a variety of these we have! Yet biscuits, as we know them, are amongst our youngest 'necessaries.' Until about 1841, the only kind known was the 'hard tack' supplied to sailors—not at all the sort of thing we

should relish with our afternoon tea!

How should we get on without matches? Yet less than a century ago people had to do without them, and they had no electric-light switches either! It is true that Krafit, the celebrated German chemist, produced a phosphorous match in 1677, but our kind of match did not come into general use until 1834. Before then, the prevailing method of obtaining a light was by means of flint and steel.

The umbrella was invented in the eighteenth century, but when Jonas Hanway (born in 1712) carried one above his head through the London streets, people derided him and pelted him with mud. The umbrella did not really come into vogue until the beginning of

the nineteenth century.

It would be easy to think of quite a number of things enjoyed by us which our grandfathers and grandmothers had to do without. And, doubtless, a few years hence people will be using many things which we have to do without now.

E. D.

BIRD CAY.

By H. de Vere Stacpoole. (Continued from page 139.)

CUDDENLY, and after one of my shouting fits, came a voice from above, and looking up I saw a man's head framed by the well-rim. I could not see the face, for it was in shadow, nor could I make out what he was saying, as he spoke in Spanish; but I shouted in reply to his words, begging him not to leave me, imploring, promising, and carrying on so in my extravagant delight at the chance of rescue from my horrible position, that it was just as well, perhaps, that he failed to understand me. He shouted something in reply, then his head vanished. I guessed that he had gone for help, and so overcome was I now by the chance of rescue that my knees failed me, and I sat down, exhausted.

For a moment I was filled with joy, as though I had come into a fortune; then my joy suddenly turned to terror: suppose this man, on whom my

life depended, had gone off intending to leave me to my fate? I had heard tales on board the Albatross of foreign sailors behaving with awful cruelty marooning men and passing vessels in distress with-

out even replying to their signals.

The thought was so horrible that I refused it. Besides, deep in my heart I felt assured that a Power greater than the power of man had taken notice of my plight and would not desert me in my extremity. And I was right, for after what seemed an age of waiting I was hailed again from above, and looking up I saw two heads now, and almost at the same moment the end of a rope hit me on the shoulder.

I caught it, made a loop in it dexterously, thanks to my knowledge of knotting learned from Prentice, slipped the loop under my arms, and clinging to the rope, tugged at it to let them know that I was fast,

and shouted to them to haul away.

In half a minute I was at the surface, with my knees and knuckles skinned from knocking against the wellside, but safe and sound, though half-suffocated by the pressure of the rope. Half-a-dozen people were round the well, five men and a woman, and such an excited lot of people I never did see, all shouting and chattering at the same time and asking me questions, of which I could not make head nor tail, spoken as they were in Spanish. I pointed to the well and then to myself, and then made pantomime as though I were falling down the well. They understood this and shook hands with me each in turn, and the woman kissed me. Then we left the garden and went on to the road, where we said goodbye, shaking hands again all round with such good will that one might have fancied I had rescued them instead of it being the other way about.

I had a shilling in my pocket, but I would not have dared to offer it to any of them, for though they were poorly-enough clad, they were gentlefolk every

one.

At the corner of the road I turned and waved good-bye, and that was the last I ever saw of them, though I shall carry their faces in my memory till I die.

And now, as I made back to Havana at top speed, I noticed for the first time how low the sun was.

I must have lain for a long time unconscious, hours and hours, during which time Prentice would have got back to Havana. I had no doubt in my mind that by some means he would manage to board the Sarah Cutter, and if he did so he might get away before I reached the Albatross with my story. The thought of this made me quicken my pace to a run, a foolish enough proceeding, as my wind gave out, bringing me to a dead halt with a stabbing stitch in my side where the rope had pressed on my ribs.

When I had got the better of it I continued my way, walking this time, and so slowly that, when I reached the outskirts of the town, the sun was set-

ting.

There is scarcely any twilight in Cuba, and dark overtook me before I reached the quayside, which was nearly deserted, and here a new obstacle lay before me. What was I to do for a boat? I could see the anchor lights of the shipping, but so dark was it before the rise of the moon that I could not make out the Albatross for certain, much less the Sarah Cutter.

I walked down the wharf, stopping at all the steps on the chance of a boat from one of the ships that might take me off for a shilling, but there were no boats to be seen, nothing but the harbour swell washing and slobbering about the steps, with a sound dreary enough to cast me down completely; not, however, that I wanted much of that. I took my seat on a stone mooring-bit, and was debating in my mind as to whether I had not better try in one of the streets leading to the quay for some boatman to take me off, when from the direction of those same streets came a roaring, swinging chorus, and on to the quay, lit by the moon that was now peeping over the sea, came a crowd of men.

They were the liberty men from the Albatross returning from their holiday, shouting and singing, and cheerful enough in all conscience, but not quarrelsome. They came along arm-in-arm, four abreast, one helping to steady the other, and when they sighted me and hailed me, I thought shame for the way I had fallen in with Prentice's sneers at them

that morning.

When they found no boat waiting for them, a few of them were for going back to the town and continuing their spree; but as they had no money the rest soon over-rode them and they began hailing the ship, and then, lining up, they yelled the Barbary Coast chanty so that you could have heard them for miles.

This brought the boat and into it we tumbled, no one heeding Jim Prentice's absence — not even the mate who was steering, and had enough to do trying to trim the boat as well as attend to his job.

When the moon had risen, casting her light on the harbour, I had tried to make out if the Sarah Cutter was still at her anchorage; but of the five or six ships lying where I supposed the Albatross to be, I could not make certain of the Albatross herself, so I had to wait, holding my patience in both hands whilst we rowed past ship after ship, till the Albatross showed up, all black spars and side against the blazing tropic moon.

But the Sarah Cutter was not to be seen; the place where she had berthed a few cable-lengths to seaward of the Albatross was vacant, and showed nothing but the harbour swell running under the moon-

light.

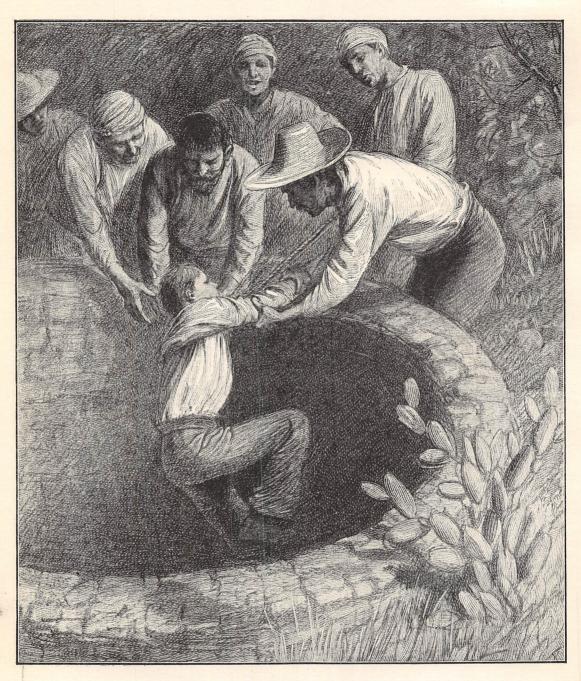
I felt as one might fancy a ship to feel when the wind is taken out of her sails, leaving her without steerage-way and all astray upon the water.

I had hoped against hope, only to find my worst fears realised. The Sarah Cutter was gone, and with her Prentice—of that I was certain. He had got the chart, he had got the location of the treasure, he was a far, far cleverer man than any one on board either the Albatross or the barque, and if treasure

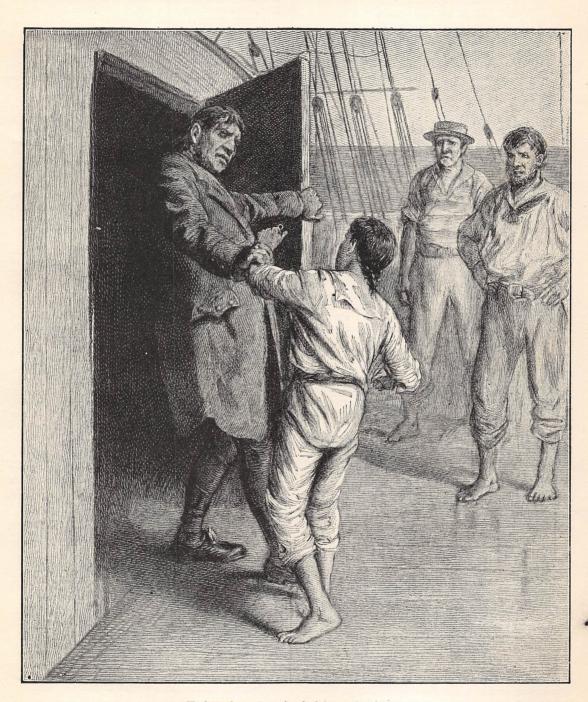
was to be found, he would secure it.

These thoughts were running through my mind as we came bumping alongside the brig, and as I came over the side I scarcely saw the people on deck; but made for the starboard bulwarks, and, shading my eyes against the moon, gazed out to sea. There was a light wind blowing, and from the deck one got a far better horizon than from the boat, and sure enough, two miles away to the North-East, or maybe more, I spied a sail. I could not tell at that distance whether it was the Sarah Cutter or not, that is to say, I could not tell by my eyesight; yet I knew by some instinct that it was, and the distance told me she was beyond pursuit.

(Continued on page 154.)



"In half a minute I was at the surface."



"He lugged me into the deck-house by the arm."

BIRD CAY.

By H. de Vere Stacpoole. (Continued from page 151.) CHAPTER XII.

A S I turned away from the bulwarks, my eye caught a gleam of light from the partly open door of the deck-house. Whatever might be the upshot of the matter, my duty was clear. I must make a clean breast of the business to Captain Horn, give him all the facts, and face the results.

I had only to walk into the deck-house and tell him, and I had made up my mind to do so, yet I hung off and on, powerless as a ship in irons, a voice saying in one ear, 'Go in and get it over,' and a voice in the

other ear saying 'Wait a moment.'

Then I walked the deck a pace or two, watching the boat being got aboard, clutching at my courage, finding it now and losing it again, and all the time trying to make up my mind what my first words would be.

I was saved the trouble of finding first words, for all of a sudden the deck-house door flung wide open, and the big figure of the Captain blocked the light.

I heard him hail Mr. Clopping, and I guessed by his voice that something was up. Mr. Clopping came running aft, and I saw Captain Horn catch him round the back so that his left hand rested on his left shoulder, and half swing and half drag him into the deck-house. The Captain must have shut the deck-house door with his heel, for it closed with a bang immediately they entered.

I heard the Captain's voice, loud enough at all times, but now raised to a bellow, so that the men round the fo'cs'le hatch could hear it through the shut door and all. I could see them in the moonlight, some on the hatch, some lounging by the bulwarks, but all with their faces turned aft, listening and evidently wondering what was up with the old

Then, after a minute or two, the deck-house door flew open, and Captain Horn appeared. He did not see me, but hailed the men round the fo'cs'le hatch.

'Hi, you, there, which of you saw Jim Prentice last

ashore?

'Dick Bannister was with him last, sir,' came a cice. 'We didn't see nothing of Prentice after we parted company with Dick Bannister and him in the

'Send Dick aft!' cried the Captain. 'Why, here he is.' He had suddenly caught sight of me, and he lugged me into the deck-house by the arm, and shut

the door.

Mr. Clopping was seated at the table, upon which the whole contents of the chart locker were spread. Mr. Clopping's white face was whiter even than ordinary, and he was fumbling with the charts, turning

them over and examining them.

'Dick,' said the Captain, 'we're blown on. The chart's gone, and there's only one man has taken it, and that's Jim Prentice. Caught him here this morning, the swab! pretending to clear the place, which is Jam's work; then Jam reported this evening having seen him board the Sarah Cutter. Didn't believe him, but it must have been so; he hasn't come off in the liberty boat. Where did you part company with him?

'Captain,' said I, 'I was coming to tell you, only - only - I couldn't bring my mind to it for the first few minutes I was on board. Prentice tried to kill me; he showed me the chart which he had stolen, and wanted me to join him and go on board the barque. I wouldn't. I tried to snatch the chart from him, and then he tried to kill me.

'Tried to kill you? That's a likely tale,' said Mr. Clopping. 'You and he were together, and you come back safe and sound, and he goes off with the chart. These are the facts. Where does the killing come

in?

Captain Horn turned on his mate. 'Will you close your head?' said he. 'Dick's straight. Who has a better interest in the business but him - own nevvy to old Simon Bannister? Heave ahead, Dick, and give us your yarn straight from the beginning; and you,' said he, turning to the mate, 'don't you be heaving none of your objections at him and tangling him up - leave all that business to me.

'I have no wish to tangle him, only to get at the truth,' said the other, 'seeing that you have made me a party to this business — a business,' he finished with a snap, 'that I would much sooner be out of

than in.'

'Well, shut your head, anyhow,' replied Captain Horn. Then, motioning me to a seat with a jerk of his thumb, he took his own place at the table, and

I told everything that had happened that day right from the very beginning. How Prentice had suggested that he and I should stick together whilst on shore. How he had piloted me to the old villa garden. How he had shown me the chart, told me of his plan, chased me when I refused to join in with him, and struck me senseless.

With the feeling of it fresh on me I must have told a hair-lifting tale of my imprisonment in the well, for even Mr. Clopping seemed to forget himself, and hung on my story, gaping as though he was listening with his mouth as well as his ears. When I had finished, the Captain, who had said not a word all through, brought his fist down on the table with

There you have it,' cried he; 'was there ever such a two-faced scoundrel? It's all as I laid it out before you—chart gone, Prentice gone, Jam's yarn of having seen him board the barque, and now the

boy on top of all.'

'Yes,' said Mr. Clopping, 'it hangs together, seemingly, well enough; but you'll excuse me, I'm a cautious man, and I'd like to hear the nigger's story with my own ears. No, no! 'said he, holding up his hand to cut the Captain short, 'I'm not disbelieving anything, so don't go flying in a temper; but I like to take soundings with my own hand, seeing that I'm embarked on this business, and one with you in a venture somewhat against my will. I'm Scotch on my mother's side,' he finished with a laugh, as if to excuse himself for his over-precaution. It was the only time I ever saw him laugh.

'Call the nigger,' Captain Horn turned to me.

said he.

I went to the door and called for Jam, who came running on the summons.

He stood at the table whilst I shut the door. 'Now, you black rascal,' said Captain Horn, 'dig up your memory, and give us the yarn you told me

about Jim Prentice.'

'Yes, sar,' replied Jam, 'it was this way, sar. I were in the caboose cleanin' up the rubbish from the cookin', when, tinks I to myself, I'll take a breff of air, and out I goes and leans over the stabboard bulwark and looks at the sharks; dey was crowded thick as poodle-dogs in the ship's shadow, for I'd throw'd over a bucket o' scraps an' slush an' stuff only a minute before, an' dey were waitin' wid der moufs hingin' open for more. Den I sees a boat comin' cross de water from the wharf, an', tinks I, maybe dese am de liberty boys comin' back in a sho'boat: but boat warn't full 'nough for dem. No, sar, der were only four rowers, all black niggers, an' in de starn a white man, wid him hat so - over him face. I watch, thinkin' dey make fo' us. No, sar, dat weren't the port dey was making for, but de Sarah Cutter. Ho, ho! tinks I, who's a goin' aboard de Sarah Cutter? Dey brings de ole scow alongside de Sarah, and lo an' behold, when I see de starn-sheet man board her, I says to myself, dere goes Jim Prentice. What on earth Jim Prentice doin' thar? tinks I; what's he up to, anyway - comes off in a shoreboat like a gen'leman, sittin' in de starn-sheets, bein' rowed by niggers. Den I see all the hands on de Sarah, bustlin' an' hummin' like to a swarm o' bees; an' I see de sails of her shook out, an' den I hear the clink, clank, clank o' de Sarah's anchor-chain, an' I hear de chaps stampin' an' shoutin' at de capstan bars. Den I see de anchor come home wid a ton o' mud on de flukes of her, an' de ole sails of de Sarah clawin' at de wind an' fillin', an' I says to myself, she's off, sure, an' Jim Prentice, he's aboard of her. Den I comes to you, sar, an' tell my yarn, an' you says, "Jam, you's a liar"' That's all you know?' asked Mr. Clopping.

'Yes, sar, dat's all I know.'

'Then you can get aft,' replied the mate.

'Thank you, sar,' replied Jam, and off he went. (Continued on page 166.)

THE BLUE BIRD AND THE INDIANS.

Founded on Fact.

I T was in the year 1800 that I made age, having joined the crew of the Termagant, T was in the year 1860 that I made my first voybound for Western America. When we were nearing our destination we ran short of provisions, and used to land nightly on the neighbouring coast in order to shoot the numerous water-fowl. I was the youngest of the hands, and had been advised not to wander far from the others. But one evening, having landed about sunset, I was attracted by a blue bird of remarkable beauty. It flew further inland, and I followed it. At last I was near enough to take aim, shot, and brought it down, In order to reach it I had to make my way round a marsh on the edge of a forest, but at last I secured my prize and slung it over my shoulder.

Then I was attracted by a flock of birds in the distance, apparently of the same kind, and regardless of consequences, I pushed on further and further. When I was at last near enough to shoot it was too dark to aim accurately, so I only succeeded in startling the flock, which flew towards the forest uttering a weird cry. Now my last cartridge was gone and I must make my way back to the ship. Suddenly I realised how dark it was, and that I had turned again and again, not noticing the direction I had taken. I looked up for guidance from the stars, when, behold! I met a pair of eyes gazing down at mine.

There, close to me, lying along the branch of a tree,

was an Indian. When I moved away I saw another and yet another, hidden behind bush or tree-trunk, and pointing their arrows at me. I determined to make a wide curve to avoid these gentry; but wherever I turned I found my way was cut off unless I went further and further into the forest. On I scrambled, making repeated attempts to turn right or left, but always finding myself faced by an Indian with his arrow. Once I tried to make a dash for it, but an arrow came swishing past my right shoulder. A few more steps and I was close to an Indian encampment. There were the wigwams, squaws, and camp fire.

It was plain now that I was in the power of a considerable number of Indians. My pursuers closed round me and conducted me to the tent of one whom I supposed to be the chief. Several mounted guard over me outside and the others went in, chattering eagerly, as I supposed, over my fate. Their voices grew louder and louder until at last one gave a sharp word of command and silence followed. When the chief came out and approached me, I now saw, by the light of the fire, that in the front of his leather tunic there was a fine embroidered design of just such a bird as I had killed. It was worked with dyed porcupine quills and coloured threads.

My offence at once dawned on me. I had slain the totem, or animal specially sacred to this tribe. searched my memory to recall what fate awaited such an evil-doer. Would they burn me to death, bury me alive, or chop me to pieces? I looked with horror at the carefully plaited scalp-locks which adorned the war-club of my enemy! Would mine

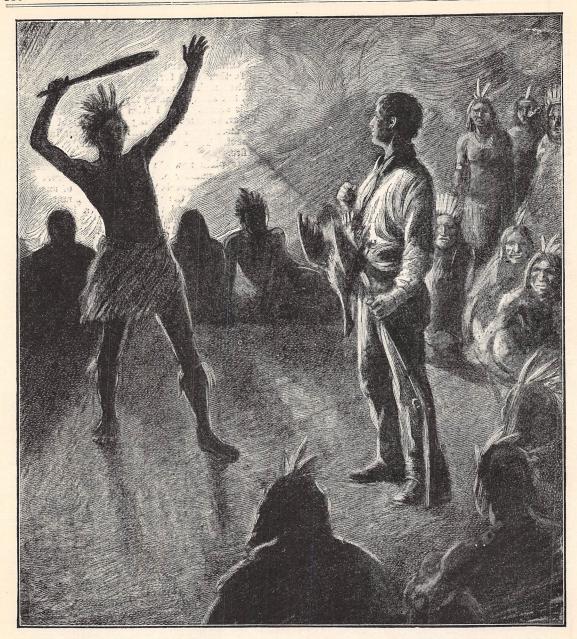
soon be amongst them?

A strangely-attired creature, decked with skins and feathers, now appeared, who at once took command of the situation. What strange barbaric feast or sacrifice was being prepared I could not guess, neither the dismal part I should be called on to take in it. Great logs of wood were hurled on the fire, till the flames leaped high in the dark night. Drums, sounding like minute guns, were beaten at solemn intervals, and the women set up a dismal wail.

This scene continued for a long while. man with a wild cry leapt forward in my direction, swinging a heavy club. I thought my last hour had come. But instead of killing me he began to dance round me, making frightful faces and gestures. As he swayed and swept hither and thither, he seemed carried away by a frenzy of wild feeling. After some moments he was joined by another. They swept and revolved round me, their faces rapt with excitement; but they never touched each other or me. After a short interval three more men joined them; then more and more, until at last I was the centre of a bewildering circle of dancers.

The women, meanwhile, were preparing some hot and very intoxicating drink, of which the men partook from time to time. The drums continued to boom and thunder and the women to wail.

After a dreary interval a new idea flashed into my mind. The blue bird still hung round my shoulders. Was it possible this fine show was in honour of its death, and was I after all a mere trifle, a beast of burden carrying its corpse? I raised my hands, loosened the string, laid the bird down, and then, thinking it best policy to startle the Indians, I leapt to my feet, and to the tune of 'Auld Lang Syne,' which I sang at the top of my voice, I began



"I thought my last hour had come."

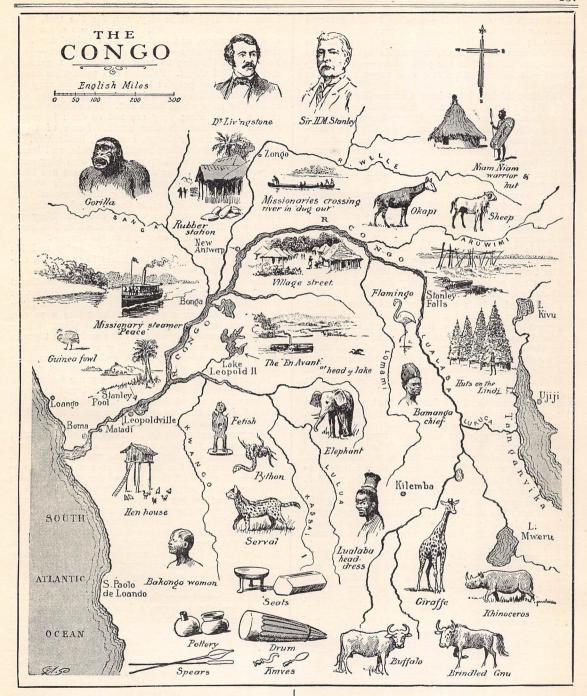
to dance a Highland fling, of which I had some vague remembrance.

Some few Indians who were most sober and least excited watched me carefully, but the greater number continued their wild dance. At first I jigged about in a small circle, then by degrees I widened it, hope springing now in my heart. On, on I danced, getting further and further from the fire and the chief's tent. Now a fierce glance terrified me, now a club was swung wildly in my direction, but still

the blue bird remained the centre of attraction, and in a few minutes I had danced to the outer edge of the Indians.

Liberty! Liberty! There I was crashing through the dark forest, and by the time morning dawned I had regained the sea-coast. Fortunately my absence had been noted, and I soon fell in with a search party sent to my assistance, and once more, saved despite my rashness, I set sail on board the Termagant.

E. C. Matravers.



FAMOUS RIVERS OF THE OLD WORLD AND THE NEW

III. — THE CONGO.

THE Continent of Africa, though in part desert, yet cannot be described in the language of the ancient writer as 'a dry and thirsty land, where no

water is.' It is true that there are great deserts: the Sahara and the Libyan deserts in the north, and the Kalahari, and other waste lands in the south; but there are also great rivers.

What the Nile is to the north-east of the African continent, the Congo is to the south-western parts. Not that the Congo — or Zaire, as the Portuguese

and French have called it—reaches to the extreme south, or touches British South Africa; but from its mouth in the Gulf of Guinea, to its source in the East African lake system, it extends nearly across the entire continent, in the part where—as the map shows—it begins to narrow and taper off to the Cape.

The East African lakes have a connection one with the other. Lake Bangwello, which is fed by the river Chambesi, and by many other streams from the Lokinga Mountains in the south, is really the reservoir, and may be called the source of the Congo.

From this lake the river flows out under the name of the Luapula, till it expands into Lake Moero, and is then known as the Lualaba, until it reaches

Nyangwe.

From Nyangwe to Stanley Falls, the explorer Stanley christened it the Livingstone; for Dr. Livingstone himself visited this river, but he mistakenly thought that the Luapula and the Lualaba were the head-waters of the Nile. It was not till Stanley made his investigations that these streams were found to be identical with the Congo.

The large lake Tanganyika also sends its waters to the river, which, after Stanley Falls, receives its

final name of Congo.

From Stanley Falls to Stanley Pool, from Stanley Pool to Equatorville, Leopoldville, Vivi, and Boma, the great stream goes upon its way: it is second only to the Amazon in extent and volume of water, being over three thousand miles long, and of such force and swiftness that it forms no delta at its mouth, as the Nile and some other rivers do, but rushes straight into the sea; where for nine or ten miles it affects the colour of the waves.

Below the mouth of the Congo is that part of West Africa which is in the possession of the Portuguese. The Portuguese once extended their researches and conquests to the banks of the Congo, introducing Christianity amongst the native tribes, and doing something to civilise them. But being discouraged, or becoming weary of their efforts, they returned to their own settlement of St. Paul de Loando, and left the Congo tribes to themselves.

Certain ceremonies and observances, which the natives near the river's mouth now go through, without understanding them, are supposed to be remains of things which they once learned from the Portu-

guese.

Banana Point, at the mouth of the Congo, is the place from which traders and travellers usually embark. Boma, sixty miles from the mouth, is the chief town of the Congo State. The river may be divided into three parts, the lower, middle, and upper. In the first part fairly large steamers may travel; but this extends only to the place where rapids and cataracts begin, about a hundred and ten miles up.

From Vivi to Stanley Pool navigation is difficult and dangerous, only small steamers, and iron boats, which can be taken to pieces and carried in separate portions on the shoulders of bearers, can be used in this region; excepting the dug-outs, or canoes, of the

natives.

In the upper part, from Stanley Pool to Stanley Falls, travelling is better. We cannot, in the case of the Congo—as with other rivers—look for fine towns and cities upon the banks. Many stations have been founded by traders, explorers, and missionaries; but these, while they have a few superior

houses, built of white clay, are, for the rest, mere collections of native huts. The huts are often built of split bamboo, and thatched with palm-leaves, for the palm-tree here — as wherever it grows — is a help and a blessing to man, as well as a graceful and beautiful object. Palm-oil and palm-wine are of great use to the people; to obtain the wine they cut what is called the crown, at the top of the tree, and utilise the juice which flows out. The natives belong to the Bantu race; they are not so dark in colour as the Ethiopians farther north. Some of them, those on the Lower Congo, are mild, inoffensive, industrious people, taking readily to trade, and learning easily from the Europeans with whom they come in contact. But higher up the river there are fierce cannibal tribes who make war upon their weaker neighbours, killing or enslaving those whom they conquer. Slavery, indeed, is the curse of the Congo; for these poor slaves are very ill-treated. They are given but little food, and when a chief, or headman, dies, slaves are often executed at his funeral.

Englishmen and Americans, like Stanley and his followers, have done all they could to put down sla-

very and other cruel practices.

The women of the Congo do all the agricultural work, while the men are hunting, fishing, fighting, or living in idleness. It is the women who make plantations of manioc, a root something like a potato, but much larger. When the manioc plant is full-grown the women dig up the roots and place them in large baskets under water. After soaking for a few days, instead of being tough and stringy as they were at first, they become quite white and mealy. The fibrous part being removed, they are boiled to a kind of paste, and from this paste bread is made. Europeans do not at first like this manioc bread, but when they get used to it they can eat it with relish, and the natives have no other.

The people eat much fish, and are not at all dainty; hippopotamus steaks make them a welcome feast, and they will eat dried snake as well as dried fish. In the waters of the Congo there are many hippopotami: if wounded, they become dangerous to boats and canoes, which they are liable to upset in their plunging and rolling about. Crocodiles, too, haunt the river, and large snakes, such as the python, are a source of danger. Large herds of buffaloes wander about in the marshy and wooded country. Often they become the prey of the hunter, but many poor men, both white and coloured, have fallen victims to infuriated buffalo bulls charging wildly, after being slightly wounded, and goring their victims with their horns.

On the Upper Congo there are elephants: the African elephant is, perhaps, a less noble creature than the Asiatic, but it is of great value on account of the ivory obtained from its immense tusks. The ivory is brought down to Stanley Falls and sold to traders, who make a great profit on it when they come to retail it again. Carvings, knife-handles, combs, buttons, and other articles are durable and valuable when made of this smooth white substance.

The climate of the Congo is, on the whole, a tolerable one, and Europeans can endure to live on its banks better than in some other hot countries. There is a cool 'dry' season, and a warm 'wet' season; day and night are of equal length all the year round, daylight lasting from six in the morning till six at night. Tremendous thunderstorms occur sometimes,

and tornadoes sweep across the river, which is extremely wide in some places. Towards the coast, however, it is hemmed in by high banks on either side, and so gains in the force of its current what it loses in breadth.

There are many tributary streams, some known to travellers and others which have not yet been explored. The principal of these are the Thussai and

the Mobanzi.

Stanley founded the Congo Free State, partly in conjunction with Leopold, the late King of the Belgians. Afterwards the Congo territory - excepting the French Congo, which is also known as Gaboon -

fell entirely under Belgian rule.

It is sad to think that, from the desire to obtain ivory, and especially indiarubber, many natives of the Congo have been treated with much cruelty. We can but hope that a brighter day is beginning to dawn for these poor people. C. J. Blake.

A CHILD'S GARDEN.

OME and see my hollyhocks! Pick a nosegay of sweet-peas! Here are pansies, lupins, stocks. Honey for the noontide bees.

You shall hear blackbirds rejoice, Nest of chimney swallows find. Come and hear in murmured voice Poplars chanting to the wind.

Stately heads my larkspurs rear; See the brown-tailed moth on wing! Listen hard and you shall hear Bells of Canterbury ring!

Joyce Cobb.

THE NEIGHBOURS' QUARREL.

A Fable.

ONCE upon a time a certain peasant quarrelled with his next-door neighbour. Now, these two men, with their wives and their children, had lived for many years on friendly terms, and so they might have continued, only that, unhappily, in the middle of his garden the peasant had an apple-tree. This tree had grown so large that branches hung over the walls, and one fine day, by great misfortune, an apple fell into the next-door garden instead of the peasant's. The neighbour's little boy — though, to be sure, he had dined only half an hour before - picked up the apple, and instantly opened his mouth. Much enraged, the peasant's son, who was quite as fond of apples as he, cried very loudly from the other side of the garden wall, 'Give me that apple!'

'Not so,' returned the other. 'It must be ours be-

cause it fell into our garden.'

'But,' cried the peasant's son, 'it fell from our tree! '

However, to this the neighbour's son replied by a rude grimace, enraging his friend even more than be-

fore, and opened his mouth once more.

The peasant's son could bear it no longer. Though nobody would have believed it, they had never quarrelled before; but now, leaping over the wall, the peasant's son hit the next-door boy so hard that he

dropped the apple just as he was on the point of biting, and returned the blow. Immediately the two gardens were in an uproar. The mothers, who but a minute before were discussing household matters in neighbourly fashion over the wall, rushed to the spot in dismay. Instead of parting their children, however, these foolish women actually joined in the quarrel, each laying the blame on her neighbour's son rather than her own. While the apple lay unheeded on the ground, every minute they became angrier and more indignant; the angrier they became the louder they scolded, till at length the two men heard the noise in the fields, and rushed home from their work in alarm.

Though the peasant and his neighbour were too breathless to ask what had happened, everybody told them, all explaining together as loudly as possible, so that at the end the poor men were no wiser than they had been at the beginning!

'However,' said the peasant, 'let us go back to work, and continue the quarrel later.'
'Not on any account!' cried his wife, and, leaning over the wall, she began once more accusing her neighbours of things they had done, and a great many more they had not done. So it began all over again, the children shouting rude names, the men scowling, the women scolding till fortunately they became so

hoarse that they could scold no longer!

Unhappily, in the meantime, the milk which the peasant's wife had left on the kitchen fire for her children's supper had boiled away. The puddings in the oven were burnt to cinders, and at this melancholy sight, on reaching the cottage, the peasant's wife threw her apron over her head and wept aloud. One by one the children followed her example, and the peasant felt so uncomfortable that he wished he had never been born.

'We will never forgive our neighbour,' sobbed his

wife, 'as long as we live!'

Now, the peasant did not like to contradict his wife, but, being really a peaceful man, he would have had no appetite for supper even if the puddings had not been burnt. All night he lay awake, and the more he thought things over the less he liked

'Wife,' said he, next morning, 'I have an idea. Let us divide that apple and end the quarrel.'

'Why could you not think of that last night?' asked his wife, who for her part felt not a little ashamed, though nothing would have induced her to admit it. 'Then you would not have lost half a day's work, and the poor children would not have lost their supper. You are very provoking. However, it is never too late to mend.'

So the peasant immediately sought his neighbour, and wrung the poor man's hand so violently that he

cried out with pain.

'Now,' said the peasant, 'let us divide the apple, the one half for your son, the other for mine.' By all means,' replied the other, politely.

Whereupon the peasant fetched his knife, and, followed by his wife, his children, and his neighbours, went to seek the apple. When they reached the spot where it had fallen, these quarrelsome neighbours felt so foolish that you may be sure they knew not where to look. By the time they had ended their quarrel, hungry birds, pecking here and there, had left nothing but the core of the apple which was the beginning of it all!



"The peasant's son hit the next-door boy."



"'Who-what-are you? How do you come here?"

THE BUTTERFLY TEMPLE.

(From the French.)

I N the eighteenth century there lived in France a very accomplished gentleman, who was called the Chevalier de Boufflers. Amongst other things, he was a poet, a story-writer, and a painter.

De Boufflers had a friend, the Duchesse de Choiseul, whom he frequently visited at her estate of Chanteloup. This lady, who was greatly interested in natural history, took it into her head to form a 'Temple of Butterflies.' Opposite the windows of her own room she had caused a huge cage of gauze to be fashioned in the form of an antique temple. None possessed a key to the 'temple' except the Duchess, who amused herself by collecting within this airy palace-prison all the most beautiful butterflies of the country. She employed as searchers the village girls of the neighbourhood, and whoever brought her a rare butterfly was sure to receive a handsome reward.

But the Duchess fell ill, and for some time was unable to attend in person to her butterfly business. Then she entrusted the key of the temple to her friend, De Boufflers, who soon became interested, not so much in the butterflies as in the girls who

brought them.

The Chevalier was a kind, sympathetic man, with whom the young people quickly felt 'at home.' They chatted away to him about their work, their amuse-

ments, and their love-affairs.

Amongst these country maidens there was one who especially interested De Boufflers. This was a beautiful girl of about fifteen, who had pretty blue eyes and a laughing mouth. Her beauty was not the only attraction that she possessed for De Boufflers. People say, 'What's in a name?' but sometimes there is a great deal in it. This girl's name was Aline, and that was also the title of a tale written by the Chevalier — one which had been greatly admired. So, naturally, De Boufflers felt interested, and was pleased when Aline opened her heart to him, and told him all her little secrets.

And by-and-by, when she was rather older, the girl had a big secret to tell. She and a certain Charles Verner loved one another. But Charles's father was the keeper of the castle, and thought his son too good for Aline, whose father was only

a forester.

When De Boufflers heard this he sent for Charles Verner, to see for himself whether he was worthy of Aline. The young man found favour with the Chevalier, who thereupon made known Aline's trouble to

the Duchess.

That lady thought of a plan to help Aline, by providing her with some money towards her marriage portion. The girl, as a rule, was more successful than the others in capturing rare specimens. The Duchess, therefore, offered a prize of twenty-five louis d'or to the person who should bring to her the rarest and most beautiful butterflies. It was hoped that Aline might win this prize.

She did so. One day, when the Duke and Duchess, with their friends, were walking in their park, Aline, with a gauze net in her hand, ran up to De Boufflers. 'Look, Monsieur le Chevalier!' she exclaimed. 'What do you think of my butterflies? You are

such an excellent judge of them!'

The other guests laughed, but De Boufflers spoke

kindly to the peasant-girl, telling her that her butterflies were, indeed, of a rare sort. One, in particular, was very valuable. This, which had a long black proboscis, and four big azure wings, studded with flame-coloured spots resembling eyes, supplied one of the great deficiencies in the Duchess's collection. Aline received the promised prize from Madame de Choiseul, and also a golden cross from the Chevalier de Boufflers.

But now autumn had come, and it was time for De Boufflers to be off to Paris. Before he left he went to see the castle-keeper, and got him to promise that he would consent to Charles's marriage with Aline as soon as she had a sufficient portion.

Shortly after the Chevalier's departure Aline lost her other kind friend, the Duchess. The Duke de Choiseul died, deep in debt, and his widow found herself compelled to sacrifice nearly the whole of her fortune in order to satisfy his creditors. She sold

Chanteloup, and went to live at Paris.

Aline was thus deprived of her friends, and, as her lover's father still refused his consent to the marriage, the young man enlisted in a regiment of dragoons. De Boufflers, hearing of this, warmly recommended Charles to the colonel of the regiment, who luckily happened to be a near felative and friend of the Chevalier. Charles proved himself worthy, and did so well that he obtained rapid promotion. The first time that he had leave of absence he hastened to Chanteloup. Thanks to further generous aid on the part of De Boufflers, Aline had by now a sufficient marriage portion to satisfy the old keeper, and the lovers were united at last.

Twenty years passed away. The French Revolution took place, and dreadful things happened. In 1792 the Chevalier de Boufflers was compelled to quit France and take refuge in Berlin. After a time Prince Henry and the King of Prussia gave him an estate in Poland, where he founded a colony for the French emigrants who were driven from their own

country.

In spite of consolations, De Boufflers still longed for France, and when things grew quieter he gladly availed himself of the permission granted to him (amongst others) to return. His friend, the Duchesse de Choiseul, had long since passed away, having survived her husband only a few years. Many other friends, however, the Chevalier hoped to see again.

Leaving Poland, he travelled homewards through Bohemia, Bavaria, and Switzerland. He desired to revisit the shores of Lake Geneva, where, thirty years before, he had spent a very happy time. In case his true name should expose him to disagreeable curiosity or supervision, he had provided himself with a passport in the name of 'Foubers.' As M. Foubers, a miniature portrait painter, De Boufflers was well received at Lausanne. Here he heard much of a certain Countess von Lauterbach. Every one said, 'You ought to paint her!' She was, he learned, a lady of French origin, and the wealthy widow of a Bavarian general. Her magnificent estate was situated on the banks of the lake, at a short distance from Lausanne.

When De Boufflers—as 'Foubers'—was introduced to the Countess at a fete, he failed to recognise an old friend. She recognized him, but said nothing of their previous acquaintance. 'Foubers' begged to be allowed to paint a portrait of her, and to this the Countess agreed, remarking that she

should much like to be painted by a French artist. She asked Foubers to come to her house on a cer-

When the time came, and the painter arrived at the Countess's magnificent mansion, he was shown into a large room, on one side of which he was astonished to see a full-length portrait of the late Duchesse de Choiseul, who was represented sitting near the Temple of Butterflies, and holding a volume of De Boufflers' works in her hand.
'Dear me!' said the Chevalier to himself, 'this

lady must certainly be a member of the Choiseul

family. Well! I shall like her the better.'
His reflections were disturbed by the entrance of

a servant.

'My mistress,' said the man, 'begs you to excuse her, as she will be occupied for a short time. Meanwhile, sir, would you like to walk in the garden?'

De Boufflers followed his conductor, who left him at the entrance to an avenue of limes. At the first turning a fresh surprise awaited him. There, beneath some large trees, he beheld a temple of gauze exactly like that of the Duchesse de Choiseul! Within the temple fluttered butterflies of every kind, and over the door was the same inscription which the Chevalier had written for the entrance to the temple at Chanteloup. Had he been transported by magic to the banks of the Loire?

And now he saw coming towards him a young girl about fourteen or fifteen years of age. She was dressed like a villager of Lorraine, and her form and features were so like those of a child whom he had known long, long ago, that for the moment he thought this one must be she. The girl spoke, and

the voice, too, was the same.

'Good-day, Monsieur de Boufflers!' she said, as, curtseying, she held out to him a little gauze net. 'What do you think of my butterflies? You are such an excellent judge of them!'

'Who — what — are you? How do you come here?' asked the bewildered man.

'Don't you remember Aline, who used so often to bring you butterflies?

'Am I dreaming?' said De Boufflers. He took the child's hand, and pressed it to his lips.

'Aline! Aline! It cannot be you?

'Cannot be me? Then who won the prize for the best butterflies? To whom did you give the gold cross which I am wearing to-day, and which I promised to wear as long as I lived?

'It is indeed the same cross,' said De Boufflers.
'Oh, tell me—tell me quickly—the meaning of all this! Whence do you come and who are you?'

She is my daughter, replied the Countess von Lauterbach, suddenly stepping out of a thicket where she had been hidden. 'My dear, dear friend, to whom I owe so much, how rejoiced I am to see you again! I am Aline, once the wife of Charles Verner, whose only child stands before you.'

It took the lady some time to make the Chevalier understand how she came to be the Countess von Lauterbach. Her first husband, Colonel Charles Verner, had saved the life of the Count von Lauterbach in a battle, and in doing so himself received a mortal wound. In his last moments he had entreated the Count to care for his wife and child. Von Lauterbach thought that he could best help them by becoming the husband of the one and the stepfather of the other. But in a few years' time he too died,

and thus Aline was again a widow - this time a very wealthy one. Long had she been trying, she said, to find De Boufflers, the kind old friend to whom she owed her prosperity.

Tears of joy stood in the Chevalier's eyes as he embraced the Countess and her child. He was now rich, for had he not two Alines? And both, as affectionate, devoted daughters, cared for him during the remainder of his life, so that he often wondered at the bountiful harvest of gratitude and affection which had sprung from the little bit of good he had been able to do for the simple village girl.

E. D.

WINTER.

THE cold, grey skies of winter Roof in our little street; The winds rush madly through it, Clean and strong and fleet, Bearing on their mighty wings Rain and snow and sleet.

We pull the curtains closer, We draw up to the fire; Gathering fury as it goes, The wind mounts ever higher; It beats against our window-pane And never seems to tire.

We roast brown chestnuts on the hearth, And apples crabbed and old, We play at ball with oranges Like gleaming globes of gold; We feel the warmer while we know The night is drear and cold.

It's a good time to be quiet in, To watch the flames and dream, While the merry voices round us Join in a living stream, That winds and twists and sings along, With laughter, sparkle, gleam.

The wind grows deep and angry, The snow begins to fall, The song the fire is singing Is the sweetest song of all: Come in from the world outside W. P. Lynch. And listen to its call!

THE DAUPHIN.

ONE day, in the year 1349, Hubert, second Count of Dauphiny, stood with his little son — an only child - at an open window in his palace in Grenoble. Then he lifted the little thing on to his shoulder and together they watched the swiftly-flowing river Isere dashing over its rocky bed, far below. Suddenly, for some unknown reason, the child leaped from his father's shoulder and slipped through the window. It was impossible to save him, and he was drowned in the roaring torrent.

Count Hubert was inconsolable. Life in the world had no further charm, so he retired to a monastery. For two hundred thousand florins he gave Dauphiny to Philip, the youngest son of Philip of Valois, on the condition that the eldest son of the King of France should ever after be known as Dauphin,' from the name of the province.

Charles V., grandson of Philip of Valois, was the first who bore the title, in 1530.

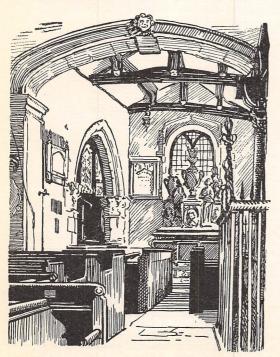
OLD ENGLAND.

III. — SIR THOMAS MORE AT CHELSEA.



N the time of his power as Lord Chancellor of England, Sir Thomas More built a house and laid out a park on the bank of the river Thames at Chelsea, where he lived with his family and the families of his sons and daughters. Being a man of great learning and wisdom, he conducted the household

learning and wisdom, he conducted the household very much on the plan that he had conceived in his book, Utopia, an account of an ideal land beyond the seas, where everything was ordered and arranged for good. As the head of the house, More governed it, 'not by a lofty carriage and frequent rebukes, but by gentleness and amiable manners,' and he saw that 'every member was busy in his place, performing his duty with alacrity.'

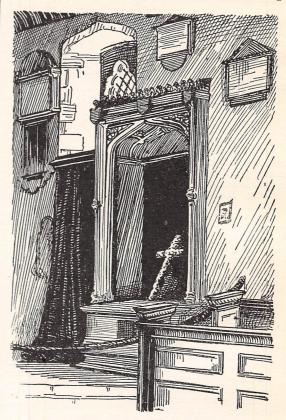


Sir Thomas More's Chapel, Chelsea.

But, although he made his daughters learn Latin and Greek and study the ancient philosophies as well as music and 'the arts,' 'sober mirth,' as Erasmus declared, was not wanting. In the house at Chelsea, More entertained the great men of his day, amongst them, besides Erasmus, Holbein the painter, who lived with him for three years, painting portraits of his family, while King Henry VIII., who was the

Lord of Chelsea Manor, was seen frequently in the garden with his arm clasped affectionately round his Chancellor's neck.

But in spite of this royal favour, More's life at home was extremely simple. Besides condemning



Sir Thomas More's Tomb, Chelsea.

himself to the penances customary at that day, in the Old Church of Chelsea (now All Saints') he donned a surplice and sang in the choir, and when rebuked for this lack of dignity, answered bluntly that he did not dishonour the King by honouring God. To the same church More added a chapel, built partly from the designs of Holbein, which is still known as 'Sir Thomas More's Chapel,' where he worshipped with his family.

In matters of religion he was always intolerant. A mulberry-tree in the garden at Chelsea was used for a whipping-post, and he aroused indignation by his severity in enforcing the religious laws of the country. Nevertheless, More prided himself on his justice. One day a beggar-woman came, declaring that her dog had strayed and been cared for by Lady More, who refused to part with it. Going on the terrace of the house at Chelsea, More placed his wife at one end, the beggar-woman at the other, and the dog exactly between them. Then the beggar stood in her tatters, calling shrilly, and Lady More stood in her silks and satins, calling also, until the animal was bewildered and did not know which way to turn. At last, however, it went to the beggar-

woman, and More declared that she should be its mistress, as the dog had shown to be right; but, unfortunately for the moral of the tale, Lady More defeated justice by purchasing the animal for a gold coin.

More knew that the King's friendship was no guarantee of safety. To his son-in-law, when speaking of this at the time of the French wars, 'Son Roper,' he said, 'I have no cause to be proud thereof: for if my head would win him a castle in France, it would not fail to go.' And a few years before his death there came a time of discord, when he had to resign the Chancellorship. Wishing to break the news to his wife, as a servant had been accustomed to go daily to announce his departure from home, he went to her himself, and said, 'Madam, my Lord is gone,' and Lady More rebuked him for his lightness in going, asking whether it was not better to rule than to be ruled, and what would he now do to pass the time?

In 1534, under the Act of Succession, More was ordered to take the Oath of Supremacy, which, since it was against the promptings of his conscience, he refused to do. He was summoned to Lambeth Palace. Knowing that he would never return, he said farewell to his wife and children at the doorway of his home, forbidding them to accompany him to the water's edge, and then walked alone with a firm step to the barge that was to take him from Chelsea to Lambeth. Probably some faint-hearted hesitation nearly overcame him, for, after sitting silent as the barge moved down the river, he looked up suddenly as if he had come to some great decision and turned cheerfully to his companion: 'I thank the Lord, son Roper,' he said, 'the field is won.' At

Lambeth, Cranmer, as Archbishop of Canterbury, tendered to him the oath, which he refused. He was ordered to walk in the garden to reconsider his action. He passed the time cheerfully, watching those around him and making merry comments on what he saw. When called back, he again refused to take the oath, and was led away to the Tower of London. There he was imprisoned for some time, and, as usual, bore all his misfortunes lightly, writing messages on the walls and on scraps of paper with lumps of coal, until in 1535, after a short trial, he was condemned to execution.

His body was given back to his family, the head, according to custom, being impaled on London Bridge. But his faithful daughter, Margaret Roper, went by boat at night and, scaling the bridge, took away the head, and cherishing it carefully, hid it

with the body from the sight of man.

Some years before his death, More had set up in Chelsea Old Church a family tomb, on which he had inscribed the story of his life and his own estimate of his character. When he wrote this epitaph, in which he said that he had acquired 'the esteem of the best of princes, the nobility and people, and was dreaded only by thieves, murderers, and heretics,' More sent it for criticism to his friend Erasmus. Erasmus, knowing that he himself might be included under the word 'heretics,' struck out the word before returning the scroll; but More, obstinately thinking that at a later date he might put back the censored phrase, left a gap in the stone lettering upon the tomb. And this gap still remains as one of the most interesting memorials of Sir Thomas More to be seen at Chelsea Church.

G. Belton Cobb.



Old Chelsea Church.

OUR LITTLE GARDENS: A YEAR'S WORK.

V. - MAY.

'A PRIL showers bring forth May flowers.' This should mean that we have a very beautiful flower-decked month before us.

It is always a good thing to pick off faded and dying flowers, and for this purpose we may visit our gardens each day in May, with seissors and a basket: dead flowers take away nourishment from the rest

of the plant.

Hitherto I have not even mentioned the name of vegetables, but I feel I must say a word concerning the scarlet-runner beans, for they produce a quantity of cheery flowers, and these are succeeded by the beans. Now, I have thought that perhaps you could manage to grow these over an archway. When people have very little room to spare, they often grow them in this way. Of course, you must not cut off the faded flowers from these when they come, as that would mean no beans; the remains of the flowers become beans. Any time now you may sow the seed, and as the young plants grow tall enough you can either train them to sticks, or over the arch, as I suggested. The archway might span a pathway, and of course you would sow seeds at each side of the arch. If you should grow them in a row, you must not plant them at the south end of your little garden, because they will grow tall enough to keep off far too much of the sunshine. Put them at the north end.

Some of you may have been taking care of some geraniums and fuchsias in pots during the winter. The time has now come when these tender things, that in winter will only live in houses or greenhouses, must be hardened off, if we think of planting them out for the summer. They may stand out of doors all day now, and only when frost threatens need they be covered up at night. About the beginning of the last week in the month, they may be turned out of their pots and planted in your garden.

Sometimes there is a difficulty in getting a plant out of its pot. Never pull it out by its stem. Place your hand across the top of the pot with the stem of the plant between your fingers; then, with the pot upside down in your hand, tap it sharply on the rim on a bench or anything at hand. This should loosen the soil and make it leave the pot quite whole, like a jelly from a mould.

Do not forget what I said last month (see page 142) about thinning your annual plants. You will not find nine inches from plant to plant a bit too much when they are full grown, although you may

think it so at the present time.

Your rose-bushes may need your careful attention this month. Wherever you see a portion of a leaf folded over, you must raise it; probably you will find a rose-maggot comfortably housed there. I need not add that it must be removed. Tiny little green flies may also be found infesting your rose-trees. There are several things advised for destroying these, but if you will gently draw your fingers along the growth, you will find this as effectual as anything. I know a famous gardener who treats his favourite bushes in this way rather than any other. You cannot do wrong in giving encouragement to your rose-bushes at this season by feeding them with liquid manure. Always use this well diluted with

water; and perhaps the best way to make it is to get a small quantity of animal manure, put it in an old bucket and fill up with water; put a little of this in your water-cans and fill up again with clear water. Sometimes you can give soot-water for a change. Ferns especially delight in it; it makes their foliage rich and deep in colour.

In gardening we must always be looking ahead, and I foresee that when the autumn comes you will want to plant some sturdy young wallflowers. Well, sow the seed some time during the last half of this month. You can sow out in the open, and thin out the young plants as I have told you to do your annuals. By the autumn they will have grown into fine young plants. If you can beg a little bit of spare ground outside your own gardens for these do so, as they will not flower until next year. You can transplant them to where you want them to blos-

som in your gardens in the autumn. I mention wallflowers especially, because it is delightful to

have in our gardens sweet-smelling flowers.

I wonder if any of you are thinking of having a dahlia or two in your gardens? If you buy these, probably the nursery-man will not send them until the fear of frost is over, as they are tender things. When you plant them, I advise you to put the stake into the ground beside them before you fill up the hole. You may not have to tie them to this at once, but it will be in readiness, and no injury will be done to the roots if it be placed at the time of plant-

ing.

You may have already staked and tied a good many things, but you will find that a number of your plants will grow so tall that they will need tying again above the ties you put earlier.

tying again above the ties you put earlier.

As the month grows older you will find that the foliage of your bulbous plants (daffodils, narcissi, tulips, and others) gradually dies off. This is the welcome signal that the bulbs have gone to rest for the summer months, and when the leaves have quite withered and dried down, the time has come when you may lift and store them if you wish to do so. Store them in sand and keep them in a cool place; or, if you like, leave them under the soil just as they are. It will not hurt them to plant some of your annual plants above them. If you take them up now, you will have to replant them next autumn. But if you leave them in the ground, you are rather apt to forget that they are there.

F. M. Wells.

BIRD CAY.

By H. de Vere Stacpoole. (Continued from page 155.)

CAPTAIN HORN was too absorbed in thought to notice that the mate had taken upon himself to order Jam aft. He was brought to himself by Mr. Clopping, who, I will say, had his head screwed on the right way, much as I disliked him for his creeping way of thinking, and his hard, cold manner.

But, see here, said Mr. Clopping, 'there's one

'But, see here,' said Mr. Clopping, 'there's one point we haven't arrived at, and it seems to me important enough. How did Prentice get to know of the chart, and, more than that, how did he get to

know of the location we're after?'

Here was the question that I felt was going to undo me. I had escaped wonderfully up to this. Captain Horn had all the essential news about the robbery and the robber; his knowledge that I was the cause of all the bother would not forward matters in the least; yet I was fully prepared to make a clean breast of the matter. I could easily have escaped by lying, and it is a comfort to me now to think that I did not even contemplate that.

But Captain Horn saved me from the humiliation

of a confession.

'What in thunder has that to do with it?' he burst out. 'The scamp's gone, the thing's done, and what is the good of poking round and asking how he did it?'

'As you please,' replied Mr. Clopping. 'But how a foremast hand like Prentice came to know of the business and, what's more, came to know of the whereabouts of the chart, passes my comprehension.'

Now, as I afterwards discovered, Captain Horn was under the belief that the whole of this business was due to his blabbing in the tavern that day when the rum overtook him. He fancied that one of the men to whom he had been talking had got hold of Prentice, and this accounts for the savage way he turned now on the mate, bidding him hold his tongue and keep his comprehension till it was called for.

'What we have to do now,' says he, when he had fallen calm again, 'is to put a stopper on these chaps. We can't sail till daybreak, for the water won't be on board till then; they've got a few hours start of us, and I'm not saying that in light winds the old barque mayn't outsail us a bit — but not by much. Howsoever, let that be as it may, we'll get there as quick as the wind can take us, and as quick as we can clear the port. What we have to fix our noses to now is the fact that there'll be fighting when our lot meets that lot, and that shows the use of a bit of foresight, for we have pistols and ammunition, and cutlasses enough and to spare, and I'd lay a dollar the Sarah Cutter hasn't more than belayin'-pins to fight with.'

'One moment,' said Mr. Clopping. 'They have the original chart, but I suspect you have the location

marked down all right on our charts?

'You may lay to that,' replied Captain Horn, 'and if there wasn't a chart in the whole blessed world I'd find that island blindfold—I'd smell it. Now then, let's get to work; have the boat ready and the water-casks, to start before sun-up. It won't take more than an hour to get the water aboard; the provisions came off this evening. Now then, Dick, get forward with you, and not a word out of your mouth unless the crew ask you about Prentice. You can tell 'em he's deserted—the swab.'

Off I went, leaving the Captain and Mr. Clopping together confabulating over the business in hand.

You may guess I was excited; the word about the cutlasses and pistols, the chance of seeing real fighting, and the chance of the treasure, all combined to put me in a flame. It was not till now that I realised fully that my uncle was the chief one concerned in the business, and that the success of our venture might mean very much to him. From his irritability during the preparation of the brig, and from certain words which he had let drop, I gathered that he had sunk a large part of his money in the venture. He had always been a careful and saving man, but I doubt if his income from the business could amount to much. What between paying the hands at the factory and the high wages he had to pay to the skilled workers whose business is was to perfect the

mathematical instruments, and his easy-going way with people, letting them run up debts and not bothering about payment: I suspect his yearly takings were not half what they ought to have been Boy though I was, these things were in my mind, and I vowed to myself, come what might, I at least would not be wanting when the moment came.

I found the hands in good-humour. They were at supper, and the fresh provisions ordered on board by the Captain had been served out. Word had gone about that Jim Prentice had deserted, and I never did hear such a power of abuse as was poured out over his name. He owed a shilling to one man, he had borrowed a scarf from another to go askore with, he owed another fellow a plug of tobacco; but it was not what he owed that raised a storm against him, but what he was. They all disliked him for one reason or another, and often for no apparent reason, for sailors are good character-readers, and though Prentice was one of those men who make for popularity by speaking all men fairly, he was unable to make friends, and, indeed, unable to keep from making enemies.

When supper was over I got on deck; there was a good deal of bustle going on, Mr. Clopping seeing to the water-casks and the condition of the boats, of which we only carried two—the long-boat and a dinghy. I, having nothing to do with the crew's work, was idle, and found time to chat with Jam, who had finished clearing up from supper, and who was leaning over the side watching the lights of

Havana and the shipping in the harbour.

'Well, Jam,' said I, 'so we're off to-morrow.'
'Yes, sar,' replied Jam, 'we's homeward bound sure — maybe.'

'What do you mean by "maybe?"' I asked.

Jam was silent for a moment. Then he spoke, lowering his voice a bit. 'I dunno, sar, I only make a guess; you remember dat Jim Prentice? — well, he say to me somethin' t'other day. He say to me, "Jam, suppose I take my hook from off de ole Albatross, you come wiff me?" An' I say to him, "not much, Albatross good 'nuff fo' Jam;" an' he say, "you tink you go to Lunnon in her? You're mistook; Captin Horn, he goin' foolin' roun' de islands on a business of him own — bad business too," says he. "Nebber mind," says I; "good 'nuff business fo' Jam, Jam stick to de Albatross, good 'nuff for Jam." Well, sar, when he hears that, he pretends he were jokin' — an' now, look! he run 'way sure enuff.'

'Why do you think he ran away, Jam?' said I, more to test how much he knew of the affair than

for any other reason.

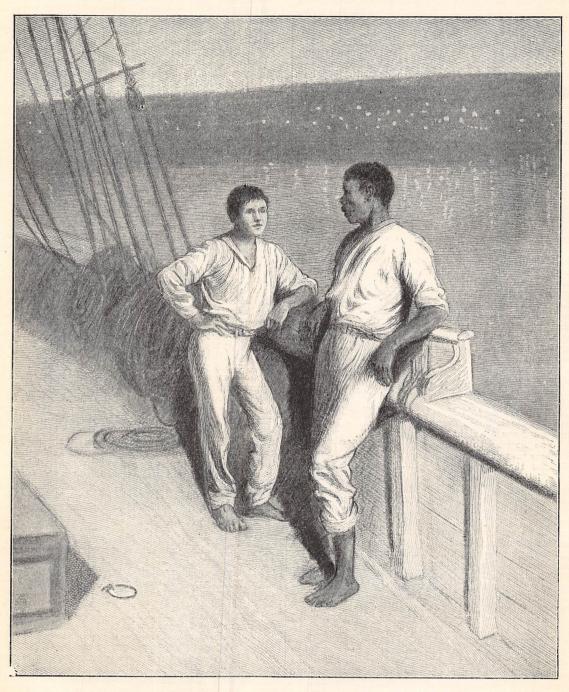
'I dunno, sar,' replied Jam, 'nor why he run aboard de Sarah Cutter, nor why she up wid her anchor soon as he were aboard, nor why Capt'n Horn be get in such a takin', nor why he call me aft wid all dem charts on de table; you knows more dan I know, sar, but I 'spects a lot.'

'Well, Jam,' said I, 'whatever you suspect, don't say anything of your suspicions to the men. I'd tell you all if I could, but I have promised to keep my

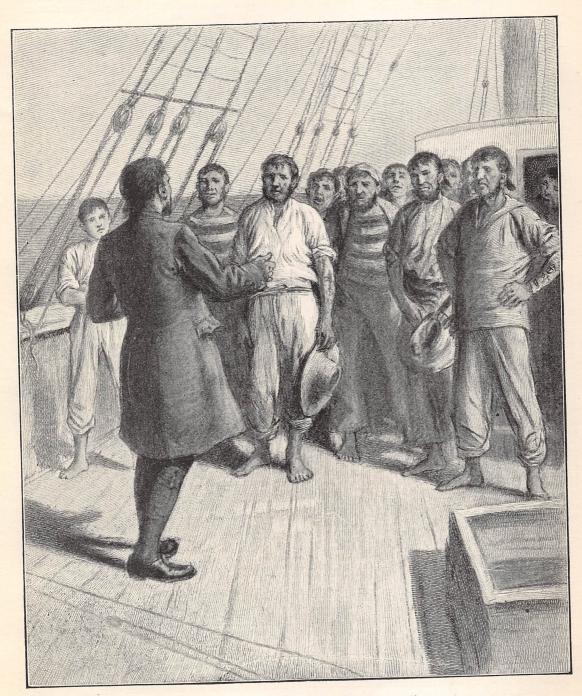
mouth shut.'

With that I left him, called aft by Mr. Clopping on some business or other; and half-an-hour later I was fast asleep in my bunk, too tired to dream, much less to chatter in my sleep.

(Continued on page 170.)



"So we're off to-morrow,' said 1."



"He told them the whole story of the treasure."

BIRD CAY.

By H. de Vere Stacpoole. (Continued from page 167.) CHAPTER XIII.

WAS awakened before dawn by the noise of the men on deck getting ready the long-boat to go for water.

The moon had just vanished beneath the sea-line, and the boat and the men were away before the first

ray of dawn lit the eastern sky.

Mr. Clopping sighted me, and busy as he kept me on odd jobs, I had an eye for the surprising way the day came right up through the night, so that the blazing rim of the sun was looking over the sea in a moment, as one might say, and sea and sky were blue with a breeze blowing and bending the palmtrees on shore, where ten minutes back everything had been still and dark and lit by stars.

Jam was cooking eggs for breakfast, and flapjacks, a kind of cake of his own invention; he set me to make the coffee, and when the men were aboard with the water and breakfast was finished, the capstan bars were manned and the anchor began to lift

from the mud.

Fellows were aloft loosening out the sails, the breeze blew merrily, and all of a sudden the old brig, that had been swinging like a log to the tides for more than a fortnight, took a feeling of life. She was away.

I stood watching the shore as it faded little by little, gliding westward, so that now Havana was behind us, the south-west wind freshening by gusts and the old Albatross talking to the sea and throwing it away from her in great bursts of spray.

I heard Captain Horn talking to Mr. Clopping, and the mate congratulating him on the fair wind, and the Captain answering back. He seemed in high spirits, and so, for a wonder, did Mr. Clopping. The latter, even, had a fair word for me when he chanced across me a moment later.

I think the thought of what might be coming raised even the mate's slow enthusiasm, but only for awhile; half-an-hour later he was as down as ever

and as gloomy.

Towards noon the wind died down a bit, and the Albatross lost way. She was a good sea-boat, but she wanted plenty of wind to show herself at her best. In light airs and puffy head-winds I have seen her carry on for all the world like a fat old lady wanting breath, fanning herself, so to speak, by flapping her sails and flinging herself about.

The south-west wind kept the sails drawing, just that and no more; the brilliant sea beneath the noonday sun lay blue as a flower to the Cuban coast, and the wind tempered the heat so that nothing could be pleasanter in the way of a cruise. But the thought of the Sarah Cutter drawing away from us, as she surely was, spoiled all the beauty for me. I hung over the side watching the scraps of seaweed passing astern in the blue waters and great jellyfish and Portuguese men-o'-war. Sometimes an albacore, bigger than a salmon, would take a leap from the sea, flash in the air, and vanish; and flocks of flying-fish, white and silver, flew with us, and sometimes right across our course.

It was after eight bells noon, the men had finished dinner, and Jam had cleared away the things from the Captain's table, when I was called aft, and found Captain Horn and Mr. Clopping in consultation by the deck-house door.

Though they had sent for me, they did not notice me for a moment, so deep were they in their talk. 'If you think it's safe,' said Mr. Clopping, 'then

I have no more to say.'

There's nothing safe in this world but Bank of England stock,' replied the Captain, 'and precious little of that there is for the likes of you and me; but if you can tell me how we're to work this job and the crew not knowing, then I'll listen to you. Dick,' said he turning to me, 'I'm going to take the crew into the know, and tell them how the land lies, and what their share will be if we pull the business off. You're Simon Bannister's nephew, so I tell you, and if you have any objections to make on behalf of the owners, make 'em.'

I had nothing to say, and told him so.

'Then off with you, for ard,' replied he, 'and tell the bo'sun to pipe all hands and send 'em aft.'

Off I went, and in a minute the men were tumbling up on deck to the shrilling of the bo'sun's pipe, and crowding aft; every soul on board was mustered, all but the man at the wheel, and he could hear quite well what was going on as he stood twirling the spokes with his great hairy hands.

I can see them still, the crew of the Albatross, all grouped in a cluster, dressed in every variety of garb, striped shirts, dungaree jackets, canvas trousers; whiskered and pigtailed, tattooed—some of them—so that you couldn't see the colour of their arms for the flags and mottoes and girls and anchors blazed in blue and red; chewing, every man Jack of them, and all with their eyes fixed on Captain Horn, who was standing now beside Mr. Clopping and looking mighty grim, more as if he had piped them for punishment than anything else.

The men must have thought so too, for I saw

some of them nudging the others, and the faces of the whole lot showed their feelings; but they hadn't to wait long, for having stepped to the leeward rail, and dropped his quid into the sea, the Captain turned on them and let fly with the most amazing

harangue I ever heard.

He let into Jim Prentice first of all, gave him his character there and then without any mincing of words, and having done this he set to and told them the whole story of the treasure and how we were bound to pick it up. Then he told how Jim Prentice had stolen the chart, and had got before us: and at that the whole crowd, forgetful of the quarterdeck, broke into a roar that was good to hear, and which promised hot work if ever the Albatross crew and the crew of the Sarah Cutter came to clash.

'And now,' said Captain Horn, 'you've got the whole yarn, but you haven't got the end of it. What findings there is, three-quarters goes to the owners and a quarter to me who gave them the bearings, the owners agreeing to pay four hundred guineas apiece to the two mates and two hundred golden guineas apiece to every hand aboard the ship.' He waited whilst another shout went up, then he went on, 'Two hundred golden guineas, to which I add fifty out of my own pocket. That's all. For'ard with you now - and Jam, you black scoundrel, serve out a tot o' grog all round to drink luck to the Albatross and the venture.'

The men went forward like schoolboys tumbling

out of school, jostling one another, and playing leapfrog. Jam, with a grin all over his face, went about his work, and presently came the squeaking of the bo'sun's fiddle from the black hole of the fo'c'sle, where they were huddled, swarming like bees.

'There you are,' said Captain Horn, as they went aft; 'they're fit for anything now in the way of fighting. Give 'em belayin' pins and give the Sarah Cutter's chaps cutlasses, and I'd back the belayin'pins. Fight! they'll fight like tom-cats, and there's no fear of them risin' when we get the stuff aboard. I've treated 'em like men, and if you treat men like men, they'll be men—it's human nature.' (Continued on page 179.)

FLOWERS IN THE GRASS.

AS we wander through the meadows, Left and right as on we pass, There are always flowers growing, Growing sweet amid the grass.

Life is like a field before us; As we daily onward pass, Let us set some flowers growing, Growing sweet amid the grass.

Tender thoughts and gracious memories -Then shall other feet that pass, Find these lovely flowers growing, Growing sweet amid the grass.

STONES AND THEIR STORIES.

V. — ROMANESQUE AND SAXON.

IF you look at a map of Europe you will find that all the 'stones' about which I have mainly talked, have been around the Mediterranean Sea. dealt with Egypt, Persia, Turkey, Greece, Italy, a little about Spain, and then I took you to Japan and India for just a glimpse. Now I want to tell rapidly of the spread of architecture and finally land you in England. To pick up our thread we must just recall some of the history. You remember the removal of the seat of government from Rome to Byzantium (Constantinople). Well, with that removal, differences of opinion in matters of religious beliefs began to arise between Rome and Byzantium, and as years went by the forms in Byzantium became so different from those followed in Rome, that a new sect formed there; it gradually spread over Greece and to Russia (going East chiefly, you will find if you look at the map), and it has always kept its chief characteristics and its architecture even to this day.

The influence from Rome affected the West; when the country began to recover from the darkness in religious matters which followed the downfall of the Roman Empire, the Christian religion spread; then the desire for special buildings for worship revived architecture. Of course, it began in and around Rome, and therefore the chief influence was Roman; that is, the remains of the wonderful buildings of Rome were often worked into the new buildings, thus giving them a Roman look, so the style which then developed is known as 'Romanesque.' So you see it was through the early Church that all the great changes came about. Religious architecture was now freed from many of the old objections to

forms of decoration founded upon natural objects, and we come quickly to periods of most beautiful as well as grotesque ornament.

But let us draw up a bit, or we shall make too big a jump, thus losing the thread of our story. In A.D. 800 a king was set up over South Europe, Charlemagne by name (no doubt you know much about him). He was the first man since the decay of the Roman Empire to try to rouse the people to build. But there was a long period, before the year 1000, when very little was done; this was because, somehow, people had got the idea that in the year 1000 after Christ the world would come to an end, and naturally if they believed that sincerely, they would not be keen about erecting buildings to last many hundreds of years! But when the year 1000 came, passed, and nothing happened, the people then seemed to be in a great hurry to build, and splendid buildings sprang up everywhere.

I will now first speak of the Romanesque style as a whole, and then tell of one or two peculiarities

which developed in different districts.

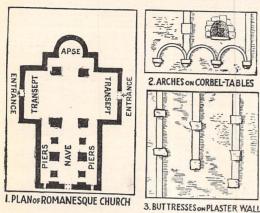
The old basilica was their idea of a church, and, as I have told you (see page 123), they at first just improved and improved on that plan until they came practically to the plan we now have. In this period they added 'wings,' so to speak, at the sides, which were (and are) called 'transepts' (fig. 1). Also they very often built cloisters adjoining the church; these were square courtyards surrounded by a covered way from which opened the cells where lived the monks.

The actual walls were very roughly built, because the influence of Roman concrete was still felt, but decorations were used in the form of little semi-circular arches resting on what is called a corbel table (fig. 2); also flat upright bands or 'buttresses' divided the walls (fig. 3). The doorways were sunk in the walls, as it were; a great opening would be made with columns on each side carrying an arch. Then inside that, a little further back, would be another arch and pair of columns, and so on, according to the richness of the building (figs. 4 and 5). (Doors like this are said to be 'recessed,' i. e., made receding.) Round or 'rose' windows were now first used (fig. 6). With the question of roof came a great difficulty, for the feeling was that a vaulted or domed roof of stone was preferable to a flat wooden one, both as looking more imposing and being safer from destruction by fire. You will remember that the concrete roofs were over round buildings and held together like a lid; but when they tried to build them of stone their troubles were great, because the enormous weight of the roofs was inclined to push the walls outward! They had either to make the walls very thick to prevent bulging (and this of course gave a heavy appearance to the buildings), or they had to arrange something to receive the push; this they did sometimes by having halfdomes in the sides of the churches as shown in the diagram (fig. 7).

Columns were generally stumpy and solid, often

very elaborately decorated with carvings.

Now to mention a few peculiarities which arose in different countries. In Italy it was the custom to build, near a church, a bell-tower, or campanile as it was called. At Pisa there is that celebrated one known now as the 'Leaning Tower'; this is because it is all on one side, which was caused by the foundations giving way on one side while it was being built: it leans over as much as eleven feet out of the upright. People who have been up it tell me that the sensation one has when looking down from the top is most horrid! I will not illustrate it, because

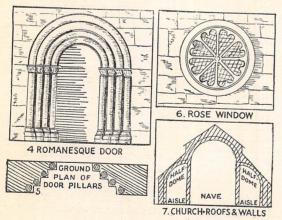


there are heaps of pictures of it about, but if you come across one, then remember what I have told you; also notice on that tower the rows and rows of areades all up it.

In South Italy the climate is so mild that the buildings have flat roofs, and wide overhanging roofs for shade—this is an example of the influence of climate on architecture.

During this period the Germans invented the art of painting or staining glass, and from them we first learned to have coloured glass in our church windows.

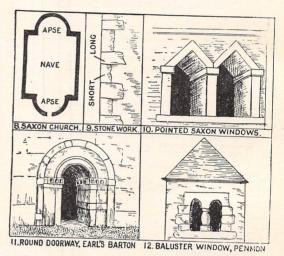
From the time of Charlemagne, kings took great interest in buildings (as you no doubt know, William



the Conqueror was very keen on building); but the priests and monks did even more, and many of our most beautiful cathedrals were built entirely by them.

Now I think we will just jump over the English Channel and land in England. Of course, the Romans, during their time of occupation of our land, built; at the present time we often unearth founda-

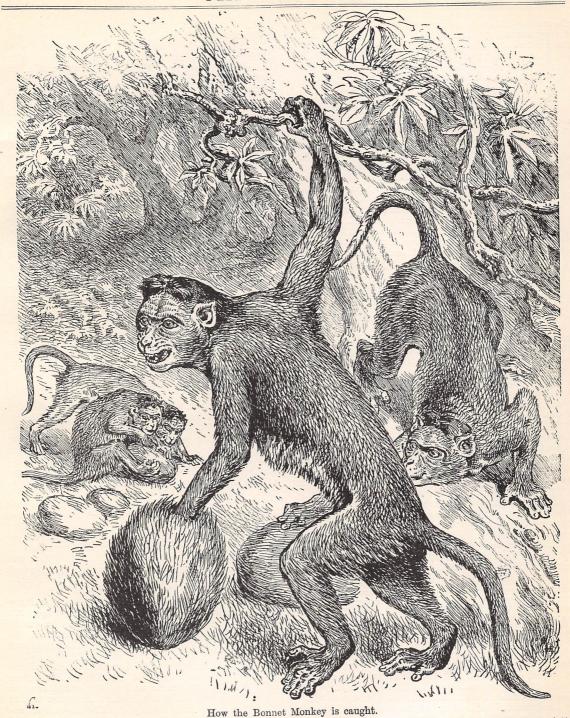
tions of their buildings; a whole town has been dug up at Silchester, near Reading. But we will begin with the Saxons, that is before the coming of William the Conqueror (A.D. 1066), who, of course brought with him his style from Normandy. There are few Saxon remains except towers, but people who make a hobby of investigating these matters tell us what they believe they were like. We can be sure of their plans, because of the foundations that still remain. They were generally simple oblong buildings, with apses either at one or both ends. At Rochester there was a Saxon church, and the outline of the foundations can be seen on the pavement at the west end of the cathedral; this one had an apse at each end (fig. 8), and it did not stand East and West, as do our churches of later date. The general character of the Saxon buildings was undoubtedly heavy; though they built in stone they were always influenced by the fact that in earlier



times they had used wood, and they were therefore inclined to form the stone into the shapes they had used in wood; this, of course, is mainly noticeable in the ornament. The walls were thick and clumsy; they were generally covered with plaster. The angles of the buildings showed the stone, and were in what was called 'long and short' work. Fig. 9 will illustrate the meaning. The openings were small, both doors and windows; they were triangularheaded (fig. 10), or round-headed (fig. 11), and in the case of windows (especially of bell towers) they were divided by what is called a 'baluster' (fig. 12). The roofs we do not know much about, because none exist, but they were most likely of wood. The columns were very simple and stumpy; ornaments and moulding were also of the plainest.

It is difficult to fix a definite date for these early buildings, but it is generally believed that these features I have given were rarely used after the arrival of William the Conqueror, with all his following of barons, nobles, and churchmen; their influence was quickly felt, and during the first hundred years of Norman rule it has been estimated that over seven thousand churches were built, to say nothing of castles and other domestic buildings, in which lived the friends of the invader.

E. M. Barlow.



THE BONNET MONKEY.

ONE of the commonest monkeys of Southern India, both in the forests and the towns, is the Bonnet Monkey. It derives its name from a sort of cap of

long hairs radiating from a centre on the top of its head. This cap does not extend beyond the top of the forehead, where it is replaced by short fine hair, which has usually a parting down the middle. This hair is scarcely visible at a little distance, and as

the monkey's face is nearly flesh-coloured, it presents a very human appearance. The head is rounded, the forehead flat, and the muzzle fairly long. The ears are large, and usually flesh-coloured like the face. The prominence of the eyebrow ridge, which tends to project more and more as the monkey grows older, is rather striking.

The bonnet monkey, which is also sometimes called the Manga, is only small, its head and body together measuring about twenty inches in length. Its tail is about the same length. The body and tail are covered with close fur, moderately long, the general colour of which is a greenish-brown or grey, changing to an ashen colour under the body and on the chest and throat, and the fronts of the thighs.

Few monkeys are better known than this, not only in its native country, but also in the zoological gardens and the travelling menageries of other countries. It is a most active, mischievous, and amusing creature when young, full of tricks and mimicry, but apt to become sullen and even ferocious when it grows old. It is a great thief, and loves to lay up a store of grain or nuts, which it jealously guards for its own use.

The natives of India adopt a simple and almost ludicrous method of capturing the bonnet monkey. They take a number of cocoanuts, and cut into each of them a hole large enough to admit with difficulty the fore foot or hand of the monkey. The nuts are laid near the haunts of the monkeys, and presently the latter descend from the trees, and in their eagerness to get at the contents of the nuts as quickly as possible, they squeeze their hands through the holes, even though it costs them an effort to do so. When the natives see that a number of them have got their hands into the nuts, they make a raid upon The poor monkeys find that they cannot withdraw their hands so readily as they inserted them, and being weighted and incommoded by the nuts, they are easily captured by their pursuers. This mode of trapping them has the advantage of being efficient, without being unnecessarily cruel. monkeys are not injured, nor are they kept for a long time in suspense and fright.

The bonnet monkey is strictly a native of India, and is most commonly met with in the southern part of the country, from Cape Comorin to as far north as Bombay. It belongs to the group known as the macaques, and the toque monkey, which is found in Ceylon, is another of this group, and scarcely differs from the bonnet monkey.

W. A. Atkinson.

ALGERNON'S KIND DEEDS.

A LGERNON BROWN belonged to a little Society, and one of its rules was that each member must do a kind deed every day.

Algernon was seven years old, and he joined this League because he was too young to be a scout. The only real drawback about it was the rule about kind deeds, and Algernon discussed this question very seriously with his friend, John Burnaby, who was also a member of the 'League,' as they sat together on the garden wall one hot August afternoon.

Every child who joined the Society was given a note-book, with a pencil attached to it, and in this he was expected to keep a list of the daily deeds.

Nobody knows till he tries how difficult it is to

think of kind acts,' said John; and Algernon nodded sadly in reply.

'This is my last week's lot,' he said, taking a shabby little book out of his pocket. 'I thought it rather a good set, but Miss Perkins was not a bit pleased.'

Miss Perkins was the young lady who had started the League, and elected herself as its president.

The two boys pored over the note-book, with their heads very close together.

'Sunday. — Carried Mother's prayer-book to

Monday. — Opened the door for Aunt Maria.

Tuesday. — Fielded for Bertram at cricket.

Wednesday. — Lent Bertram penknife to dig

Thursday. — Lent Bertram penknife to skin rabbit. Friday. — Gave Mildred four brandy-balls. Saturday. — Lent Mildred penknife to peel apple.'

Saturday. — Lent Mildred penknife to peel apple.' Well,' exclaimed John, when he had read the list, 'I call it a jolly good list!'

'Miss Perkins didn't,' was the answer. 'She said that, except the brandy-balls, they were all only acts of common politeness.'

John glanced at Friday's entry with renewed interest. 'Four brandy-balls!'—his voice was full of respectful admiration. 'I should think that was a good deed! Especially if they were the big brown sort!'

Algernon's freekled little face grew crimson. 'Yes,' he said, rather doubtfully, 'they were the brown ones; but—well, Mildred's good deed for Friday was, "Gave Algernon four chocolate-creams." Miss Perkins never noticed that.'

This explanation was followed by a thoughtful silence. Algernon was the first to speak. 'I do wish Miss Perkins had let us go on with the bicycle dodge,' he said.

For a whole week when they first joined the League Algernon had cleaned John's bicycle and John had cleaned Algernon's. Unfortunately, Miss Perkins's sharp eye had detected the ruse, and this way of solving the kind deeds difficulty had been forbidden.

During the days that followed Algernon's conversation with his friend the list showed several blanks, and he began to feel in despair. What would Miss Perkins say if he had no kind deeds to produce at the League meeting on Saturday? Algernon seemed to be able to see her surprised face, and to hear the scornful remarks of the more successful members of the Society.

The Browns' house stood at the edge of a large common, which was a splendid place for games. Algernon longed for the time to come when he should be allowed to play and ramble there by himself. At present he could only go for walks with Nurse and the children.

It was a very sulky little boy that started off for the afternoon walk one hot Thursday. But before long his spirits began to revive. It seemed easy to elude Nurse and the perambulator. Algernon waited until Nurse was comfortably established with an acquaintance on a rustic seat and then he strolled away and, as soon as he was out of sight, began to run. He did not pause until he had reached one of the most deserted parts of the common, then he sat on a rock, searched his pockets for a little toffee,

and began to think about the difficult question of kind deeds. There were a number of things in Algernon's pocket, for he had, at the advice of Miss Perkins, provided himself with several articles which might, possibly, in future, be useful for the performance of kind acts.

'You should try to be thoughtful, children,' the president of the society had said, 'and then you will be able to help people out of difficulties and dangers. A box of matches, a ball of string, a bottle of ink, or a pair of scissors have, before now, been of great

value.

Algernon had followed this advice to the letter, but Nurse was not at all pleased when the bottle of ink came uncorked in his pocket, and Mildred had made him give back her new scissors. The matches, however, were still in the boy's pocket, although, by nursery rules, he was forbidden to strike them. He took the box out now in search for toffee and laid it on a rock at his side. He had begun to eat the toffee when he caught sight of an old man trying to light his pipe behind a gorse-bush.

The man, it was evident, had only three or four matches left in his silver case and there was a high wind blowing. He did his best to shelter the tiny flames and muttered to himself angrily when each match spluttered out. Algernon watched with eager, fascinated eyes, for if the last attempt should fail, here was a splendid opportunity for a kind deed.

The last match followed the example of its predecessors, and then Algernon went forward with the matchbox in his hand. 'Can I give you a light, sir?' he said, taking off his hat and speaking in his

most grown-up and polite manner.

The old man stared, for Algernon was only seven years old and small for his age; but he made no demur and asked the little boy to strike a match and apply it to the pipe while he held his coat as a shel-Algernon did not like to refuse, and, indeed, for the moment he had almost forgotten the nursery prohibition. He struck the match very carefully and the pipe was soon alight; then the smoker said, 'Thank you, my boy,' and strolled away. Algernon was left alone with the flickering match in his hand.

A flame is a delightful thing - especially when you are not allowed to play with fire. The red spark nearly touched our hero's fingers before he tossed it

away into the dry grass.

Of course Algernon ought to have put out the match at once, but just then a lizard slid out of a hole and stood motionless, with its beady eyes gleaming and its tiny tongue darting in and out of its mouth. Algernon had always longed to catch a lizard, and now, in a moment, everything else was

forgotten.

The chase was an arduous one, and while the little creature was flitting and zig-zagging across the rocks, something else was running swiftly backwards and forwards through the dry grass and sunburnt leaves. It was something red and dangerous. If Algernon had not been completely absorbed in his hunt, he would have seen it: a line of fire that ran hither and thither from the smouldering match, and that spluttered as grass-blades and twigs were caught by the advancing flames!

There was an empty paper bag among the gorse. It blazed up suddenly, and then a bush was ignited, and a cloud of smoke swept across the common.

The lizard had disappeared now.. Algernon looked

round and rubbed his smarting eyes. He felt rather frightened as he saw the blaze and listened to the crackling noise of the fire.

In the meantime Algernon's nurse had missed her little charge, and having left the perambulator to take care of itself, was hunting for him in all direc-

She found the boy at last, standing in the middle of a half-circle of burning bushes, and looking very

hot and bewildered.

Seizing the child's arm and scolding violently, she began to drag him away into a place of safety. 'You naughty boy, you! What have you been up to now? Come along home this minute, and you shall be punished.'

Algernon followed Nurse meekly. He was used to her sharp tongue, and, besides, he felt that the adventure of the lizard, the match, and the fire had been well worth a few cross words and ill-temper.

However, there was another adventure in store for our little hero on that eventful afternoon. When the truant and his captor approached the spot where Baby and the perambulator had been left, Nurse suddenly gave a loud scream and clasped her hands

The fire had spread rapidly, and now the clump of furze was a mass of flames. A number of people, children and nursemaids, were running backwards and forwards helplessly, and some men could be seen hurrying up from the distance. In the meantime poor Baby was almost surrounded by the burning gorse, and was howling at the top of his voice.

Algernon's nurse was a foolish woman who always lost her head in an emergency. She did nothing but

wring her hands and scream for help.

'Help! help!' screamed Nurse; and then Algernon dropped her arm, to which he had been clinging, set his teeth and plunged into the blinding smoke.

He was a very small boy, and the handle of the perambulator was almost on a level with his chin. It was terribly difficult for him to push Baby out of danger, for the smoke was blinding now, and the roar of the flames seemed as loud as thunder in his ears. Sparks were falling too, and some of them scorched his hands badly. The baby shrieked almost scorched his hands badly. The baby shrieked almost as loudly as Nurse, but Algernon did not falter, and struggled on bravely with his heavy load. He was just beginning to feel as if he must give it all up and fall down into the middle of the smoke and flames, when two or three men hurried up to the scene of the disaster. One of them seized the perambulator and crushed out the sparks that were burning ugly holes in the silk coverlet, and another caught up poor exhausted little Algernon in his arms.

Nurse recovered completely when all the danger was over. She called Algernon a hero, and kissed his grimy face again and again.

The boy bore it patiently, because he knew that he had been naughty and disobedient to run away. It never occurred to him that perhaps it might have

been his match that set the furze on fire.

That evening the League note-book was taken out, and Algernon made two entries in it - writing was rather difficult because his scorched hand was sore and stiff: 'Thursday. — (1) Lit old man's pipe. (2) Saved Baby from bush-fire.'

'What a pity,' said Algernon to himself. kind deeds wasted on one day.' A. A. Methley.



"Algernon struggled on bravely."



"They argued about it."

THE ODD SHEEP.

A Fable.

TWO brothers lived on an island and earned a scanty living by cultivating small patches of ground. One of them was called Malon, the other Maley

On the death of an uncle, they inherited jointly a large flock of sheep, and considered themselves rich men. They now devoted their time to the herding of the sheep, and for some weeks all went well. One unlucky day, however, a knotty point arose between them. Malon wanted to drive the flock to the right of a certain rocky hill, while Maley held out for the path on the left-hand side. After much disputing, they came to the conclusion that nothing remained

but for the flock to be divided, so that they might go their separate ways.

The sheep were carefully counted and singled out, and peace might have been restored had it not been for one odd sheep, which remained standing in the middle after they had parted their flocks. Over this unfortunate animal their wrangling knew no bounds; they argued about it by day, and it kept them awake at night.

'Let us kill the sheep and have done with it,' suggested Malon. 'After we have divided the carcase there will be no further ground for dispute.'
'But it has a splendid fleece,' replied Maley. 'We

can at least have the wool before we kill the sheep.

'Good. I need a pair of warm stockings badly, so we might as well shear it to-day.'
'Stupid! is this the season for shearing sheep?' 'You're an obstinate fool, Maley. I want the wool now, and I shall have it. I shall shear my side of the sheep and leave the rest of the fleece to you.'

'Whoever heard of such a thing? And you have no right to undertake it without my consent,' re-

joined Malon angrily.

To this the other paid no attention, and when Maley came back from a fishing expedition he found the sheep shorn of half its wool.

During the night a dreadful storm swept over the island, and the wind hurled the half-shorn sheep into a disused sandpit, from which it was drawn out, stiff and cold, on the following morning.

'There!' cried Maley, 'that is all your fault, Malon. If you hadn't insisted on shearing the sheep, the wind would never have blown it over the edge

of the pit.'

Nonsense! it was the force of the storm that did it. The sheep happened to be standing near the pit just when a sharp gust of wind came, and the shearing had nothing whatever to do with it. And even if it had, it would be your fault for not having shorn your side of the sheep, so that it could keep its balance.'

In this way the brothers continued quarrelling; and as they could neither come to a decision nor drop the subject, they rowed over to the mainland

and laid the matter before the judges.

'What an interesting case,' cried the men of law; 'surely the like has never been known before!'

So they set to work and pored over mighty tomes in order to find a precedent on which to found their verdict. And in their ardour they carried on their researches so long that Malon and Maley were obliged to sell all the sheep to pay the costs of the case.

Then, there being nothing left to dispute over, they took up their former way of earning a living, and were quite of one mind in regretting the loss of their inheritance.

C. M.

PUZZLERS FOR WISE HEADS.

6. — ARITHMOGRAPH.

I am a word of ten letters.

My third, fourth, and fifth are a boy's name. My fifth, sixth, and seventh are a disorderly crowd.

My seventh, eighth, ninth, and tenth have to do with indigestion.

My fifth, sixth, first, and third surround an ancient castle.

My seventh, fourth, first, and third can float upon the water.

My fifth, sixth, ninth, and tenth can burrow underground.

My seventh, first, ninth, and tenth make a bundle

My seventh, first, eighth, and third will catch the unwary.

My seventh, first, and third can fly at night, and play a game.

My fifth, eighth, ninth, and tenth are a measure of distance.

My whole is a modern wonder.

(Answer on page 210.)

ANSWER TO 'BURIED ENGLISH CATHEDRALS' ON PAGE 146.

5. — 1. Wells, Chester. 8. Ripon.

2. Exeter, York. 9. Manchester, Winchester.

3. Glo'ster. 10. London. 4. Ely. 11. Hereford.

5. Carlisle.6. Oxford. 12. Bristol, Southwark.

13. Wakefield.

7. Bath.

BLOSSOMS OF THE YEAR.

VI. - WILD ROSE.

QUEEN of flowers, the summer rose Now her dainty blossom shows, Throned upon the hedge she grows.

Fairest, fragile summer flower, Can such frailty have the power To outlive a summer shower?

Curving petals, pink or white, Open, and disclose to sight Crowded stamens, golden bright.

Myriad blossoms gay and fine Bow before her sway benign, Queen of all, sweet Eglantine.

E. M. H.

BIRD CAY.

By H. de Vere Stacpoole.

(Continued from page 171.)

THAT evening we sighted the cape that lies to the north of Cardenas. The land here comes out like a tongue, and eastward of the tongue and along the Cuban coast, it is all reefs and islands. To be safe, one must put well out, and stick to the Nicholas Channel between the reefs and islands I spoke of and Anguilla Island. From there it is all straight sailing till you leave Cayo and Romano on your starboard bow, and the entrance of the old Bahama Channel. We were twenty miles or so off Cardenas Point, and standing further out to avoid the islands that lie eastward of it. I watched the land fade away, and the great blaze of sunset come on the water, till the sea turned yellow-gold and the sky from blue to buttercup colour. Then, after supper, I got hold of Jam, and we sat in the caboose and talked of what had happened during the day.

'What'll you do first if you get your money,

Jam?' asked I.

What'll I do fust, sar? I'll go from de Bank right down to de Highway, an' I'll buy a red waist-coat wid flap pockets and gold buttons all up him front; I seen him in de slop-shop where de Highway jines Punter Street, day before we started, and I been longing for dat weskit ebber since. Den, next ting I do, I'll get a kerridge an' go ridin' roun' de town. Yes, sar, I'll do that—nebber been in a kerridge in my life. Den I'll go and have a blow-out, fish and biled taters and plum duff, and sassidges and bottled ginger beer, and a big dish o' cabbage. Den, when dat's done, I gets in de kerridge agin and goes to de play, red waistcoat and all; nebber seen a play, but I guess I'll see one dat night.'

'You'd better keep your money in the bank, Jam,'

said I; 'it's safer.'

'Yes, sar, I know de money's safer, but suppose Jam die with all him money in de bank; he nebber hab de chance to spend 'um.'

'Oh, but you won't die.'

'S'pose de bank go bust. Man told me once he put all his fortune in a bank—almost fifty shillings it were; he goes to sea an' he comes back, an' blest if de bank ain't gone.'

'Gone?

'Yes, sar, de whole ting gone, and a fry-fish shop runnin' instead. He goes to de fry-fish man and axes for his money, and de fry-fish man bats him on de head wid a frying-pan. No, sar, when Jam draws him money from de bank he puts it in a fry-fish

shop, maybe - dat's safe.'

I left him and slipped down to the fo'c'sle. If you know anything of sailors and the fo'c'sles of ships you will know just how they go on, clacking like old wives over everything that turns up. The fo'c'sle is sacred to the men; no officer ever shows his nose there, and they talk as they like about officers and all. But that night there was nothing said, only about Jim Prentice and the treasure. Their hatred of Jim Prentice had risen to boiling-point; every man of them felt that the deserter stood between him and his two hundred and fifty guineas, and they would fall to abusing him, and from abuse they would go on to devising punishments for him when he was caught. One chap was for hanging him by the

heels from the main yard-arm; another, who had served in the navy, was for keel-hauling; and so it went on till the treasure clapped a purchase on them, and Jim Prentice was forgotten in the bigger

subject.

I soon saw that Captain Horn was right in his saying that if you treat men like men they will act like men. For here was a crowd of fo'c'sle hands, all without a penny to bless themselves with, hungry for money and with a huge fortune in sight, yet not a word did I hear suggestive of mutiny or discontent with their share, or only from one man, a lanky good-for-nothing, who sticks in my memory mostly because of his ugly face.

'Look here,' says he, looking over his hammockedge, 'here's a fortune lying waiting to be picked up; well, who's the chaps that's putting the work in

over the job - who, but we?'

Right you are, me son,' said the bo'sun.

'Well, what I want to know is this,' went on the ugly man, 'is it fair?'

'Is what fair?' asked another chap; 'what are

you driving at, Bill?

'Is it fair we should put all the work in and get a beggarly two hundred guineas apiece?'

'A jolly lot of work you put in,' replied a fellow from one of the starboard bunks.

'Bill works hard enough with his jaws,' said an-

other.

'Bout the only work he ever does,' cut in a third. A fourth man stole behind him and let his hammock down by the head; he made a bolt for the companionway, and a boot hit him as he went up

it.

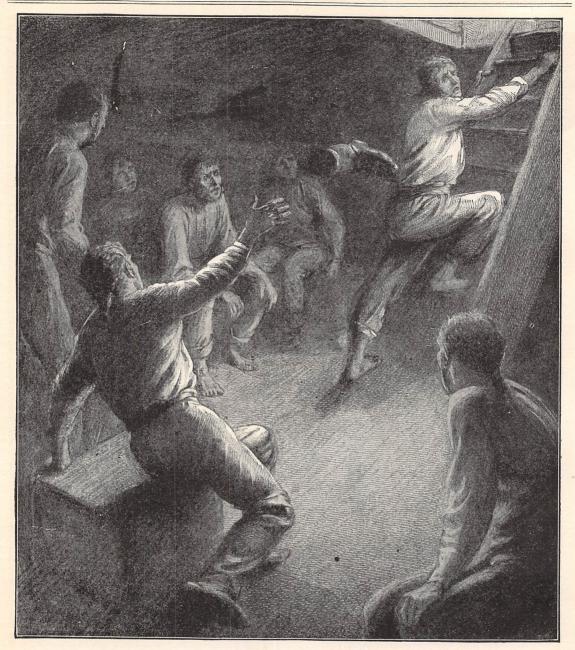
If he had remained he would have had an exceedingly rough time, for the crew were entirely with Captain Horn, and he had made them so, not only by his treatment of them in speaking to them as man to man, but by that promise of fifty guineas apiece out of his own pocket. Also, the hatred of Prentice and the way he had treated the Captain made them loyal to the man they liked. For Captain Horn was liked, and the man who is liked has a power far and away above the power of the man who is feared.

CHAPTER XIV.

Next morning the breeze still held, and we were steering an easterly course, the Cuban reefs and islands invisible beyond the horizon to southward and Anguilla Island showing before noon on the larboard bow. We were doing nine and a half knots, or perhaps a trifle less, with every tag of canvas

set.

The old brig was racing for a fortune. Mr. Clopping, the best helmsman on board, had cast dignity to the winds and took his trick at the wheel, he and Chapman, one of the foremast men, having the art of steering born in them; for it is an art, just like playing on the fiddle or painting a picture, and a good steersman will save miles where a bad steersman will waste them, letting the ship go off her course and not humouring the rudder. With the new steamships it's different, perhaps, for they don't care for wind or wave, but go straight ahead, and any man may steer a swiftly-driven thing that goes of its own force, but with a sailing ship it's different. A sail filled with wind is like a cup brimming with water, easily spilled; and spill the wind out of your



"He made a bolt for the companion-way."

sail and where are you? There are other differences too, more than I can put down on paper.

Every man on deck had his eye cocked aloft most

of the time, and there was no need to give an order twice; everything was done on the run.

At noon, with Anguilla Island on the larboard quarter, the helm was shifted, and we took our course to the south-east and Columbus Bank.

Bird Cay, as marked on the old chart which I still have in my possession, was exactly on the twenty-second parallel of latitude, ninety miles W.S.W. of the southern point of Acklin Island in the Bahamas. We were making say nine knots, to put it at its lowest, so that if the wind held we ought to have been near our destination in thirty hours or less. (Continued on page 186.)



"Werner found the castle surrounded by rows of armed men."

THE WALLS OF THE HABICHTSBURG.

THE reigning dynasty of Austria, the House of Habsburg or Hapsburg, owes its name to a

small and almost inaccessible fortress, which stood on a rock on the banks of the river Aar, in the Swiss Canton of Aargau.

From its position, this castle was called the

'Habichtsburg' (stronghold of the Hawk or Habicht), and it was destined to be the ancestral home of Count Rudolph of Habsburg, the first emperor of the line. It was built by a certain Earl Radbot, though the necessary funds were supplied by Werner, Bishop of Strasbourg, who wished to secure a refuge for himself and his followers, in case of need, in those stormy times.

When it was completed the Bishop paid a visit to Radbot in his new home. On reaching the summit of the rock, he shook his grey head and remarked, in a tone of surprise, 'The castle is all I expected it to be, and more, but how is it that there are no walls

or battlements to protect it?'

'Oh, we can do very well without any,' returned the Earl. 'Did you not build a beautiful Cathedral at Strasbourg without fortifying it on the outside?'

'Yes,' replied Werner, 'but under widely different circumstances. The Cathedral is not for my own use, but for the service of God Almighty, my Lord and Master. It is a hallowed building, and no ruthless hand would dare to touch it. But a fortress cannot resist the attacks of its foes without strong walls!'

resist the attacks of its foes without strong walls!'
'That is true,' said the Earl, thoughtfully; 'it
certainly should be protected on the outside, in case
of an onslaught. But I can remedy this more easily
than you imagine. By to-morrow morning, I promise

you that the walls shall be set up.'

When the Bishop had retired to his apartments, Rabdot sent messengers down into the quiet valley, and with the first gleams of daylight a stream of hardy peasants made its way up the hill. Under the direction of the Earl, they ranged themselves about the castle in deep rows, and when all was in order, Radbot blew a lusty blast on his horn, and took up his station beneath the Bishop's window.

Awakened by the noise, Werner hastened out on the balcony, and found the castle surrounded by rows of armed men; their brightly polished shields, held closely together, made a formidable wall, while the bastions were manned by mounted warriors placed at all the corners of the building.

'Good morning, my Lord Bishop,' cried the Earl.
'You see I have kept my word. And I will wager
my head that no walls or battlements have ever

been set up so quickly.'

'By my faith,' answered the Bishop, 'you are

right to put your trust in walls like these.'

'And by the help of God, the Habichtsburg shall never lack such means of defence, for they will uphold its power far better than the stoutest of stone walls,' said the good Earl, and a deep cry went up from his loyal followers, 'Long live the Lord of Habsburg!'

The fortress on the rock has long since fallen into decay, but history proves to us that the House of Habsburg has indeed been supported, through all the intervening centuries, by 'walls' as strong and reliable as those of the first Earl of the Habichtsburg.

C. M.

A CURIOUS WAY OF PAYING WAGES.

WHEN a fisherman of the Faroe Islands engages himself to the captain of a smack about to sail on a fishing voyage, he does not generally expect to receive payment for his services in gold and silver.

The business is usually done on quite another plan. At the end of each day's work every member of the crew comes before the captain to claim a share of the captures that have been made. Out of the total amount of fish, one-third is set aside to be divided among the crew, and each man's share of this third depends upon how many fish he has been able to add to the general store. Mere statement on the man's part is not enough. He must prove his catches, and in order to do this satisfactorily he hands over the tongues of the fish he has caught. These are carefully counted, and duly registered against the applicant's name in the ship's books, so that when port is reached again there can be no dispute as to the exact share each man is entitled to receive.

John Lea.

STORIES FROM AFRICA.

[Second Series.]

II. — AN EXPLORER AGAINST HIS WILL.

IN the days when King James I. sat upon the throne of England, there dwelt in the town of Leigh, in Essex, a certain Andrew Battell, who must have been a man of note among his neighbours. We may picture him walking down the street of the little country town with something of a limp from an old wound in the leg, which makes itself remembered in changes of weather: a man scarred and battered in savage warfare, burnt by tropical suns and weather-beaten by many a storm, a man who has lived among cannibal tribes and navigated the sea in a canoe that we would hardly trust on a millpond. How the children would stare at him, and at the negro boy who followed at his heels, as he hobbled along on his way to spend an hour and indulge in a chat with his friend, Mr. Samuel Purchas, the parson, who has left on record some of the wondrous traveller's tales that Battell had to tell. English folk of those days held strange beliefs about the countries over-seas, and if the traveller had described men 'whose heads do grow beneath their shoulders,' they would have accepted it in all good faith. But even without invention Andrew Battell's adventures would have made food for a winter's night, and it speaks well for the strong will and endurance of the East Anglian race that he ever returned to the 'low hills, rich fields, calm rivers' of his native county.

He was taken prisoner first on the coast of Brazil, and was sent thence to the Portuguese settlements in West Africa. Eighteen long years did he serve his hard masters, escaping once and again and yet again recaptured, but never relinquishing his deter-

mination to win his freedom some day.

His first attempt to escape, when he was taken after actually getting on board a Dutch ship, was followed by such punishment as would have deterred many a man from trying again. He was heavily ironed, and kept a close prisoner for two months. But even this treatment did not destroy the spirit of our Essex man, for we find him again, when allowed more liberty, running away into the wilds with a few companions, and setting off down the river in the hope of reaching the coast. A forlorn

hope it seemed, with every chance of a horrible death on the way, for lack of food and water; indeed at one time the fugitives were reduced to digging up the roots of the trees and sucking out of them such nourishment as they could. There were negroes, too, between them and the coast, who were quick to recognise the white men as escaped prisoners, and quite prepared to win favour from the Portuguese by putting them on the track. And this, in fact, actually happened, for just as the goal seemed to be within sight, and the joyful sound of breakers on the seashore greeted the ears of the exiles, they found their way barred by a body of mounted troops. The fugitives were armed and prepared to fight desperately for their freedom, but they were outnumbered; the enemy fired volley after volley into the thicket where they had taken shelter, and Battell himself came to the conclusion that life, with the chance of another attempt, was better than being shot down, or murdered by the natives; so he yielded to the Portuguese captain, who promised him

Perhaps he regretted his decision now and again in the next few months, spent once more in irons without hope of escape. But the heart of the brave Englishman was not broken yet, and the close confinement was changed after a time for warfare with the natives further inland, where he had to fight side by side with Portuguese criminals, from whom death by fever or at the hands of savages was considered

a good-enough end.

A wound in the leg, little likely to heal in such a climate, gave him a brief respite and a pleasant change to the coast, where he was employed on board ship for a while; but we soon find him back again, marching two days inland with a message to one of the native chiefs. This ruler was greatly impressed by the appearance of a company of fifty white men armed with wondrous weapons unknown in his country. With such allies as this, he thought, he could defy any of his neighbours, and he entirely declined to let the strangers leave. They made good their escape at last, after solemn promises to return in two months' time, and leaving behind them one of their number as a hostage. Poor Andrew, of course, was the hostage chosen, and, needless to say, the chief waited long and in vain for the return of the white warriors. A poor prospect it was for the solitary Englishman, left alone in the hands of the angry and disappointed savages, and likely enough to bear the whole brunt of their indignation as months passed by and no white army appeared. Day by day the faces around him grew more threatening; once he was actually seized and prepared for execution, and again the evil hour was put off. And before it came the resourceful Englishman had found means to escape to another tribe, who had no personal quarrel with himself, and among whom he dwelt for two years. But this tribe were cannibals, and Andrew saw such evil things amongst them that he felt that even Portuguese slavery was better than such associates, and so made his way back to his old masters. By this time his knowledge of the country and the natives had made him a useful man, and he was treated with rather more consideration and given for a while a company of his own to com-

But such privileges as this were as nothing compared with the news which reached him through

new-comers from Europe, that the Queen of England was dead, and that her successor had made peace with Spain and Portugal. This should mean the release of all prisoners taken during the time of war, and Battell promptly applied for his freedom and his passage home. But the Governor, either from sheer perversity or being loth to lose a useful fighting man, set aside the demand, and there was no higher authority to whom our poor prisoner could appeal. The Governor's term of office was nearly up, and there was good hope that his successor would signalise his arrival by the usual act of grace to all captives, but Battell was tired of waiting for possibilities, and felt that there was every chance of his being sent off on some distant expedition before the hour of deliverance came. So once again he took his fortunes in his hands and escaped into the wilds, taking with him this time his musket and a good store of powder and ammunition, and accompanied by two negro boys whose affections he had won.

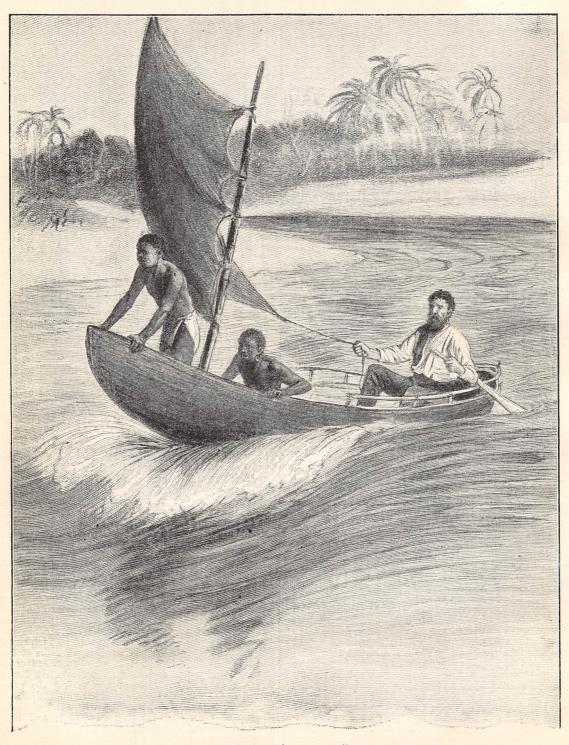
For a time the three lived a wild life in the bush, depending for food upon what they could kill; but the powder began to run short, the new Governor still tarried, and the prospect of home came no nearer. Once again Battell had to consider the choice between returning to his European masters or casting in his lot with some native tribe, and he determined upon a bold dash for freedom. We have learnt how shipwrecked mariners in the Bay of Natal built themselves a vessel with tools fashioned from the old iron of their stranded ship; but this Essex man had no tool save his hunting-knife, and no material but the trunk of a cork-tree with which to fashion the craft that was to be his means of escape. Together he and his boys contrived a light canoe, with a rail around it, to keep him, as he says, from being washed out; and, with a blanket as a sail, he launched forth upon the lake, and from thence seaward down the river.

It was a desperate chance indeed, but after the long years of waiting and of failure the heart of the bold mariner must have been beating high as his cockle-shell of a craft slipped down the stream, and he heard from afar the roar of the breakers on the coast. Never did the sea-king ancestors of East Anglian folk attempt a bolder feat of seamanship than he, as his frail craft tossed and tumbled among the wild waters at the Bar and out into the open sea. And the indomitable courage met its reward at last. As the boat went northward along the coast they were hailed by a pinnace, and when the vessel came alongsid them, Battell recognised in the master an

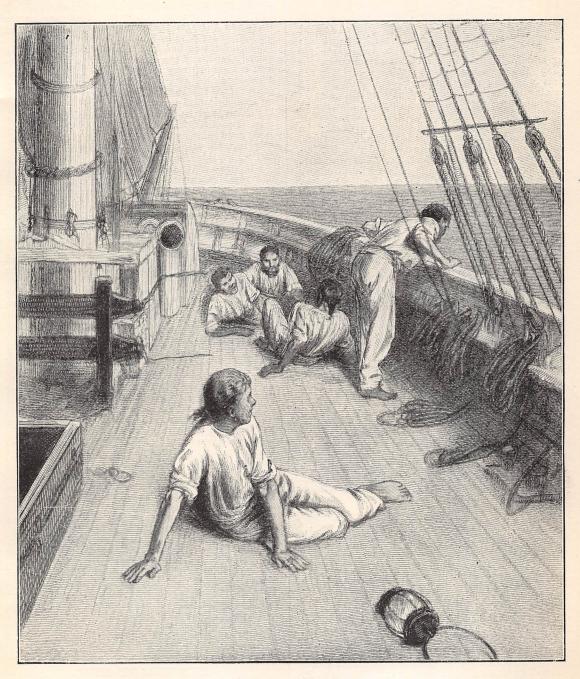
old shipmate of his own.

What that meeting must have been after the long years of loneliness and exile is not hard to imagine. The crew of the cork canoe were taken on board and landed at the port of Longo. There again was a tedious delay before a vessel could be found sailing for England, but thither at last went the storm-tossed traveller, to set foot once more, after so many strange ups and downs, in his native Essex. And it is good to think of him pacing the green meadows and trim garden-walks with his old friends, or beguiling the winter evenings with tales of cannibals and crocodiles, thrilling adventures and hair-breadth escapes, out of the memories of those weary eighteen years.

M. H. Debenham,



"Out into the open sea."



"I struggled up and looked behind me."

BIRD CAY.

By H. de Vere Stacpoole. (Continued from page 180.)

THE wind held all that day, and freshened so that we were doing ten and sometimes ten and a bit; the old brig seemed to know what was wanted of her and to be putting her best foot foremost, the flying-fish chased her and a great shoal of black fish came walloping along, steering even with us, and seeming to race us; gulls passed over us white as snow, and honey-coloured when they got between us and the sea, and a shark kept us company.

Jam discovered this unwelcome attendant: he called me aft and pointed over the taffrail, and there, like a shadow following us in the water and swimming apparently without effort, I saw the great fish. Sometimes the view of him would be washed out by the rushing foam, and again he would come to sight half a fathom under the grass-green water; now and again I caught sight of something that flashed before him, a blue and silver gleam, it was the pilotfish that accompanied him, warning him of danger and showing him where to get food.

Jam said the shark was a bad sign following like that: he said there was sure to be trouble of some sort, and that ten to one some one would die. He went forward and got a piece of pork that was none too fresh, and hove it overboard. We saw the shark

slacken and turn to take it. Then he vanished.

'Now, sar,' said Jam, 'you wait an' see; dere's a crooked pin in dat bit o' pork, if de shark follow agin after swallering it, something will happen, sure.

'Why did you put a crooked pin in it, Jam?' I asked.

'Dat's de custom, sar; dat tells de shark he be cotched, sure, if he comes follering us it's a warning to him. If he sure in him mind something goin' to happen to us, he no take de warning. Now you look out. Ah! what I tell you?'

I looked over, and there, sure enough, was the shark following us again like a shadow, led by the gleam of the pilot-fish.

I laughed at Jam's face and his fancies, and went forward. The log had just been hove again, and Captain Horn was reading off the measurements on the line. We were doing ten and a quarter knots.

CHAPTER XV.

Next day, towards evening, I was coming aft with the cabin-lamp, which Jam had been cleaning. It was a swinging affair, with a great hoop of iron to hang it from. I had got within a few yards of the deck-house when suddenly I went flat on my face, as if I had been knocked down by a blow from behind, the lamp skidding and clattering along the deck in front of me. I struggled up and looked behind me, to see what had hit me, and there on the deck I saw the starboard watch picking themselves up, and a man rushing to the side and looking over. I heard him yell out, 'We're struck!' and the next moment I was on my legs, and looking over, too.

I shall never forget that sight, nor the horror of it. Passing us, and touching us now and then with a touch that made the Albatross shiver from truck to kelson, I saw what, for the first second, I took to be a huge whale. Then I saw that it was a great ship,

keel up, submerged, and floating like a dead body. I could see the keel and the barnacles growing on the copper, and it was the great size of her, and the fact that she had once been a big ship, that gave me the turn, and the fact that she was upside down and floating under a veil of water.

The helmsman had been sent flying, the brig had swung round, and the sails were all loose and slacking; but we had way enough on to clear the derelict, which vanished astern to the tune of our clapping canvas and the shouts of the crew now tumbling up from below. I heard Captain Horn's voice shouting orders, and I saw Mr. Clopping hanging over the side. I saw the fellows trimming the yards and the steersman spinning the wheel-spokes; then the old brig, seeming to recover herself, took the wind again and we continued on our course.

I was so new to the sea that I thought everything now was right, and I was turning to look for Jam, so that I might tell him what I had seen, when my attention was drawn to the bo'sun. He had dropped the sounding-iron down the well, and was hauling it up; Captain Horn was by him, and the whole of the men on deck were clustering round. I joined

them.

The bo'sun, having drawn up the iron, examined it; it was wet for several feet up. He measured the wet part, and then flung the iron on the deck.

The ship's well is simply a hollow tube leading from the deck to the lower part of the hold. There is always bilge-water in the hold, and of course it rises in the well to the same level as it lies at in the When the dry iron is dropped into the well, and drawn up again, it shows the depth of water in the well by the extent to which it is wetted. After ten minutes the bo'sun took the iron, bone-dry now from the heat of the deck, and dropped it again. He pulled it up carefully, and measured the wetted part; to the eye it was just the same as before, but to the tape it was an inch more.

'I thought so,' cried the bo'sun, flinging the iron on the deck. 'We've started a bolt!'
Captain Horn turned on his heel with an exclamation; then he wheeled round again. 'You're sure?' said he.

Certain,' replied the bo'sun; 'we struck her sideways, but I could tell by the feel o' the lurch something had started. Well, Captain, it's the pumps or nothing, and the sooner we man 'em the better.'

Captain Horn gave the order; then he turned to

the bo'sun. 'No chance to plug her?' said he.
'Not under all that cargo,' replied the other. 'She's been hit well under the water-line - how hard, who knows? Howsoever, we'll see.'

The clanking of the pumps came on his words, and the gush of bilge-water on deck, washing away through the scupper-holes. It continued for ten minutes or more, and then the pumps began to draw clean water, then, after awhile, they sucked, and the men ceased pumping.

(Continued on page 199.)

THE PIRATE SHIP.

WE launched our ship upon the wave. My hardy crew and I, We grazed the bar — a narrow shave — Then raised our flag on high.

And, underneath our pirate flag, We sailed the seven seas; We skirted Michael's towering crag, But bumped the Pyrenees!

We took a galleon near the line; We sacked a town in Spain, We raided palace, camp, and mine; We ruled the Spanish Main.

We fought great fleets from everywhere, With cutlasses and dirks, And twenty-five princesses fair We rescued from the Turks.

My crew are Tom and Jack and Nell, The sea, our play-room floor; The pirate ship's a bath as well; The harbour-bar, the door!

Stephen Southwold.

A NIGHT BIRD.

GRANDFATHER doesn't like us.' Gynith spoke decidedly, and I could only nod, for it was quite true. We three had not been at the Manor two days without finding that out.

But Uncle Alwyn does,' said Molly.

'Uncle Alwyn,' Gynith told us, 'is going away.'

'Oh!

Gynith looked at our blank faces with satisfaction. She loved making what she called a point. 'It won't be for long - only to-day and to-morrow - but it will be flat,' she said.

As a pancake,' I agreed dolefully. 'And mustn't we go into the grown-up part of the house until he

comes back?'

Gy shook her head. 'No; we must make ourselves as small as possible, and keep out of the way.'

'I'm going to hear the nightingales sing, anyway,' declared Molly, who was just as determined as Gy, although she was younger.

'You can hear without going into the garden,' I

said.

'But I want to see them too; and we shall have to get up when we're in bed, because they don't begin to sing until after dark.'

'Well, no one will be out there after dark. Grandfather never gives parties unless Uncle Alywn's at home; so we might,' remarked Gynith thoughtfully.

'Let's go to-night,' I suggested.

When those two wanted to do anything, I found it was best to do it at once and get it over, because they never changed their minds with waiting.

'I don't see why we shouldn't,' agreed Gynith.
'Uncle will be gone, so there will be nothing else jolly. And let's pretend we're keeping tryst, and all meet by the sun-dial in the rose-garden.

'Yes; let's!' cried Molly delighted.

And off they ran to the house. I followed slowly. How I hated that 'let's pretend!' I was not as fearless as they, and the idea of the wet grass and

dark garden had no charms for me.

It had no more when, long past the hour we should have been in bed, we stood shivering in the shadow of the little summer-house. The nightingales were certainly singing high up in the trees, and Molly clutched my arm with her hot fingers in rapture.

Suddenly, with one instinct, we all drew closer together, for somewhere, quite close, we heard a stealthy footstep. Still as mice, we crouched back in the shadow. Suppose it was Grandfather taking a stroll, what would happen? But the figure that came into view, as it crossed a lighter patch, was not Grandfather; it was a short, squat-looking man with a cap pulled over his eyes, and he carried a garden-

'Let's follow him,' whispered Gynith; 'perhaps he's a robber.

'But don't you think he might see us?' I whispered back timidly.

'Oh! you are a coward, Dora. Come along,' she retorted. And I had no choice but to do so.

We carefully stalked the man round the garden and lawn to the house. Here he waited a long time in the shelter of the house-wall, and for a moment we thought we had lost him, until we caught sight of the head of the ladder creeping slowly up the wall, till it stopped beneath a window; and then it flashed

into my mind what it was there for.
'It's the picture-gallery!' I whispered. 'Uncle Alwyn was saying yesterday there were some valuable pictures there, and the windows ought to be

patently locked and shuttered.'

'All right,' said Gynith. 'Wait a bit.' We waited to see the man climb the ladder, force up the window, and climb quietly over the sill. 'Now,' said she, 'you run round to the library to

Grandfather, Molly, get in at the window (it's open, for I passed that way), and tell him. Go under the ladder and keep close to the house, so that if the man looks out he won't see you.'

Away flew Molly, light as a feather, and Gynith turned to me. 'Now,' she said, 'you and I have got to pull that ladder down. Come along.'

Silently we crept up to the wall. I never thought of questioning her decision, and we neither of us ever thought the man might have had an accomplice; luckily for us, he had not.

'How dare he touch those beautiful pictures!'

said Gynith, in righteous wrath.

We tugged at the ladder, but, alas! we could not move it, though it was not a very tall one.

'Let's push it; maybe that'll do it,' I suggested. So we pushed, and presently, to our joy, the top began to slip along the wall, and we sprang back out of harm's way as the ladder fell with a crash into a laurel-bush below.

The man dashed to the window, but it was too late; for Grandfather and the men-servants, entering from the door, took him in the rear and captured him without any trouble. It was the pictures he was after, and he had begun cutting them out of their frames, but, fortunately, had not had time to do much damage.

'And may I ask,' said Grandfather, as we stood facing him in the study, 'what you were doing in the garden at this time of night?'

We looked at each other, and finally Gynith said, 'Well, you see, we wanted to hear the nightingales sing, and—it's a little dull without Uncle Alwyn.'
'Dull!—hum! ha!' said Grandfather, with a

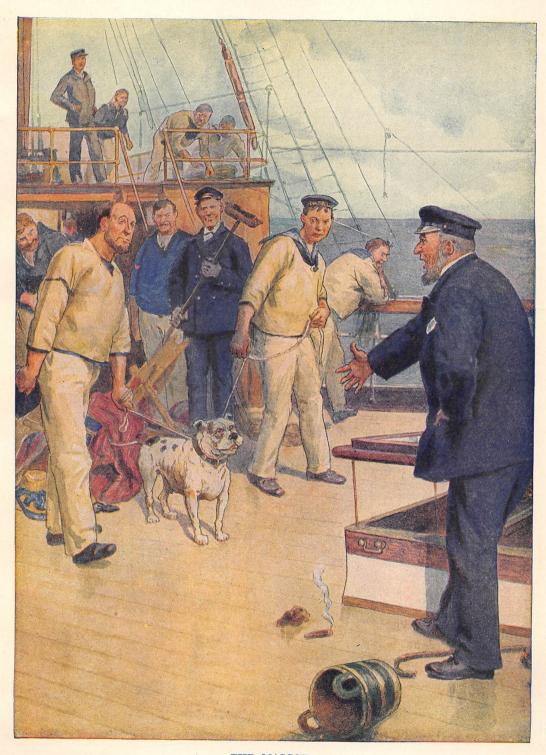
twinkle in his eye.

When Uncle Alwyn came home the next day he found us having tea with Grandfather in the rose-garden, and his face was a picture! 'W-what?' he said, then sat down, and asked for tea.



"We waited to see the man climb the ladder."

'They saved the Gainsborough portrait, Alwyn,' | 'And Grandfather's just ripping when you know said Grandfather happily, 'and I have asked them him!' cried Molly, helping herself to sugar-cake. to tea as an acknowledgment.'



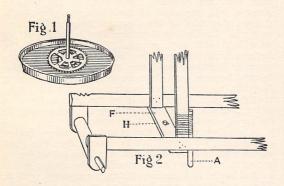
THE MASCOT.

THE MODEL-MAKER.

V. - A SPRING - DRIVEN MOTOR - CAR.

To fit our model (already described, see pages 131 and 149) with spring power instead of elastic is a simple matter, and a decided improvement. In order to obtain a suitable spring we would recommend the purchase of one of those well-known small nickel-plated American clocks. The kind we refer to is usually priced at about one shilling and three-pence, and, besides supplying us with the spring in question, it will contain mechanism—brass cogged wheels, &c.—likely to come in handy for other purposes by-and-by. The clock should be taken to pieces with care, and this itself will be interesting to any boy of a mechanical turn.

Having disengaged the mainspring from the rest of the works, together with the wheel and axle to which it is attached, separate the spring from the axle by inserting a knife or any piece of thin metal between the spring and the brass wheel. A light twist of whatever tool you use should be sufficient. Now remove the tin driving-drum from beneath the framework of the car, and cut a hole sufficiently large in the centre of it to allow the lower and shorter end of the axle of the brass wheel (and also the ratchet attached to it) to pass through. When in this position the spokes of the brass wheel should rest closely upon the surface of the tin. (See fig. 1.) Now make a pinhole on each side of each spoke, through which to pass a piece of thin wire, or even a common pin with the head cut off, and when this, in the form of a staple, has been clinched on the under side, the wheel will be firmly secured to the

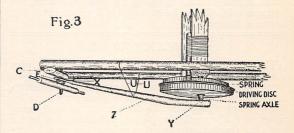


tin lid. Of course care must be taken when doing this to see that the axle is central.

Before replacing the spring, cut a disc of thin, smooth brown paper sufficiently large to cover the brass wheel, and press it down over the axle. It will form a smooth surface for the spring to rest upon while coiling and uncoiling. Now replace the spring, which will easily 'snap' into its former position. The driving gear is thus ready to be returned to the framework of the car, but first we must supply a suitable anchorage for the outer end of the spring, and this may be done by cutting a small stick about two and a half inches long, and of a diameter which will fit (not too tightly) the steel loop at the end of the spring. Lash this stick firmly to one of the side uprights of the frame so

that its lower end reaches below the frame to a depth equal to the depth of the spring. (See A in fig. 2.)

Now make sure that the hole H in fig. 2 is large enough to allow the axle of the spring to pass freely, and push it through from the under side, at the same time pressing the steel loop at the spring-end on to the projection portion of A. When all is in place screw the brass key (which you had to remove when taking the clock to pieces) back on to the axle, remembering that it is a left-hand thread, and so must be turned in the opposite direction. If the cross-bar, F, is of the proper thickness, the screwing home of this key will take up all necessary slack. If, however, the bar is too thin, a small washer of cardboard will have to be inserted between the key and the bar. These matters attended to, you will



now be able, when necessary, to wind up the spring (which is probably overspreading its limits of proper space) into closer order.

Before proceeding farther in this direction, however, it will be well to provide the spring-axle with a bottom bearing, in order to keep the said axle in a perpendicular position. Fig. 3 shows how this may be done.

A long strip or bar of wood (Z), thin at one end (X), and thick at the other(Y), has a hollow cut in the thicker end sufficiently deep for the lower end of the spring-axle to rest in. The other end of Z is pierced with a hole, to allow of the passage of the front axle pivot-pin (D) when Z is inserted between the front bar of the frame (C) and the collar (E). This will form a firm attachment, but, to prevent Z from shifting sideways, it will be necessary to 'stay' it by means of tightly stretched threads from each of the side bars of the frame, as indicated by the two lines U, U, fig. 3. It may further be found necessary to bore a hole in Z at the point where it passes the steering standard, but this is no difficult matter, as it is amply wide to allow of such a hole being made without weakening it.

Having satisfied yourself that the bar Z has been so fixed as to hold the spring-axle in a truly vertical position, refasten your driving-thread to the tin disc or drum, and hold the latter with one hand while you wind the spring with the other. This is not with the object of driving the car, but (as already stated) merely to close up the spring somewhat, and give it an initial strength before the actual winding begins. Without releasing your hold of the disc, wind the thread round it in the manner we described when dealing with elastic as the driving power (see page 4); and when all the thread is taken up attach the other end to the rear axle, which should

have been already prepared for winding up by means of our own wooden key. The strength of the spring can, of course, be varied according to how much it is wound up with the brass key before the drivingthread is attached to the rear axle.

John Lea.

WAITING HIS TURN.

MANY streets in New York bear the Christian names of people, such as 'George Street,' 'William Street,' 'Ada Street,' &c. When a tramcar arrives at one of these streets, the conductor shouts out, 'George!' 'William!' 'Ada!' as the case may be. One day—so runs the tale—an old English farmer, unfamiliar with the streets, was travelling on a car, when he heard the conductor shout, 'George!' and then saw a passenger rise and pass out. Presently another name was called, and there was another exit. Turning to the conductor the farmer said, 'When be it time for I to get out? My name's Ebenezer.'

WAMPUM.

THE war-whoop, the scalping tomahawk, the pipe of peace, and the string of wampum—how many pages of Red Indian romance are summed up in these words! Novelists have done ample justice to the war-whoop and the tomahawk, without, however, entirely neglecting those evidences of a better side to the Indian character, which are seen in the pipe and the wampum. But it has been left to the student of races, aided by the accounts of travellers in Indian territory, to bring out the higher meaning of wampum.

A string of wampum was originally a string of shell beads. The shells appear to have been of one or two kinds, for while some writers say that they were obtained from fresh water, others are just as positive that they were obtained from the seashore. The sea-shells were found on the shores of New England, Virginia, and Long Island, and the tribes of the interior obtained them by trade with the tribes or settlers upon the coast. The Dutch colonists appear to have carried on a brisk traffic in these

shells in the seventeenth century.

The shells were broken, cut, or rubbed into the shape of small cylinders, from half an inch to an inch long, and these were perforated lengthwise. Mr. Catlin compares them to pieces of broken pipestem. They were strung upon deers' sinews, strips of deerskin, or threads made of hemp or bark. A single filament of this kind made the ordinary string of wampum, but a number of such strings were generally bound together side by side, in order to form a bracelet, a necklace, or a broad belt. The number of single shells thus united in one piece was very great. An ordinary necklace would be made up of about twelve strings, each of which carried one hundred and eighty shells, while a belt may contain as many as ten thousand shells. The ends of these necklaces or belts were bound with hemp or sinews. in order to retain the shell-beads on their strings. As two varieties of shells were used, a white one and a black one, they were often woven in patterns, usually dark figures upon a white ground, the black shells being worth just twice as much as the white

There can be little doubt that wampum shells and ornaments were first used and prized simply as personal ornaments. But in moments of emergency, jewellery is sometimes utilised for making payments. An Englishman can occasionally dispose of a fingerring or a breast-pin, in order to discharge a debt which he cannot otherwise pay. The American Indian had no coined money, and whenever he had a debt to pay he handed over so much of his wampum jewellery as would satisfy his creditor. In this way wampum strings and wampum belts came into use as money, and this money passed current among all the tribes of New England. Values of all kinds were reckoned in wampum, a horse or a gun being worth so many strings or hand-breadths. Even the European colonists made use of wampum money to a limited extent. In 1649 the Court of Massachusetts ordered the settlers to take wampum in payment of debts not exceeding forty shillings, and in 1683 the schoolmaster at Flutsburg still received his salary in wampum money.

Not only were ordinary purchases made by means of wampum, but whenever one Indian tribe owed tribute to another, it was paid in wampum. This usage leads to higher ones. The payment of tribute from one tribe to another is one of the best proofs of allegiance and friendship. In all the conferences between native chiefs, wampum belts were transferred as pledges of friendship, and they were offered by the messengers of a tribe who sued for peace. In the conferences which they held with British or American officers, the Indians confirmed their pledges in the same way. A British treaty of peace was made with a great many tribes in 1758, and in the report of the proceedings the speeches and gifts of each chief are recorded. The chief of the Senecas gives a belt, the chief of the Mohawks gives eight strings, the chief of the Cayugas three strings, and so forth. The British Governor also delivers a string or a belt with each speech. The language of the Indians is highly figurative, but the purport is quite clear. 'Brethren,' said one of them, 'we, the Mohawks, Senecas, and Onondagoes, deliver this string likewise, to remove the hatchet out of your heads, that has been struck into it by the Ohio Indians, in order to lay a foundation for peace.' Whereupon he

In reading through the reports of these Indian conferences, we cannot fail to observe that the sight of the wampum string or belt which he had delivered seems to aid a speaker in recalling the pledge which he had made, and the circumstance connected with it. These untutored men have fine memories, and the wampum is to them what a speaker's notes are to him. We know, too, that upon some occasions the patterns upon the wampum belt were rude pictures, intending to aid the memory in recalling the events and circumstances connected with it. In the Pitt-Rivers collection, at Oxford, there is a wampum belt, known as the Jesuit Missionary belt, which commemorates, it is believed, the acceptance of Christianity by the Hurons. It consists of fifteen rows of dark beads with a pictorial pattern in white. In the centre there is an oval or lozenge, which represents a council-hearth, and so a council. On one side of this there is the figure of a dove, and on the other that of a lamb, both Christian emblems, and beyond these are Greek crosses, representing the Trinity. The belt dates from not later than 1648.

delivered eight strings of wampum.

A belt like this, and there are others quite as ingenious, approaches very near to picture-writing. It is a great aid to memory, and it would recall its story at once to any chief who had taken part in the council, or to one who had received the belt and its interpretation from some venerable old chief, the historian and record-keeper of his tribe, so far as such were possible among a race which had not learned the art of writing.

Early in the seventeenth century beads made of glass or porcelain began to be imported into America, and were used in the manufacture of wampum belts. The fur-traders flooded the country with this cheap imitation of wampum, and real shell-wampum lost its value and its meaning. In the last century it grew scarce, and fifty years ago a specimen was hardly to be found in Rupertsland. At the present hardly to be found in reaper-time such belts are extremely rare. W. A. Atkinson.

'KIPPER.'

ONE bitterly cold afternoon, just at teatime, a tiny brown dog crept into the Blairs' kitchen. He had crawled under the garden fence, and come in at the back door.

Such a mite he was! and so thin, all skin and bone! Mary, the eldest girl, stood him on her hand, but he was so weak and tottering that she had to

put up her other hand to hold him on.
'I wonder where he has come from?' said Mrs. Blair.

'Do let us keep him, Mother dear!' pleaded little Agnes.

So we will, dear, if we can't find the owner,' re-

plied her mother.

Then a saucer of warm milk was put down in front of the fire for the little stranger, but he seemed not to know how to lap. So Mary had to hold his mouth open, while her mother poured small spoonfuls of milk down his throat. In this rather uncomfortable way the new pet had his supper.

When Mr. Blair came home from business he went round to several of the neighbours, asking if any one had lost a brown baby dog. But no one had; the poor little thing must have wandered a long way! Mr. Blair went also to the police-station, but nobody there had heard anything about a tiny brown dog

being lost. All the Blairs - especially the two little ones, Tom and Agnes — felt very glad that they might keep the doggie, though, for some time, they feared that they would not keep him long, for they thought that he would die. One day, however, he suddenly found an appetite, and began to lap milk for him-

self - and after that he got on bravely.

Meanwhile, of course, he had to be named. What was his name to be? Mary said 'Waif,' Tom said 'Guy' (because it was on the fifth of November that the starveling came); then Father looked up from the book he was reading, and said, 'Kipps.' (That was the name of the book.)

'Yes! yes!' said the others, 'that will do!' and the wee doggie was 'Kipps' for the who of that

evening.

The next day his name was lengthened out to 'Kipper,' but he was usually called 'Kip.

Mrs. Blair said that Kipper was 'a miracle.' That was because he grew so fast. People who saw him

during the first few days, and did not see him again for some weeks, could scarcely believe that he was the same dog. No one could tell exactly what kind of dog he was. One person said that he was an 'Airedale' terrier, another that he was an Irish terrier, another that he was something else, and so on. His coat grew to be a glossy golden-brown, with a black line down the centre of the back. Then the black mark broadened until it covered nearly the whole of Kipper's body.

As long as Kip was a baby, he was petted a great deal, but by-and-by, when he had grown so big and strong, his friends did not make nearly such a fuss over him. He was rather clumsy, and got in people's way, especially when winter came round again, and he took up so much room as he lay stretched out before the fire. He was rather rough in his play, too; he did not mean to hurt, but his paws sometimes scratched the children's hands. Mr. Blair often pushed him impatiently away; then Kip's feelings were hurt, and he would go silently and sulkily out of the room and up the stairs, to be discovered presently on somebody's bed. Even Tom would sometimes say, when the dog followed him to school, and refused to 'go home,' 'Oh, Kip, you are a nuisance!'

A year had passed since Kipper's coming. On Guy Fawkes' Day, Tom and some of his friends had a grand display of fireworks in his back garden. Kip nearly went mad with the poppings of the rockets, and had to be shut up in a room by himself. When bedtime came, he was let out to have, as he had

every night, 'the run of the house.'

About three o'clock in the morning, Mr. Blair was awakened by a sound of scratching upon the door of his bedroom. 'What a nuisance that dog is!' he murmured drowsily, and dropped off to sleep again. Only for a few moments, however, for the door, which did not fasten properly (Mr. Blair had meant to have it mended that very day) burst open, and in rushed Kipper. Darting to the bed, he began scratching frantically at the clothes, trying to drag them off on to the floor.

Then 'Bow-wow-WOW!' shouted Kip, at the top

of his voice.

'Something must be the matter,' said Mr. Blair, now wide awake. 'Fire!' was the thought that flashed into his mind, for there was a strong smell of burning in the room, and through the open door came a crackling sound. Only a few days before, Mr. Blair had read of a dog who saved his master's life by giving the alarm.

Sure enough, there was a fire in the Blairs' house. How it came to be on fire was never known - perhaps the fireworks had something to do with it— but the house was full of smoke, and Kipper had aroused his master only just in time. Three minutes later the staircase was on fire, but Mary, Tom, and Agnes, with their father and mother and Kipper, were safely out of the house.

'It is an ill wind that blows to no one any good!' This fire brought good to Kipper, who now, of course, was 'fussed over,' and made more of than ever before. Mrs. Blair, especially, who could never forget how he had saved the lives of her dear ones, let him have his way in everything. Never was dog so indulged.

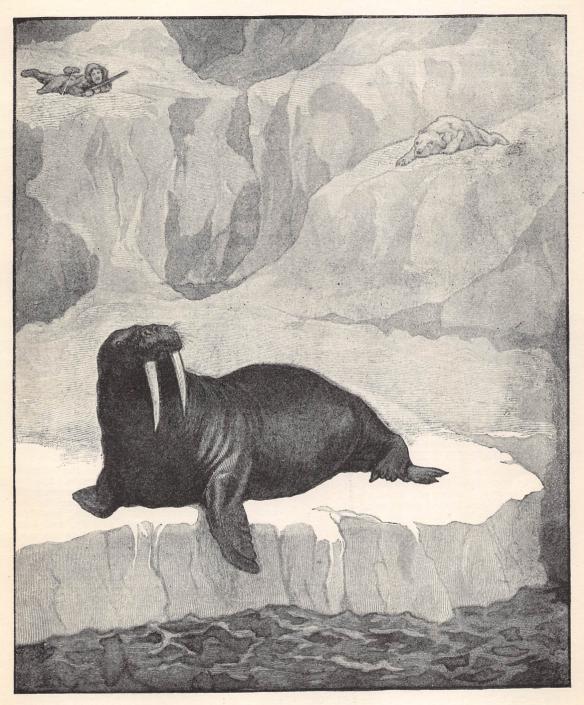
Thus Kipper came to his own again, and lived in

peace and plenty to a good old age.

E. Dyke.



"Kipper began scratching at the clothes."



The Rival Hunters.

THE RIVAL HUNTERS.

THE celebrated explorer, Kane, was out on an expedition on the coast of Greenland, near the Humboldt Glacier, in July, 1854, when he saw an enormous walrus sunning itself and dozing on the ice. In order to get near it unseen, Kane lay on the frozen snow, face downwards, and drew himself along in that uncomfortable position (it was extremely cold at the time) until he was within easy range of the animal.

Suddenly the walrus turned clumsily on its side and raised its head; but this movement evidently had nothing to do with the presence of Kane, for the creature turned its head in the opposite direction. And now, to his astonishment, the huntsman saw that a rival sportsman, in the shape of a large Polar bear, lay on the ground at some distance in a position similar to his own, awaiting with patience a

chance of approaching its prey.
What was to be done? The bear was of far more value, when killed, than the walrus; but the latter would make a safe target, while the bear was as little to be depended on as a sparrow on the roof. On the other hand, thought Kane, he would be without any means of defence if he fired on the walrus; and in that case, too, he would only be providing the bear with a tasty joint, to which he himself might serve as dessert.

These thoughts were soon brought to an end, however, for a further movement on the part of the walrus kindled Kane's eagerness to such a degree that he pressed the trigger, and, with a loud splash, the

walrus disappeared into the water.

The bear made three or four unwieldy bounds, and stood as if half stupefied on the spot so unexpectedly vacated by the walrus. For a second or two Bruin and the explorer stared at each other fixedly; then the bear turned away with an air of dignity, and hurried off in one direction, while Kane followed its example by running away at full speed in the other. C. M.

THE DAISY'S NEW FROCK.

THE Daisy in springtime received quite a shock, For she found that she hadn't a single nice frock. She said, 'Dearest Mother, oh! what shall I do, For I haven't a frock that is decent or new? When the rains in the autumn beat down where I

grew. They left it all faded, and all battered too. So what shall I do when the sun shines out bright, And my sweet sister flowers are all lovely in white?

'Don't grieve,' said Mamma, 'to Miss Spring I will

She makes all the frocks for the flowers, you know. I'll tell her the trouble and grief you are in, And to make you a new one she soon will begin. She's busy just now, for her orders come fast, And all want new frocks when the winter is past; But I'm sure she'll find time just to make one for

So don't worry, dear — what I can I will do.'

So she spoke to Miss Spring, who at once said, 'Oh,

Your daughter must certainly have a new dress. I'll just start at once, so there's no need to fret,

For the bluebell and cowslip won't want theirs just

So a lovely new frock for the daisy she made, Of a beautiful white with an edging of red. And when she appeared in her home in the green, No lovelier blossom was anywhere seen.

Frank Ellis.

THE IMPOSTOR.

N the olden days, before telegraphs were invented or the penny post was instituted, many mistakes were made which would now hardly be possible. It is related that, early in the nineteenth century, when we were at war with France, a young sailor, whom we will call Jack Myers, was captured by a press-gang, and made to serve in the navy. On the manof-war to which he was sent, he formed the acquaintance of a messmate to whom he became very much attached and to whom he told many events of his home life. The latter proved quite unworthy of this confidence, for he deserted from the ship, and, returning to the town of which Myers was a native, he presented himself to the latter's parents as their son whom they had not seen for some years.

The impostor was received with welcome, for though the father was not quite sure that his son could have changed so much, the mother said that many years of hard life on a man-of-war, with all its changes of climate, would naturally produce great alterations in the appearance of a youth growing into manhood. So the sailor was taken in, and given his share of home comforts and privileges with

another son, who had stayed at home.

So matters continued for some time, until the war. was over. Then, one day, as the stay-at-home son was walking through the streets, he saw the daily coach arrive, and among the outside passengers on the top of the coach, whom should he see but his own brother, scarcely changed in appearance since the day that he left home.

'Jack,' he cried, 'everybody thought you had come home long ago. But somehow I thought the other

fellow was a cheat.'

A few words sufficed to explain to the returning sailor what had happened in his absence. The two brothers returned home together. The impostor was out at work, but when he returned home, he was confronted by the real Jack Myers, and was dumfounded. He was taken into custody, and being proved to be a deserter, was returned to the navy. The real Jack Myers was made all the more welcome in his native town because he had been so unjustly treated, and he became a prosperous shipowner. He was ever afterwards known as the 'real Jack Myers.'

FAMOUS RIVERS OF THE OLD WORLD AND THE NEW.

IV. - THE HUDSON.

WE have already considered two of the great rivers of North and South America. Compared with the Amazon, or the Mississippi, the Hudson is very small. But, though only some three hundred and fifty miles in length, it is a beautiful and important river: and since there lies at its mouth one of the largest and richest cities in the world - New York—it should take its place with the famous streams of the New World.

In the year 1609, Samuel Champlain discovered the lake in North-east America which bears his name; and, almost simultaneously, Henry Hudson, an English navigator, found out the Hudson: making his way up from the sea, as far as to the spot where

the city of Albany now stands.

Between Lakes Ontario and Champlain are the Adirondack Mountains, the highest peaks of which are over five thousand feet high. They form the principal features in a wild and picturesque region, well wooded and studded with numerous small lakes. There is much scope for hunting and shooting here, and the whole country, familiarly known as the Adirondacks, is greatly resorted to by lovers of sport and pleasure.

In these mountains rise the head-streams of the Hudson, and, joining, they flow on continuously to Glen's Falls. Here the river, in the midst of beautiful scenery, falls about fifty feet, and on its banks stands the town of Glen's Falls, a busy place, with saw-mills, machine works, and, in the neighbourhood, a quarry of black marble. There is a bridge over the Hudson here, and the river increases and widens

until it reaches Trov.

Troy is no doubt named after the classic city where King Priam and his sons lived and fought. One of the heights on which the town is built is called Mount Ida, after the mountain which towered above ancient Troy. This place is the head of the steamboat traffic on the river, and though so far from the sea, tidal effects are felt there. There are various manufactures, and in some of the factories a very large number of women and girls are employed.

Two bridges cross the Hudson here, and only five miles lower down-stream is the city of Albany. Albany was originally founded by some Dutchmen, who set up a fur trade on the river; but afterwards it was ceded to the English, and given its present name. Traces of the early Dutch inhabitants still remain; but Albany has now become a very large and flourishing city: it is the capital of New York State, and has handsome public buildings and several

parks.

Three bridges cross the river, as well as ferries, and the Erie and Champlain Canals bring in much trade. Here, too, a number of railway lines converge, and a great many different articles are manufactured and dispatched to various parts of the world.

The next place of any importance is Hudson, named after the river: a town built upon a high ridge above the stream, and having, like all the places upon this river's banks, a cheerful and ani-

mated appearance.

The railway runs along with the river, being built almost in its bed, in some parts. It is engineered in a bold and daring manner, the wide mouths of tributary streams being crossed by lofty bridges, which look frail enough, when the traveller thinks of the immense weight which they are called upon to support. Some of these bridges open, so that vessels on the waters beneath may pass through.

Poughkeepsie is a large town, built on elevated ground, two hundred feet above the water. Many manufactures are carried on here, and there are large public buildings. A noted asylum for the insane exists in the neighbourhood; and near this town is Vassar College, established for the higher education

of the women of the United States. Poughkeepsie, like Troy and Albany, was first settled by the Dutch.

At Newbury, on the Hudson's west bank, begins some of the grandest scenery upon the river; for here are the Highlands, vast perpendicular cliffs crowned by forest trees; and the river, which has begun to broaden and increase in volume after leaving the town of Hudson, forces its way through a gorge in a mountain range giving a grandeur and impressiveness to the surrounding country.

Newbury, in a high position, and commanding

Newbury, in a high position, and commanding splendid views, has many handsome mansions and villas, standing in beautiful gardens. Not very far beyond it is the United States Military Academy of West Point. Here, at a height above the stream, and looking down the grand river pass, the future officers of the American Army get their early train-

ing

At Peekskill the Hudson broadens out into a lake known as Tappan's Bay, upon the shore of which stands the celebrated convict prison of Sing Sing.

Then, contracting again, it flows past a curious perpendicular wall of rock, known as the Palisades. This wall continues for about twenty miles, until the city of New York is reached.

The river, now known as the North River, and much wider, flows between the city and Long Island, until it empties itself into the Bay of New York, and thence mingles with the Atlantic Ocean.

Sandy Hook is the bar across what is called the outer bay; between that and the Atlantic, channels across the bar admit the ships, which have then to pass through the Narrows, a passage which gives access to the inner harbour, one of the most commodious and beautiful in the world.

New York is built upon several islands, the largest being the island of Manhattan. Bridges and steam ferries connect the islands with the mainland. Brooklyn, Jersey City, and Hoboken, with all their numerous inhabitants, are commonly counted as be-

longing to New York.

Jersey City — full of trade — is not a very attractive place; but Brooklyn and Hoboken have many beauties, and the stately residences of wealthy New York citizens are to be found there in great numbers. Brooklyn stands upon Long Island, overlooking the Bay: the extensive and beautiful Greenwood Cemetery is here, and there are enormous docks and

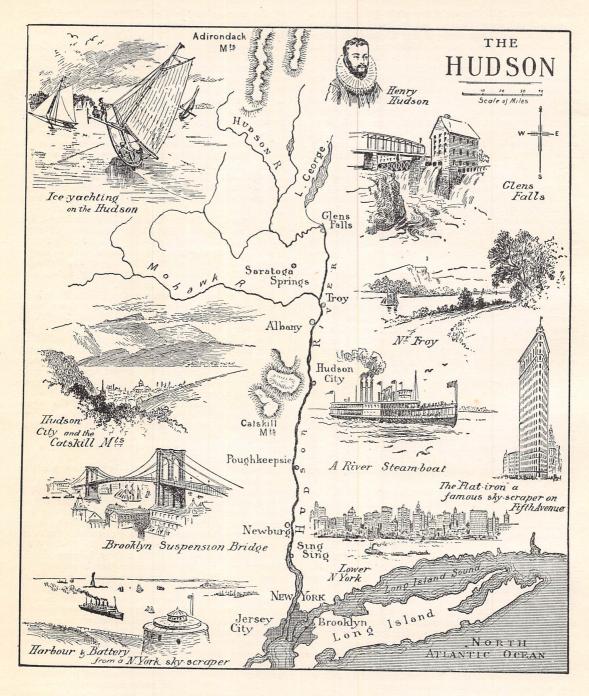
storehouses for grain and other goods.

The old part of New York City is very crooked and irregular. Until the seventeenth century this part of the United States was peopled only by the Iroquois Indians; but, comparatively speaking, there is a great difference in the ages of the old and new towns. The new part has twelve very long and wide thoroughfares called Avenues, of which the Fifth is the most important. These are crossed at intervals by other long and broad streets. Elevated railways run along many of the streets, and the houses are built up on steel or iron frames to a very great height.

Water is supplied by an aqueduct which runs for over forty miles from the Croton River and lakes. The Battery Green, on Manhattan Island, is an open space of twenty-one acres. Central Park is very large, and beautifully laid out, and there are many

other parks and public gardens.

The population of New York is almost interna-

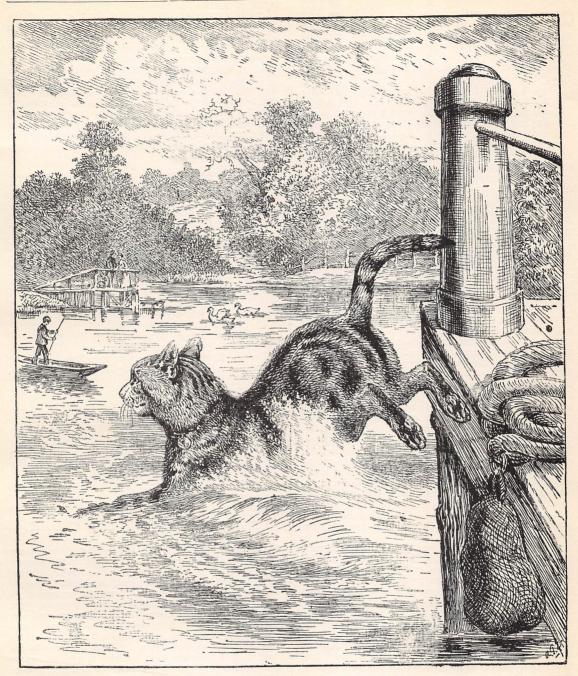


tional in character. Americans, of course, predominate, but nearly every other nationality is represented, and the streets, with their varied crowds, present an animated and striking appearance.

New York, on the Hudson, then, gives celebrity to

the river, but the river, in its turn, is a beautiful and fitting approach to the Empire City, and is justly regarded with pride by the citizens of New York State, in which State its entire length is included.

C. J. Blake.



"The cat boldly jumped into the river."

CATS AS POACHERS.

THE domestic cat, notwithstanding the fact that it is usually well provided with food from the house, is as keen a hunter as almost any wild animal. Any one who has seen the patient way in

which a cat will watch by the side of a mouse-hole for hours, until a mouse appears, will have marvelled at the instinct which can give rise to so much patience. Moreover, the cruel way in which a cat plays with the mouse which it has caught shows that it hunts as much from zest and liking for the occupation as from the desire for food. It has been stated that a good cat can catch and devour twenty mice in a day. But when it gets the opportunity of attacking a host of mice, as it does when the hayricks in a farmyard are pulled down, it will kill them as fast as it can, like a dog, without any

thought of eating them.

The cat does not by any means restrict its hunting to mice. It is as eager to catch a bird or a rabbit, and quite clever and agile enough to do it. Good mousing cats will often bring birds into the house, and gamekeepers know quite well that Pussy is a most skilful and industrious poacher. Some weeks ago, as I drew up the window-blind and looked out early in the morning, I saw one of my neighbours' cats coming across the road with a young rabbit, which she had caught in a hedgerow opposite. She is only a small cat, and the rabbit was almost as large as herself. She stalked along quite proudly, dragging the rabbit by her side, and pausing now and then to rest. I watched her take it round the end of the houses, and caught sight of her again at the back, making towards the gate of her home.

The Rev. J. G. Wood gives an account of a tabby cat which regularly left its home and went poaching in the preserves of a neighbouring nobleman's estate. Time after time she brought home a leveret or partridge, much to her mistress's annoyance. Eventually, when seizing a leveret, this cat was caught in a trap, and lost one of her hind legs. This accident put an end to the hunting of swift-footed hares, but the cat was still able to catch a rat occasionally.

A gentleman who had a number of piebald rabbits in his orchard, and some piebald cats in the house, noticed that the rabbits disappeared one by one, so that, at the end of eighteen months, there was not one left. He had every reason to believe that the rabbits were captured by the cats, and in all probability the similarity in colour of the rabbits and the cats had enabled the latter to approach and attack the piebald rabbits much more easily than they could attack rabbits of the ordinary grey colour.

The habit of poaching is much stronger in some cats than others, and it is thought to run in families. Moreover, it seems that even the poachers have their preferences, since a naturalist who had studied this subject says that one cat would bring home game birds, another hares or rabbits, and another

woodcock and snipe.

It is well known that most cats have a great aversion to water. Gilbert White, author of the Natural History of Selborne, remarks how strangely contradictory it is that an animal which will not deign to wet a foot, and much less to plunge into water, if it can avoid doing so, should at the same time have so great a liking for fish, which appears, indeed, to be its favourite food. The two characteristics must sometimes come into conflict, and when they do, it is interesting to watch what happens, whether the cat will wet its foot or go without the fish. The jaguar, which belongs to the same great family as the cat, will sometimes enter the water after fish, and strike them out upon the bank with a blow of its paw. The domestic cat has been known to do the same trick occasionally. But a stranger instance of a cat overcoming its dislike for water in order to obtain fish has been narrated by an eye-witness.

On the river Deben, near Woodbridge, in Suffolk,

there is a wooden jetty erected for the use of the fishermen and boatmen. A boat-builder occupies a shed close to the jetty. He owns a cat which is a general favourite of the fishermen and others who regularly made use of the jetty, and she frequently receives a gift of fish from them as they land—a kindness which she fully appreciates. One day she caught sight of one of these friendly fishermen coming towards the jetty in his fishing-punt. Her eagerness for a taste of fish entirely overcame her natural dislike to being wetted, and she boldly jumped into the river, swam out to the punt, and clambered on board. The astonished fisherman promptly rewarded her with a fresh fish.

A RAILWAY RIDE.

OUT upon the railroad, Flashing through the land Underneath a steam-flag—Isn't this grand? Rocking at the junctions, Through the cuttings hurled; Nose against the window, Looking at the world.

There's a mighty mountain,
Like a rocky ridge,
Standing up before us!
Here's a river-bridge!
Hark! the whistle's sounding,
Shrieking very shrill;
Now we're in the darkness
Underneath a hill.

Out into the sunshine
Bursting with a roar,
Look! I see the ocean
Breaking on the shore.
There's the station roof-top,
Round the shining bend;
Soon our happy ride must
Come unto an end.

THE ROMANCE OF THE CLOAK.

THE cloak has played a prominent part in history and fiction. A very famous cloak is the mantle of Elijah, of which we read in the Bible. Shake-speare mentions Caesar's cloak in Mark Antony's oration, and tells how 'in his mantle wrapping up his face, great Caesar fell.' The Romans were proud of their cloaks, many of which were made by their women-folk. It is said that Augustus would wear only the cloaks which his wife or one of his female relatives had sewn for him. Caracalla favoured a particular kind of cloak, which became fashionable and bore his name. In the old Norwegian Saga of 'Gunnlang Snake-tongue,' we hear how, after his death, Gunnlang's love treasured his mantle, and would sit for hours caressing it and weeping over it until, while so occupied, she too died. Another notable cloak was that of Sir Walter Raleigh, which, according to the story, he laid upon the mud that his royal mistress might not dirty her feet.

BIRD CAY.

By H. de Vere Stacpoole.

(Continued from page 186.)

THE hold was now clear of water for the moment, and the bo'sun waited for twenty minutes or so before sounding again. When he did so he found a foot of water, and the pumps when they were manned again brought up clear sea-water. But they did not suck this time, which proved that the inrush of water was increasing. An hour passed, the men taking on the work in relays; and at the end of the hour, despite all their labour, the sounding-rod showed nearly three feet.

The sun was now near its setting, and though the wind held as fresh as ever, and though the sails filled to it, the old brig went heavily, dragging her way like a wounded thing. Three feet of water in the well meant tons of water in the hold, and the water was gaining, for, when they sounded again by the last rays of the sunset, the rod showed over three

and a half feet.

The wind died down with the sunset, and then, just as the stars began to shoot out across the sky it shifted slightly more to the north and freshened for a bit. The moon broke up beyond the sea-line, rising as though some one were pushing her in a hurry, and the water from the pumps flashed like silver in the moonlight. We all took a hand, and never did I imagine such back-breaking see-saw work. In five minutes I was spent and dizzy, hearing nothing but the clank of the iron and the rush of water; but I clung on, not seeing even that Mr. Clopping and the Captain, with the help of the fellows who were not at the pumps, were getting the boats over, and that Jam was victuallying them, for

all hope of saving the brig was gone.

Then, when my mind cleared, I found that the pumps had stopped working, and the next thing I knew I was being shoved over the side into the smaller of the boats. There was no hurry or panic, for the brig, though doomed, might float an hour yet. Captain Horn, Jam, myself and the bo'sun were to go in the small boat, Mr. Clopping and the rest of the crew in the long-boat. I had the job of keeping our boat fended from the brig side whilst the provisions were got into her and the water-beakers; a compass was also put aboard and the Captain's sextant, also three of the pistols, a powder-horn, bag of bullets, and four cutlasses. I saw arms being stored also in the long-boat. This heartened me up so that I could have shouted, as though the sinking of the brig were as nothing to our determination to be even with the crew of the Sarah Cutter; and I knew at once that it was the intention of Captain Horn to pursue our course in the boats, and find Bird Cay despite everything.

Then Jam was ordered into my boat, the bo'sun followed him, and having seen every man clear of the ship the Captain, with a glance round the decks, as though to be sure that nothing was left behind, stepped in alongside me, took his seat at the tiller, and we pushed off, Jam and the bo'sun rowing. The long-boat pulled off at the same moment. Mr. Clopping was steering her, and we kept side by side and twenty yards or so apart till we had put a couple of hundred yards between us and the brig. Then the

Captain ordered the men to cease rowing.

'We'll wait to see the end of her,' said he.

The men shipped their oars, and the two boats lay drifting a few yards apart; every face was turned towards the brig, black and low-lying on the moonlit sea. The wind had died down to the faintest draught of air, and the sea, except for the rise of the swell, was calm as a mill-pond. Scarcely a word was spoken as we watched. It was like seeing a thing die, and I have never beheld anything more solemn or more mysterious than this death of a ship on a calm, silent sea, beneath the great, silent moon.

We saw the water rising on her so that now the decks were awash, and when that happened she gave a lurch to starboard, and then righted herself, as though to meet her death upstanding and bravely. When the lurch came the ship's bell rang out, and the chime of it came across the water, as though

she had spoken us good-bye.

The water was clear over the decks now, nothing showing but the after-house and the masts with the canvas all set. Then she took a dive for a few fathoms, whilst the water boiled to the rush of air from her. Then she checked, and went more slowly till only the topmasts were visible: gradually these disappeared too, till nothing was left but a swirl on the sea and a few spars and bits of wreckage.

'She's gone,' said the Captain. 'Well, she went handsome, and deserved better. Give her a cheer,

boys!

The fellows flung up their oars and let out a cheer that could have been heard a mile away.

Let's hope she's taken our misfortunes with her,

said Mr. Clopping.

'O' course she has,' replied the Captain. 'She weren't a lucky ship, and, sorry as I am for the owners, I will say, now she's gone, I see clearer weather before us.

He said this, no doubt, to hearten up the men, for, as far as luck went, there was nothing to complain about in the old Albatross that I could see.

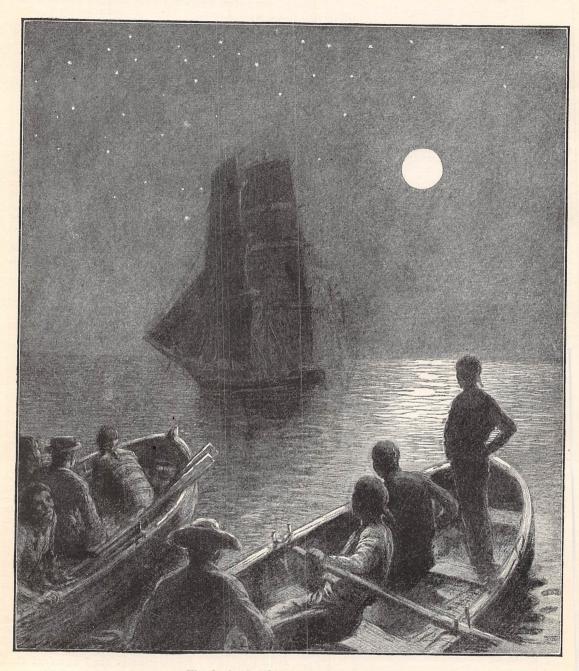
'We're watered and provisioned for a month o' Sundays,' he went on. 'We've arms and ammunition, compass, chart, sails, and two good boats under us. We've got Bird Cay only a matter of eighty or ninety mile away, and a fortune waiting We'll all be gentlemen at the end of this us there. traverse, if we pull together."

This speech put a lot of heart into the boat. A tot of rum was served out by Jam — the rum was kept in our boat, under the eye of the Captain the masts were stepped, and the lug-sails filled to the gentle breathing of air from the west-nor'-west.

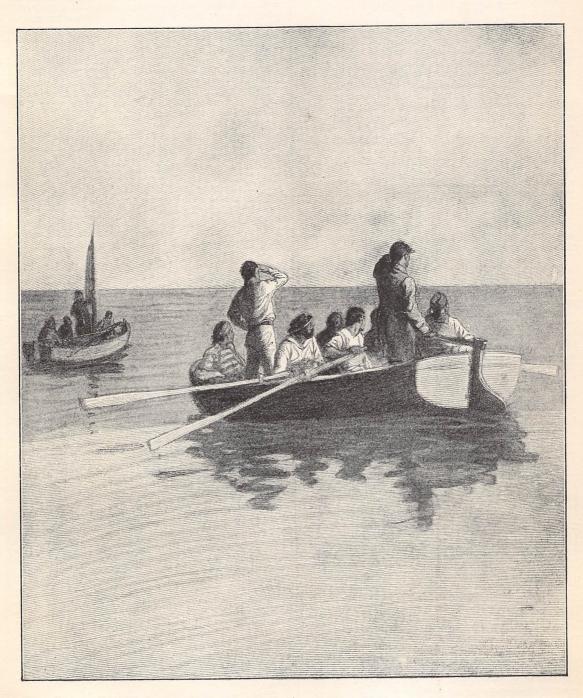
There was just enough to give us steerage-way, and the Captain did not want a lamp to see the compass by, as the moonlight showed the needle clear as by day. The other boat steered by us; she wasn't so fast a sailer, as she was heavily loaded, and hung behind, so that at times we had to wait

Captain Horn divided us into watches — Jam and I into one watch; himself and Blower, the bo'sun, into another. He told Jam and me we were the starboard watch, and that we'd better get in the bottom of the boat and have some sleep.

I didn't want telling twice, for I was dead tired, what with the work at the pumps and the excitement, and they must have let me sleep it out, for, when I awoke, daylight was coming over the sea.
(Continued on page 202.)



"The death of a ship on a calm, silent sea."



"Away on the horizon was a sail."

BIRD CAY.

By H. de Vere Stacpoole.

(Continued from page 199.)

THE long-boat was a quarter of a mile away, but I the breeze had died down to a dead calm. Captain Horn was shading his eyes against the light, and sweeping the horizon as if in search of a sail.

'Not a sign o' wind,' said he, 'but it may change when the sun's up. Jam, you black rascal, get out the biscuits and a bit o' that boiled pork; I'm sharp set after the night. How many bags of biscuit have you aboard?'

'Two, sar,' replied Jam, 'enough to last us a fort-

night.

Well, serve out the stuff,' replied the Captain, 'and give us a pannikin of water, for I'm as dry as a preacher. Well, Jim, it's little you thought, when you stowed yourself away, you'd be boat-sailing

over the bones of the old Albatross.'
'I shouldn't have cared,' said I. 'I don't mind.'

'Nor I don't believe you do,' replied he, setting his teeth in a biscuit. 'It's all one at your age, but to them as is getting on it's rheumaticy to the joints-I'm as stiff as a dead cat with the cramp; it's small work for a man of my size, is boats. Blower, what do you think of the weather?'
'It's going to be a long sight too calm to please

me,' replied the bo'sun, munching away at his biscuit, 'but there's no use in talking of weather till you can see it. Come sun-up there may be a change.'

Even as he spoke a line of fire began to steal along the eastern sea-line. I sat eating my biscuit, and a piece of pork which Jam had haggled off from the lump with his knife, and watching the horizon, over which the sky had become full of light.

The line of fire burned brighter, and began to hump itself just at the point where the sun's brow was pushing up. Then the light spilled over the sea in such a sparkle that my eyes were dazzled, and in a moment it was bright, blazing day.

The long-boat looked like a black speck on the glittering water; we saw the oars put out, and then she began to crawl towards us, looking for all the world like an insect creeping its way across the water. When she was close enough she hailed us, and then came on till she was only a couple of oar's

length off.

The crowd in her didn't look over-spirited; you see, they had Mr. Clopping captaining them and we had Captain Horn, and never did I see before or since so clearly the power of a man, for Mr. Clopping, good-enough sailor as he was, had no power to hearten people; he was one of those men who look at everything on both sides, and then generally shake their heads; whereas Captain Horn had us all in good trim in our boat just because he was one of those men who look on the bright side of things, and who, if they find a thing without a bright side, set to and polish it till it has.

'No wind,' said Mr. Clopping.
'No wind!' said Captain Horn. 'Why, bless me, how can you expect it with that face of yours, fit to frighten it away? Cheer up and whistle, and the wind 'll come right enough. Now then, I'm going to overhaul the stores, and see how the provisions stand and the water, Look alive, Jam, and fetch out the bread-bags,

The two boats lying side by side compared stores, and we found we had water enough for a fortnight, allowing each man a pint a day; and as for provisions, there was enough to do us for three weeks and over. Then we separated, and lay a few cablelengths apart, waiting for the wind.

It came. It might have been an hour after sunrise when, stealing across the glossy sea from the northwest, came a shadow on the blue. It was the wind. Captain Horn stepped our mast with his own hands, and scarcely had he done so than a cry from the long-boat made him turn.

Sail-ho!

One of the fellows was standing up, shading his eyes and staring in the direction from which the wind was coming. We turned and looked. Away on the horizon, brilliant as a flake of spar against the blue, was a sail.

She's coming straight for us,' said Mr. Clopping, who was also standing up to get a better horizon,

and she's bringing more wind with her.'

'That's so,' replied Captain Horn, 'and a better sign o' good fortune no man could have. Now then, step your mast, and we will show her some boatsailing as she passes us.'

He gave the order, but not a man in the long-boat

stirred a hand.

'Come,' cried Mr. Clopping, 'up with the mast and look lively with it. Didn't you hear the Captain's order?

'We heard right enough,' replied one of the men, who piped up as spokesman for the others, 'but where in the world's the sense o' sailing away from a vessel that may pick us up? Ain't I right, bul-

'Ay, ay!' came the grumbling chorus, and then a pice, 'Here we be in open boats, and where in the voice, world is the sense of sailing away and she overhauling us?'

'D'ye mean to say,' cried Captain Horn, growing purple in the face - 'd'ye mean to say you want to

board her?'

His face checked them for a moment, and there was no reply. Then the spokesman took courage.

'There's no two ways to it, Cap'n. Here is we in open boats, and there's a vessel; we ain't refusing to obey your orders in nature, but it's not in nature to refuse being picked up - that's the lie of it.' Ay, ay! that's the lie of it,' chorused the others.

'We're ready and willing to obey orders in nature.'
'You and your nature,' shouted the Captain. 'Lot o' jack-puddin's chatting like parrots of what you know nothing about! I'd give you nature if I was aboard of you. There lies a fortune in gold ready to be picked up a matter of eighty mile away, or maybe less, and a fair wind to take you to it, and you keep chatting about nature. Where's the sense of it? If you board that hooker, good-bye to your chance of ever seeing a penny. D'ye think she'd chance of ever seeing a penny. D'ye think she'd listen to the yarn of a lot of old crazy sailor-men picked up at sea, and if she did, wouldn't she stick to the findings, and what would you get? Five pounds a piece if she's an Englishman, and a crack on the head and be hove overboard if she's a fur-

There was silence for a moment, and then the spokesman chimed in. 'We're not looking for the gold. Our lives is more to us than all the gold ever minted; besides, who's to know there's gold there,

or who's to tell the Sarah Cutter hasn't laid hands on it by this? That's what we're thinking - what d'ye say, bullies?'
'Ay, ay,' cried the men, 'that's the lie of it; the

chances are and the chances aren't — that's the lie of

it, Bill.'

And suppose,' went on the spokesman, 'suppose we gets there and find nothing, no gold, no Sarah Cutter, nothing but a reef and an island with nothing to eat and maybe nothing to drink, where would we be then, Cappen? That's what I want to know.

Where would we be then?'

'Where'd you be then?' roared the Captain. lot better off than lying in some crimp's lodginghouse, hove on your beam ends and waiting for a job, as you all will be when you're landed at London Docks without a copper in your pockets. You go on talking like a tea-party. O' course there's danger, but where are you going to pick up two hundred and fifty guineas apiece without danger? Answer me that. And don't I take the risk as well as you, and what do I risk worth losing? Why, a master mariner's skin and a master mariner's certificate; and what are you but a lot of old still hacks whose hides aren't worth making trunks of? And you go on talking about your safety, and I am ready to show you a way to be gentlemen with money in your pockets. Up with the mast! or I'll come aboard and show you what's what with the flat o' the tiller.' (Continued on page 214.)

NOT USELESS.

'I WONDER if I shall win the watch to-morrow,' said Elsie Vernon to her friend, Hilda Day.
'I'm sure I hope you will,' replied Hilda, giving

her friend's arm an affectionate squeeze.

'It's very kind of you, Hilda; but I think you are the only person who is likely to hinder me!' and Elsie gave a rueful little laugh.

Yes, I know; and I feel awfully mean about it. But you never know what sort of questions will be asked in a "General Knowledge Paper," and perhaps

you'll come out first this time.'

Hilda and Elsie had been friends and yet rivals for a long time. As term after term ended, the two girls far outstripped their companions and headed the Examination List — Hilda first, and Elsie a few After this had happened several marks behind. times, Elsie's father had promised her a watch if

she could reverse the positions.

As they walked across the playground they were followed by the wistful glances of a pale, delicate child, called Mary Cooper, who sat alone and thought how lovely it must be to be friends with some one, as Hilda and Elsie were friends. Her mother was a widow with very small means. She had managed to afford the school fees for her only child, with a very great struggle, but it was out of the question to allow Mary to join the dancing or gymnastic classes, or any of the sports which were constantly being arranged, as they all caused extra expense. The consequence was, that as Mary kept aloof from all these amusements, her companions voted her dull and uninteresting, and gradually left her to herself.

Cut off from making friends, she applied herself to her studies and worked her way slowly but surely up the class. But she could not help being sad when she saw the enjoyments of others, and she enviously watched Hilda and Elsie chatting before they parted at the school gate.

'Well, good-bye, Hilda,' said Elsie. 'Look out for your laurels to-morrow! I am going to make a tremendous effort, and I shall come out at the top of the list, or know the reason why!

'Good-bye! I hope you win,' replied her friend, and with merry laughs and waves of the hands they

parted.

Mary looked sadly after them and took her lonely

way home.

The next day there was a buzz of excitement through the school as the examination papers were handed round, followed immediately by an intense silence as the anxious girls quickly scanned them. Hilda heaved a little sigh of relief as she realised that she could answer all the questions without difficulty; even the last, which was one which she knew would prove an obstacle to most of her companions, was easy to her, as she and Elsie had been studying the subject together only a few days previously.

Mary's pale face flushed and brightened. As for Elsie, as her elbows were on the table and her face hidden in her hands, no one could learn anything from her expression, and her friend, after one glance in her direction, applied herself to her work.

Dead silence, except for the scratching of pens, reigned in the schoolroom. Hilda worked her way carefully and intelligently through the questions and finally put down her pen, pinned her papers together, and glanced at the clock. Half-an-hour to spare!

'I suppose I had better read them carefully through once more,' she thought to herself, but as she read she could not help thinking of Elsie. 'She cannot possibly get more marks than I do. But how disappointed she will be! She has longed so much for the watch.' She tried to put the thought from her, but try as she would she could not get it out of her mind. Elsie's disappointed face kept coming between her and the paper, and many generous little acts of Elsie's kept coming to her mind.
'Suppose,' she thought at last, 'suppose I were to

alter a few dates and make them wrong! Then

Elsie would come in first.'

But Hilda's heart sank at the idea of giving up the position she had held for so long. One minute she decided to make the sacrifice - the next she felt she could not! Ten minutes passed and she had done nothing! Another ten minutes! and still she sat gazing with unseeing eyes at the paper before her.

'Ten minutes more, and the time is up!' said the

teacher.

Hilda started from her reverie, and taking her pen carefully altered a few dates — not many — just enough to lose her a few marks and so enable her friend to come in first. She had just finished when the clock struck, and all the papers were gathered

Feeling that she could not bear to speak to any one — not even Elsie — Hilda rushed to the dressingroom, slipped on her hat and coat, and was away before the other girls had left the schoolroom. She ran along the road with a lump in her throat, longing to get to her own room and have a good cry before any one saw her.

Oh, what a mean girl I must be! ' she sobbed as 'Elsie has never she threw herself on her bed. grudged the first place to me. I'm not fit to be

called a friend!

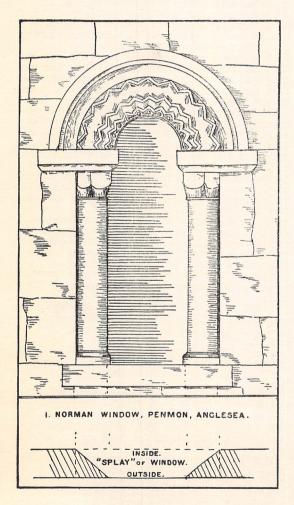
But after a while she dried her eyes and washed away the traces of her tears and went downstairs feeling able to answer cheerfully when asked about the examination.

(Concluded on page 219.)

STONES AND THEIR STORIES.

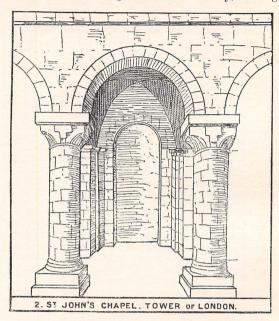
VI. - THE NORMANS.

YOU will remember, from your history lessons, the state of the country when William the Conqueror landed. One of the first things William did was to have his wonderful Domesday Book made. and it is from that we obtain much of our knowledge of the doings of those times. William gave

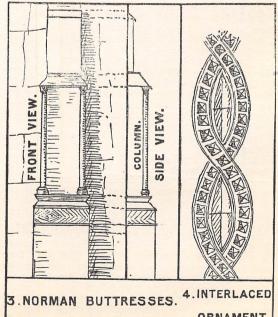


great rewards to his Norman lords, who had come over with him, and the rewards usually took the shape of lands; here they at once built castles in which they could be secure from the possible attacks of their neighbours, who sometimes rose against the terrible rule of these lords. Over one thousand of

these castles were built in the first twenty years of Norman rule! The king gave these nobles absolute power over the people who lived on their lands; they were each little kings in their own way, making



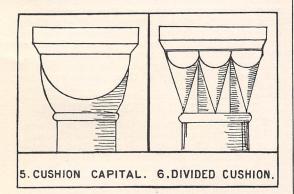
their own laws and administering them, punishing even to death! So terrible was the state of oppression in Stephen's time, during the civil wars, that when Henry II. came to the throne he had numbers



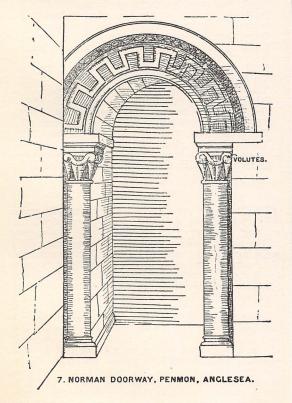
ORNAMENT.

of the castles destroyed because the owners had made too much mis-use of their power.

Some of the castles (or rather their ruins) still exist. The one I know best is Rochester, and it is



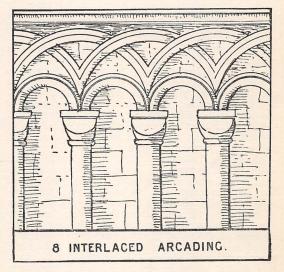
a very good example. Here was a great, heavy, square 'keep,' as it was called (the White Tower at the Tower of London in another Norman keep), and it was surrounded by courtyards and battlements;



also housing for the numerous servants and retainers. Now only the massive walls of the keep stand, but you can see the dungeons where the lord kept his prisoners. Above this were the soldiers' quar-

ters; above this the banqueting hall in the middle, and sleeping apartments in the thickness of the wall. Over this more sleeping apartments and I believe the kitchens. The battlements which surrounded the courtyards at Rochester are gone, but no doubt they were very strong, and probably the whole was surrounded by a moat, so that the castle was only entered when the drawbridge was down and the portcullis raised.

This style, which William brought over with him, was here called 'Norman,' although it is, of course, largely Romanesque (which I have described already on page 171). And, while I remember it, you must never think that any of these styles came into use all in a hurry; that is to say, that one week they built in one style and in the next in another! There was always a period of years when the two styles were mixed. It is like fashion in dress: some one starts a new fashion and gradually it is taken up by a number of people, but you never see every one



in the fashion; you will perhaps see an up-to-date hat and an out-of-fashion coat on the same person! And so it is in architecture—the styles get mixed, and it was rarely the case that a large building like a cathedral was started and finished all in one style. You must always remember this when you are visiting ancient buildings. Then, again, it happens that buildings have been partly burnt; when they are restored, the new part often follows the style of the times, not the style in which it was originally built.

The churches and cathedrals which were built in the Norman period were much longer than before; a tower was generally built 'at the crossing,' as it was called. (You must have noticed that the sketch-plan of a church I gave in my last article (page 172) was cross-shaped, the transepts forming the arms of the cross. Now the crossing is where the transepts, nave, and choir meet one another; this is quite a common feature now.) The towers were square and very heavy. The walls were thick and roughly built. On the outside were often broad, flat buttresses (fig. 3) to help carry that outward push of the side-aisle vaulting of which I have already told you. In

the early stage of the style the openings were very plain and severe, and not very large. Doorways were recessed (see page 171). Windows were small and narrow, deeply 'splayed'—that is, the opening on the inside was much wider than on the outside (fig. 1; the plan at the bottom shows the 'splay').

The Normans tried very hard to vault their whole buildings, and where it was not very large they managed it. St. John's Chapel in the Tower of London is a fine example; it has ribbed-vaulted sideaisles (see fig. 2), and a waggon-headed roof to the nave (the middle part of the church). A waggon-headed roof is just like the rounded covers you see to waggons—like a short tunnel. In large buildings like cathedrals they nearly always planned to have the vaulting, but for some reason or other it was not done until later. I expect they ran short of money, and so could not afford to build vaulted roofs, and thus had to content themselves with wooden ones; these, of course, have perished.

The early columns were very simple, generally round in plan, and quite plain, as at St. John's Chapel. At Durham Cathedral they were carved all over with characteristic zigzags and simple patterns. At Durham also the columns were very massive; this was because they did actually vault the roof, and the columns helped to carry the weight. So massive were the columns sometimes that they were called piers, the name given to supports for bridges, &c., and they were not often one shaft, but a mass of masonry with half-columns as a sort of decoration.

The carving at first was very simple, all being executed with an axe; later, finer tools were used,

and naturally more delicate ornament.

In my illustration (fig. 1) of a window in a dear little Norman church at Penmon, in Anglesea, you have several very characteristic arch decorations and also Norman capitals in an early form. The simplest form of capital was the cushion (fig. 5). This is easier to understand from the sketch than from any description, but in Parker's Glossary I find rather a good idea of it as 'resembling a bowl with the sides truncated (cut short) so as to reduce the upper part to a square.' Later this simple form was divided as in fig. 6; later again it was very much covered with ornament, but, like the Byzantine capital, it always kept its general outline, the carving being quite on the surface. Fig. 7 is a sketch of a little doorway to a turret in Rochester Cathedral: it is in a corner and with later alterations it has been for some reason partly built into the wall on the left, as you can see.

I give this sketch for several reasons. First because the little columns have quaint capitals; they show that the influence of the classic (Greek and Roman) times is still felt, for here is a little volute very like the volute of an Ionic capital (see pages 51-54). Then over the doorway you have a fine example of the battlemented decoration, and above that a pretty pattern like twisted ribbons. In fig. 4 is an enlargement of this pattern: I have added this because I wanted to show you the nail-head ornament which was so much used by the Normans. Fig. 8 is a Norman interlaced arcade; this was a form of wall decoration much used and very graceful; this example is from Canterbury Cathedral, where are many other very interesting examples of Norman work, including a celebrated staircase.

I think I have now given you a general idea of the

Norman style, so that you can (or ought to be able to) recognise it when you meet it. So great was the amount of building of churches during this period that there is hardly anywhere in England where you are far from some Norman remains. I have found most interesting little bits of Norman work in the most unexpected places: perhaps a door or a window or even only a little bit of decoration. In Kent nearly every village church has some little bit, one only wants to look out with eyes that wish to find, and many an interesting bit will come to light and tell you that the story of those stones began long, long ago.

E. M. Barlow.

THE LITTLE GREY SQUIRREL.

ITTLE grey squirrel that lives in a tree, You have no cause to be frightened by me. All through the winter you've been fast asleep—Now from your cosy nest gaily you creep. When you awoke did you hear the birds sing, Telling you of the arrival of Spring? Winter has gone with the ice and the snow—Come down from your tree to the acorns below.

From branch to branch as so lightly you bound, Few are the nuts up there now to be found, But where the snow has quite melted away You'll find provision for many a day On the green turf at the foot of your home, If such a distance you'll venture to roam; Come then, be brave and come into the sun—Gather your nuts and back home you can run.

Little grey squirrel, though you cannot fly, Up in the trees you live ever so high; Though I can climb just a little, it's true, I'd like to be a real climber like you. One afternoon then on you I would call, Though I don't think it would please you at all; But if my home you come one day to see, You shall have plenty of nuts for your tea.

OUR LITTLE GARDENS: A YEAR'S WORK.

VI. — JUNE.

EEP an eye upon everything this month, water whenever the soil gets very dry, and don't forget that one really good watering down to the roots of the plants is of far more use to them than a light watering with the rose on the can. You do not want to encourage the roots of the plants to come near the surface to drink in the moisture you give them: far better for the plants that the moisture sink deep and feed the roots at a good distance from the surface. Take your Dutch hoe, or your little short-handled fork, and frequently stir up the surface soil between your plants. I do not mean deeply: say, just an inch or so in depth. In this way you prevent the surface from becoming caked and baked. You separate the tiny particles of soil, and when this is done you help to prevent the escape of any moisture the soil may hold, for it has been proved that it is not so easy for moisture to escape where the surface particles lie loose as when they are closely bound together.

Another way of keeping in the moisture during a time of drought is to spread a mulch, or top-dressing over the soil between your plants. This may consist of decayed stable manure or even of the grass that has been mown from the lawn. The one thing against this last is the fact that it harbours slugs.

I think most young and ardent gardeners, with only a tiny garden to look after, prefer to water freely every evening when the day has been very hot and dry. Sometimes, in a blazing sun, some particular plant will look very distressed and drooping, and I often, in this case, follow the advice of a very clever old gardener. I gather together a number of stones, and put these on the soil all round the plant up to the stem. You can easily understand that these stones not only help to keep the moisture in the soil, but they also help to keep the soil cool,

which is a very great consideration.

If this is your first year of really keen gardening, just make a study of your different plants, and try to find out for yourselves which of them delight in warm, sunny situations, and which prefer the cooler and moister aspects. Use your eyes when you are out for a country walk. You will learn a great deal, for you will notice which plants grow in the woods, which on sunny banks, which down by rivers, and which upon the hills. Now use your wits; probably some relations of those humble wild things are growing in your gardens, and to some extent, you may take it, most of a family have somewhat similar tastes. Let me explain a little. You will find, in August, in very sunny places, some plants of toadflax. Now think what relation of this you have in your garden; think of the shape of the flower. 'Ah!' you will say, 'why, of course it is like my snapdragons.' Yes, that is so, and you may rightly conclude the snapdragons like a warm open sunny place, too. You found some primroses in the shady wood, didn't you? - and so if you have primroses or polyanthuses or auriculas (they are all the same family), you may conclude that they like a place that does not get the full sunshine. If ever you are in doubt about the place where you should plant anything, try to think out if you can identify any wild relations it may have, and discover the conditions that suit them. You see how observation like this adds to the keen interest of your walks. One day, if you are near any old ruins, you might make a point of learning what plants love to grow in old walls. Another day, if you have a disused gravel-pit near you, you will make a point of knowing what plants grow there in the pure gravel. All this will help you as to learning not only the aspect plants like best, but also what kind of soil best suits them.

Never water either pot-plants, or your gardens, if they do not need it, certainly never 'just for the fun of watering.' If plants get too much water they make soft, sappy growth, and never flower as well as if they were harder and drier and tougher. Now is the time, if you have any plants that you grow for the rest of the year in the house, to stand them in their pots out-of-doors. I expect some of you have pots of cactus. These are wonderful plants, that in their native haunts are found in deserts and wildernesses growing almost without rain at all for some portions of the year. For this reason we let the soil in their pots get dust-dry in winter, but now, at this season, we give them plentiful supplies of water, and at the same time set them out-of-doors in the hottest position we can find. When we stand pot-plants out-of-doors, we ought always to stand the pots on something, never on the bare soil. If we

do that, worms will be certain to find their way into the pots. The best thing is to stand them on some ashes, or, failing these, on a board.

Do not forget your carnations. The flower-stems must be tied to neat little stakes, and if possible these should be painted green. That little green cup that is under the coloured petals, is called the calyx. Sometimes this calyx splits, and the neat shape of the flower is spoiled. You can buy tiny little elastic rings, and put one on each flower's calyx, to keep it together and prevent the ugly splitting. So watch them carefully.

F. M. Wells.

A FIGHT FOR LIFE.

WHEN Karl Gerhardt was a boy at home, he one day occupied himself in watching a cat which had caught a mouse. He saw how the cat lifted her helpless prey, and carried it for a long distance, making all the while a peculiar noise, which was not a growl, nor yet a purr, but a sound between the two.

Little did Karl at that time imagine that he himself would one day occupy a position precisely similar to that of the unfortunate mouse. Yet this proved to be the case, for when he had grown to be a man and a soldier, duty called him, as it has called so many in our day, to serve his country in South Africa; and there he felt in his own person the sensations of the helpless victim of a beast of

Karl Gerhardt was a brave man: riding with some others, he became separated from his party; but though alone, and aware that there might be wild animals in the neighbourhood, he went calmly on, never heeding the suggestion of danger until, in a terrible form, it was actually in his path.

A lion crouched, ready for a spring, by the roadside, and Karl's horse, swerving in sudden fright, threw his rider and galloped off. The lion started in pursuit, and for an instant, Gerhardt, prostrate and alone as he was, breathed more freely

Only for an instant, however. Before the poor man could raise himself he became aware of the presence of another lion, which, rushing out of the thicket, seized him and dragged him along.

In that dreadful moment Karl's thoughts flew back to the cat and the mouse, in his father's garden at home. He remembered the strange purring noise which the cat had made, and noted, in the midst of his horror and pain, that the lion did the same, but in a far louder key.

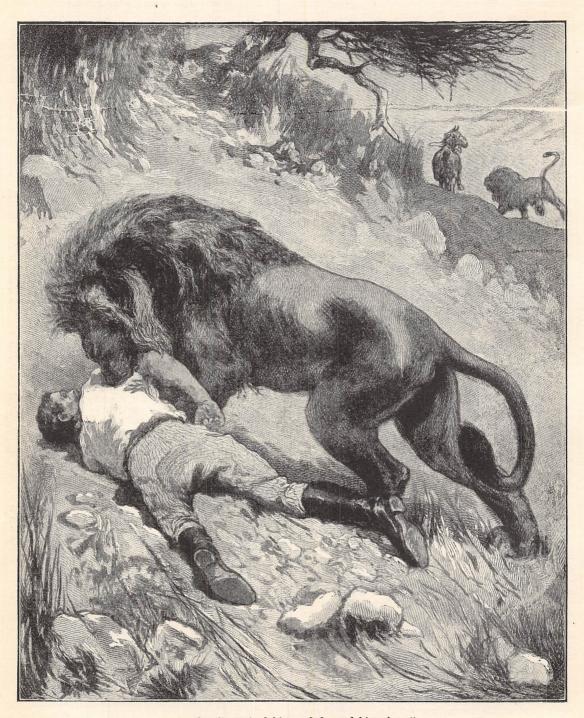
'But why,' thought Karl, 'should I die like the mouse? I am a man, and there is a God above me.

Surely there must be some help.'

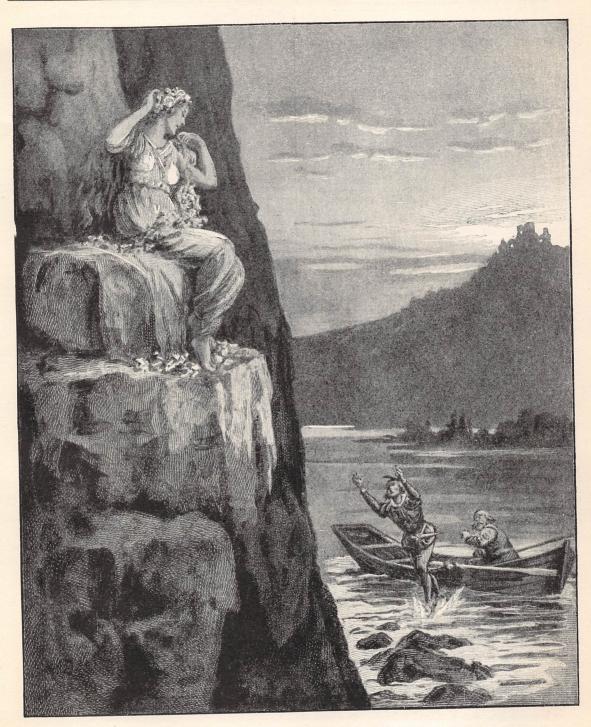
'Heaven,' says the proverb, 'helps those who help themselves.' So it was with Karl. He felt for his knife, forgotten in the first alarm, and, tortured as he was, made ready to strike a blow at the earliest opportunity.

The lion stopped; the knife was driven home, for Gerhardt had still strength left to deal the savage creature above him what proved to be a mortal wound. As the wounded beast relaxed his hold and staggered slowly away, Karl sank into the unconsciousness which pain and exhaustion produce. But it was not long before his companions came to the rescue; and in a place of safety he awoke to the happy knowledge that his life had been spared.

C. J. Blake.



"Another lion seized him and dragged him along."



"He leaped towards the rock and the maiden."

THE LADY OF THE LURLEY.

A Famous German Legend.

ON the River Rhine, a little way above St. Goar, there is a huge rock, or cliff, called the Lurley (sometimes spelt Lorelei, or Lurlei). About this rock a story has been told, which has been put into verse

by many German poets.

Long ago, it is said, a beautiful maiden used every evening to sit on the Lurley, weaving garlands, and singing such a marvellous song that the voyagers who passed by on the river forgot their business in listening to it. Unfortunately for them, there was as there still is - a whirlpool near the Lurley, and yet nearer a rapid, where the river rushed over sunken rocks, which are visible only at low water. This being the case, there were numerous sad accidents, and many of the absent-minded voyagers, entranced by the magic song, lost their lives, being either dashed against the rocks or sucked down by the whirlpool. To some of the fisher-lads, however, the lady was very kind, pointing out to them the spots where they should cast their nets. Whenever they obeyed her instructions, they caught a large quantity of fish.

These youths chattered so much about the maiden's kindness and beauty that the fame of her spread all over the country. A son of the Count Palatine, who heard these stories, was seized with a strong desire to see this enchantress for himself. But as he knew that his father would not approve of his intention, he pretended that he was going out to hunt. Then he rode to Ober-Wesel, where he engaged an expert boatman to take him as near as

possible to the Lurley rock.

The sun had just set, and the earliest stars were peeping out as the skiff approached. 'Look, look!' cried the boatman. 'There is the enchantress! Do

you see her?

The young man needed no telling. He had already perceived a lovelier maiden than he had ever before seen, sitting near the summit of the tall rock, and weaving a garland of flowers for her golden hair. Now he heard her beautiful voice, and completely lost his wits. 'Go nearer! nearer!' he cried frantically to the boatman; then, without waiting for his order to be obeyed, with outstretched arms he leaped

towards the rock and the maiden.

The boatman, powerless to rescue him, had to go and tell the Count Palatine that his son was drowned. The Count, in his great grief and fury, said that somebody was to go at once to the Lurley and bring the cruel sorceress to him, alive or dead. One of his captains undertook to go, but begged, as a favour, that he might be allowed to throw the maiden into the Rhine without further ado. Otherwise, said this cautious captain, she might, by means of her magic spells, slip through his fingers before he could bring her to the Count Palatine. The request was granted, and the captain marched off with his soldiers, whom - arranged in a semi-circle -- he posted at the foot of the Lurley Cliff. Then, with three of his bravest men, he began to climb up the rocky hill, on the top of which, as usual, sat the siren-maiden. This time, however, she was not weaving garlands, but dangling in her hands a long string of amber beads. She saw the men coming and called to them, 'What do you want here?' she asked.

'You!' fiercely shouted the captain, 'you wicked witch! You shall take a leap into the Rhine!'

Let the Rhine come and fetch me,' said the lady with a gay laugh. She flung her amber beads into the stream, then sang in her sweetest tones:

> 'Thy white horses, Father Rhine, Send to fetch this child of thine.'

Instantly a storm arose. The water roared and foamed and swelled, and two immense waves, which looked very much like white horses, rose to the top of the cliff and carried away the maiden on their crests. With a laugh of triumph she disappeared into

the depths of the river.

The captain and his men fled in terror. They understood now that the Lady of the Lurley was a water-sprite, not to be controlled by any human power. With this information they returned to the Count Palatine, at whose side they were amazed to find the youth who was supposed to be dead. A friendly wave had washed him ashore, but he had been so buffeted about that he had been unable to come straight home to his father. Now, however, recovered from the shock, he was perfectly well.

The Lurley Maiden was never seen again, though some people think that she still dwells inside her rock. It is true, at any rate, that a most wonderful echo dwells there which is said to repeat sounds fifteen times! E. Dyke.

THE BEGINNING OF SAVINGS-BANKS.

THE idea of savings-banks seems to have been first conceived by Daniel Defoe (the author of Robinson Crusoe), in 1697; but it was not until 1799 that the scheme was practically carried out in England. In that year, the Rector of Wendover and two of his parishoners offered to accept weekly sums, and pay interest, if the amounts were not touched by the depositor before Christmas.

PUZZLERS FOR WISE HEADS.

7. — BURIED PROVERB.

Why will they never let me rest, But with continual troubles tease me? If for one moment I am blest, The next a swarm of worries seize me.

Waking or sleeping, I am found With many a cause for tribulation. And when my own are run to ground, I feel the cares of all the nation.

At night the lowing of the kine And barking of the dogs arouse me, And cats - not any of them mine Begin, if I attempt to drowse me.

Then when I cannot lie awake, But walk the room in vain endeavour, Even this will nothing better make, My case is just as bad as ever. (Answer on page 251.)

ANSWER TO ARITHMOGRAPH ON PAGE 178. 6. — AUTOMOBILE.

> Tom — Mob — Bile — Moat — Boat Mole — Bale — Bait — Bat — Mile.

IN THE LAND OF THE WHITE ELEPHANT.

FOURTEEN years ago, when Chulalongkorn, King of Siam, announced his intention of visiting Europe, two naval officers were sent to conduct his Majesty to England, where he was the guest of Queen Victoria. King Chulalongkorn, who had never been so far abroad before in his life, undertook this long journey for the benefit of his people. He studied our laws and learnt how children were taught in our schools. Being a wise man, he afterwards introduced many reforms into Siam, and under his rule the

country advanced and prospered.

King Chulalongkorn died in 1911. To-day Maha Vajiravudh rules in his stead. Vajiravudh was educated in England. He went first to Sandhurst, where he learnt to be a soldier, and later to Oxford, to study history. When King Edward VII, was crowned at Westminster. Vajiravudh, as Crown Prince of Siam, represented his country in the great Coronation procession through London. It was then that he first saw something of that splendid organization of ours - the Boy Scouts. Maha Vajiravudh, on returning to Siam, immediately organized a corps of Boy Scouts, to which he gave the name of the 'Wild Tigers.' Now that he is King, Vajiravudh still remains captain of the Wild Tigers, and so interested is he in English Boy Scouts that he has become a patron of the Surrey Corps, which owns his autographed photograph.

Siam is often called the 'Land of the White Elephant.' The national flag is a white elephant on a scarlet ground. The merchant ships carry a flag bearing a white elephant on a blue ground. On every temple and palace in the land there is a figure in stone or plaster of this wonderful animal. But the so-called white elephant in real life is a pale yellow creature, little lighter in colour than the ordinary elephant, having a few white hairs, black toes, and

a long tail.

When a white elephant is caught, the finder is handsomely rewarded by the King, who keeps the animal for the rest of its life in the royal stables in Bangkok. The Siamese believe that the white elephant contains the soul of a very great person, who, in some future age, will appear as a human being, and will, in some wonderful way, make good a wicked world. This is the reason why the animal is so worshipped and venerated.

Bangkok, the capital of Siam, is often called the Venice of the East, because of its numerous canals. Until recently these canals were the great streets of the city. Roads have now been made, the canals have been bridged, and electric trams cross the city

in various directions.

The broad Menam River, upon which Bangkok stands, has a title of its own. It is called 'My Lord Menam.' Both sides of the stream are lined with floating houses built in gabled style. Down the middle of the river ocean-going ships are moored, waiting to carry cargoes of rice and teak to Europe and China. The tide brings huge rice-boats, bearing the harvest to the rice-mills, and rafts of teak-trees, which have been slowly floated down from Northern Siam. Then there are priest-boats, paddled by boy pupils, and tiny canoes, holding just the postman and his mail-bag, or perhaps a travelling cook, who, with his pot of boiling rice on a little stove in front of

him, drives a roaring trade with the boatmen and dwellers in floating houses. The water population is complete in itself. It has its own houses, shops, water-omnibuses, its police, and a market which opens at midnight and lasts till seven in the morning. Vendors, chiefly women, arrive in small boats, bringing fish, eggs, fruit, and flowers for their customers, who are almost all women, too. Each boat has its own little lamp. After sunrise the river begins to clear, till what was a busy mart becomes an open space of river: the buyers and sellers go home to rest.

With the land population it is different. When the first faint glimmer of sunlight shows in the East, the life of the city begins. Daylight is welcomed by the sound of huge brass gongs, beaten by a man in the royal palace, who bears the title of 'Welcomer

of the Dawn.'

The Siamese practically live out of doors. They take their bath in the river or canal, perform their toilet under the nearest tree, and squat down to their meal by the roadside. Every member of a family knows how to cook. If the mother is absent, the father can fill her place; he knows quite well how to boil rice and make a curry, and so do the little children.

Between meals the Siamese are fond of chewing betel-nut. This habit causes their lips and gums to turn scarlet and their teeth to become black. Siamese dentists keep complete sets of black false teeth in stock, so that when a tooth is drawn, one exactly the same colour can be supplied in its place.

the same colour can be supplied in its place.

Doctors there are in plenty in Siam, but if a sick person dies, the doctor is not paid for his services. The natives believe that long ago there lived a very, very wise man, the 'Father of Medicine.' The plants and flowers of the forest taught him how to heal and cure by means of herbs. The great man wrote all he learnt from the plants in a book, so that his followers might also know how to treat sick people. Every Siamese doctor has in his house an image of the 'Father of Medicine'; before going to see a patient he places the drugs he means to use in the hand of the image, so that they may receive a blessing.

Siamese boys and girls, when very young, wear no clothes. Their mothers rub them over with a yellow paste to keep away the mosquitoes; they are then allowed to follow their own sweet wills in the roads, or on the canals of their native town or village; they ride buffaloes, climb trees for cocoanuts, paddle their canoes, and swim like fishes. When old enough they are taught to read and write by the priests. If they live in the capital, they attend one of the schools established there by King Chulalongkorn, and learn English as well as Siamese. Every Siamese man must, at some time in his life, become a priest for at least six months. The King himself was a priest for at time, and was obliged to beg for his food.

From their earliest days boys and girls have the hair shaved off the tops of their heads, with the exception of one small tuft, that is never cut until they reach the age of eleven or thirteen. When a child is of this age the top-knot cutting ceremony takes place. A favourable day is chosen by the astrologers, the house is swept and garnished, every friend and relative of the family is invited, and each brings with him or her a present for the child. The top-knot is divided into three locks; while priests chant and gongs are beaten, the guest of highest rank takes a

pair of gold scissors and cuts one of the locks. The remaining two pieces of hair are cut by the most

aged relatives present.

Short hairs taken from the child's head are put into a vessel made of banana-leaves, and sent adrift on the nearest river or canal. As they float away, so all that was harmful or wrong with the child is thought to go too. The long hairs are kept until he



A Siamese Girl before the Top-knot Cutting.

makes his first pilgrimage to the 'Holy Footprint of Buddha.' They will then be presented to the monks to make into brushes for the sweeping of the Footprint.

C. Romanne-James.

SAVAGE MEN AND SAVAGE CUSTOMS.

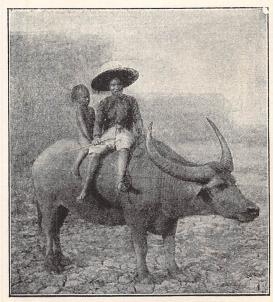
II. — TATTOO AND ITS USES.

THE love of ornament is present even among the lowest and most savage of peoples. But often purely ornamental devices arose out of customs originally meant to serve some useful end, as in the case



Just after the Top-knot Cutting.

of the Andaman Islanders, who cover their naked bodies with a coat of paint made of a mixture of lard and coloured earth, to protect the skin from heat and



Riding a Tame Buffalo in Siam.

mosquitoes. But the love of ornament, or of display, begins when they proceed to draw lines on the paint with their fingers, or when a dandy will colour one side of his face red and the other olive green, and make an ornamental border line where the two colours meet down his chest and stomach! Among the relics of the ancient cave-men of Europe are found hollowed stones, which were primitive mortars for grinding the ochre and other colours used for painting themselves.

Among ourselves the guise which was so terrific in the Red Indian warrior has come down to make the circus clown a pattern of folly. It is probable that his paint-striped face may represent a fashion that has come down from ancient times, when paint was worn by the barbarians of Europe; much as in Japan actors paint their faces with bright streaks of red, doubtless keeping alive what

was once an ordinary decoration.

From painting the body we are led, naturally, to consider the cases of those people who, in order to retain permanently some cherished pattern, or com-



A Tattoed Maori.

bination of colours, devised the plan of embedding the colour beneath the skin. The discovery that this was possible began, perhaps, in an accident, as when the surface-colour of the body was embedded in the skin by a wound. But be this as it may, tattoo is practised by many widely-diverse peoples, and among some it has become a fine art. The best known exponents are the Maoris, or rather we should



A Tattcoed Cow.

say were, for the Maoris of New Zealand, as a people, are extinct. Among them most wonderfully complex patterns have been devised, as in their canoes and war-clubs.

Tattooing, as everybody knows, consists in puncturing the skin with a sharp needle and rubbing colours into the wounds thus made. When the skin heals up, it closes over the little drops of colour and encloses them for life; nothing will ever get them out again. Among the New Zealanders tattooing became something more than mere ornament: it became a rite to be strictly observed. So that to leave the skin as God made it became among them a sign of shame—at any rate if certain parts of the body were left untouched. Thus it was considered shameful for a woman not to have her lips tattooed. Her neighbours would say with disgust, 'She has red lips.'

As may be seen in our illustration, the patterns used in the decoration of the face were of complicated design, and executed with remarkable skill.

The Japanese are experts in this art, and so also are the Formosans, who cover their skins like damask with the most beautiful floral patterns. But the finest tattooers of all are the Polynesians, who introduce charcoal into the skin by punctures made by

tapping with little rows of prickers.

The Australians and Africans have a very roughand-ready mode of tattooing, by cutting deep gashes in the skin over the desired area, and rubbing wood ashes into the wound, which, on healing up, leaves a permanent knob, or ridge, according to what was desired. Often in this way raised patterns are formed on various parts of the body which are devoid of colour. Here, it is possible, we have a connection between mere scars and tattoo-marks wherein colour has been rubbed into wounds purposely made. Scars which result from wounds received in personal combat are commonly regarded as marks of honour — as, for example, the scars across the cheek of the German student — and sooner or later, according to the esteem set upon such signs of prowess, imitation wounds, so to speak, would become popular. In course of time, from the mere love of symmetry which is inherent in the human mind, these sometime irregular gashes would be symmetrically cut, and a pattern formed. From this the evolution of all kinds of patterns is easy.

In Africa, a long scar on a man's thigh means that he has behaved valiantly in battle. A similar mark on the thigh of the Australian means that he has duly honoured the rites which all must observe on

the death of near relations!

Sometimes scars are used as labels, so to speak, indicating a man's tribe. Thus, in parts of Africa a pair of cuts down both cheeks, and a row of raised pimples from the forehead to the tip of the nose, must be borne by every member of the tribe.

But the custom of tattooing is not confined to savages; for even among our own countrymen, especially among soldiers and sailors, the arms are commonly tattooed with more or less elaborate devices in black, blue, and red, though here, since these patterns are commonly concealed by clothing, it is difficult to

understand why they were made at all.

Finally, mention must be made of the custom of many of the tribes of British East Africa of branding their cattle just as they brand themselves. But in this case the patterns are made, not by cutting the skin, but by means of scoring with a hot iron. Only certain animals are commonly thus treated, such as those paid in the purchase of a wife, for example.

W. P. Pycraft, F. Z. S., A. L. S.

THE STAR CHILDREN.

LONG years ago, when I was small,
I scampered from my bed one night,
And through the moonlit window-pane
I watched the stars that shone so bright.

They twinkled in the far-off sky,
And seemed to nod and smile at me;
While here and there the little ones
Leant down to kiss the silver sea.

Then, somehow, as I watched, I saw
The great white moon look down and smile;
The stars all gathered round and cried:
'Oh, Mother, may we play awhile?'

Then off they ran with shouts of glee;
I heard their laughter shrill and sweet,
And in and out the fleecy clouds
They danced about on fairy feet.

They raced across the cloud-flecked sky,
They rested on the sleeping sea;
They frolicked round old Mother Moon,
Who smiled and kissed them tenderly.

And then one little, merry star
Within my window took a peep,
And, laughing very slyly, said:
'All little boys should be asleep.'
Stephen Southwold.

BIRD CAY.

By H. de Vere Stacpoole.

(Continued from page 203.)

NOT a man moved, only Mr. Clopping, who jumped up from his seat and sat down again as if some-

thing had pricked him.

'Captain,' said he, 'a moment. I'm one with the men. You'll excuse me, but lives are lives, and I see no two choices in this business. There,' said he, pointing to the ship, which was now well defined and growing larger moment by moment on the sea, 'we have safety; if we go on it is but a chance of our finding even our destination. If the Sarah Cutter is there, and it comes to fighting — then, if we win, we must take her to get away on. That smells of piracy, and the oaths of those ruffians aboard her would be taken by any Court as outvaluing ours, considering that we should be undoubtedly the attacking party. On the other hand, if she is not there when we arrive, that means that she will have cleared away with any treasure that she has found. And where will we be? Why, in a very bad case. Without having attained our object, we will be simply castaways. The island does not lie in a trade track. That is my opinion, and I give it for what it is worth.

'Oh, that's your opinion, is it?' replied Captain Horn. 'And now you can have mine, and my opinion of you, Sam Clopping, is, you'd 'a been a better lawyer than a sailor. Take a show of hands to back your opinion, and let's have an end of it.'

Mr. Clopping called for a show of hands, and every

right hand in the long-boat shot up.

The fellows gave a cheer to hearten themselves over the business, for, much as they valued their skins and much as they wished to be out of the boat, I could see they were a bit ashamed of their own want of daring.

'Now then,' said Captain Horn, 'I'm going to talk to men! Dick Bannister, will you stick to me and help sail this boat under my direction till further

orders?'

'I will,' said I. I don't know what made me say

it so prompt, for all my common sense was with Mr. Clopping and the crew of the long-boat; but the words came out, and directly they were out I felt a new person, ready to dare anything, and feeling as though I had grown six inches taller than any of the fellows who were listening in the long-boat.

'There you are,' said Captain Horn, 'there's one man at my back, and he but a half-grown boy. Now then, Jam, you know me, and you know my word's as good as my bond; will you stick to me and help sail the boat under my directions till further or-

ders?'

'Yes, sar,' said Jam. 'I'm ready to stick to you,

come fine, come rain.'

'Another man who is a man,' said the Captain; 'that's two at my back. Nick Blower, what say you? You know me - will you stick to me?

The bo'sun paused for a moment. It was clever of the Captain to begin with me and Jam. Had he begun with the bo'sun, I am almost certain he would have refused. But the shame of backing out where a boy and a nigger stood firm was too much for Blower.

'I'm not saying this isn't the crankiest job I ever embarked on, said he, but I'm on it, and I sticks to it, and here's my hand to back my word.' He presented his huge paw to the Captain, who shook it.

Both boats were riding now within an oar's length of one another, and Mr. Clopping, who had been lis-

tening to the foregoing, put in his word.

You mean to say, Captain,' says he, 'that you intend prosecuting this venture alone, with no one to back you but these two men and a boy under

The Captain, who had turned to glance at the now rapidly coming ship, slewed round on Mr. Clop-

'Prosecuting what venture?' cried he; 'you talk more like a Dutchman than an Englishman. I'm not going to prosecute any venture. I'm going straight to Bird Cay, and I'm going to lift the stuff that's there, and I'm going to get that stuff to England, and I'm going to live like a gentleman and drive in my kerridge whilst you swabs are walking the docks on your uppers, looking for jobs. That's what I'm going to do, and that's what I'm going to risk my life for. I'm sick of living poor, and I tell you this: not a brass farthing will come to any of your shares; Dick and the nigger will stand as my crew, and Blower as my mate, and they'll take for their shares all the money as would have come to you - every brass farthing of it.'

'Yah!' cried a voice from the long-boat, 'find your

money first before you spend it.'

The others laughed. The Captain's words and his threat had split us off from the others like the stroke of a hatchet. They felt themselves, no doubt, at a disadvantage and playing the meaner part, and they tried to right themselves in their own minds by jeering at us. Davy Jones will find you a carriage to ride in,

cried one.

'And help you to spend your money,' cried another. And so it went on, one chap taking up the ball where another dropped it. I could see the Captain clutching the boat's gunwale to get a purchase on himself, but he never said a word, only sat with his eyes fixed on the approaching vessel. She was a topsail schooner of maybe two hundred lons, and her canvas was beautifully white and showed golden in the sunlight. She was a flier, too, for she came now swiftly as a gull not more than a mile away, and was steering dead for us.

'She's sighted us,' said the Captain.

'Ay, ay,' replied Blower, 'she's sighted us unless she's blind.'

Mr. Clopping, who had succeeded in silencing his crew, now hailed the Captain.

Captain,' said he, 'if you're fixed on pursuing your course, and if those chaps in the schooner take us aboard, here's all this bread and these breakers of water may as well be with you; you'll be provisioned then for two months or more.'

'In with them, then,' replied Captain Horn. 'I don't want the lot, haven't room for them; give us two bags of bread and a breaker of water. see us through, and will be as much as we can

carry.'

The stuff was transhipped, and then the oars were got out, and the boat's bows turned to the approach-

ing schooner.

How fine she looked, coming along with the water shearing from her fore foot and her white sails cutting the sky! One might have thought that she was aiming to run us down, when, suddenly, to the tune of ropes and blocks and slatting canvas borne to us on the breeze, she hove to and we were rowing to her - the long-boat for all she was worth, and we to see what reception the fellows would have and the nationality of the schooner.

That was a question not long in doubt, and soon solved by the jabbering that came across the water to greet us. She was Spanish right enough, and her crew were mostly negroes, and not a man on board

of her had a word of English.

We could judge this as we lay off, listening to the reception of the long-boat. We saw the crew of the long-boat boarding her, and we saw the boat being got aboard. We saw a man, evidently the schooner's captain, waving to us as if beckoning us aboard.

Blower,' said the Captain, 'I don't believe those chaps has a word of English amongst them - give

them a sign.'

Blower stood up, shook his head, pointed to the northeast and sat down again. He got hold of the mast as he sat down, and prepared to step it.

'Up with the mast,' cried Captain Horn, and let's show them what we mean in earnest, or they'll be sticking here all day. That's right, now up with the sail.'

The sail clawed at the wind and filled, and the little boat, heeling to the breeze, turned her nose to the nor'-nor'-east, just as though she were turning her back on the schooner.

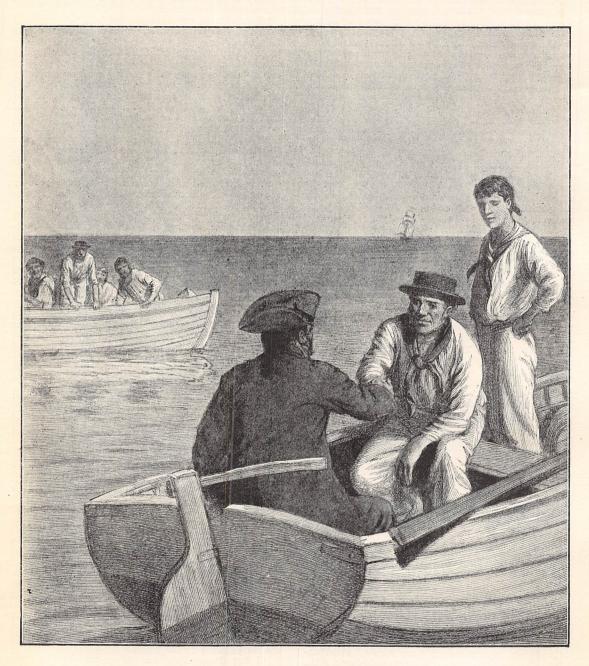
'Hark at 'em,' cried Captain Horn as another outburst of jabbering came to us across the water; sounds as if they was lonesome without us. Never mind, they'll get over it.'

They did, very soon, for, even as I looked, the schooner's sails were trimmed, and she continued on her interrupted course, evidently determined to waste

no more time over the matter.

'I bet those chaps are calling us a lot of mad Englishmen,' said the Captain; 'they thinks every one is mad they can't understand. It's the way of foreigners — give 'em time to get enough way on her, and then we will take our course.'

(Continued on page 218.)



"'Here's my hand to back my word."



"He got the chart out and looked at is."

BIRD CAY.

By H. de Vere Stackpoole.

(Continued from page 215.)

THE name of the schooner would be on the taffrail, of which we could get no glimpse; but our knowing her name did not matter much, as, according to Captain Horn, she was one of the inter-island trading schooners; she might be bound to Porto Rico or Puerto Plata in San Domingo, or for Jamaica by the windward passage: it didn't matter to us, the crew of the long-boat were safe aboard her, and when she landed them they would all be broken up, one of them going aboard one ship and another aboard another.

'Then they may talk and yarn as much as they please,' said the Captain, 'and who's to believe 'em? If we found the money ten times over they'd never hear of it, for there's no news travels at sea; once you have to earn your bread by bunking in the fo'cs'le, you are cut off as if you was in the tightest prison, for in the fo'cs'le you're safe in jug, and out of the fo'cs'le a chap has no time to think of anything but how to get another berth to save him from starving, and no time to meet folks.

'That's so,' said Blower; 'reminds me of my own brother Sam. I tried to meet Sam for a matter of ten year, but always missed him, he always having shipped off on a voyage just as I'd come back from one; now it'd be the China coast he was off for, and I back from the Guinea coast, and now I'd be back from the China coast and him off to the West Indies.

Last voyage I came back from I found him — dead and buried.

'Ay, ay,' said the Captain, shifting the helm so that we lay now on our proper course with the schooner ahead of us on our starboard bow, 'it's a hard life and no mistake, with more parting than meeting in it, and a long sight more kicks than halfpence. And there you have those chaps sailing away to tuppence a week and a crimp's lodging-house, and leaving the chance of a fortune behind them, just because they haven't got the pluck to risk their skins.

He gave Blower the tiller whilst he got the chart out and looked at it. The compass by which we were steering was a good one, if for no other reason than that it had got the name of Simon Bannister on it. It was the pride of my uncle that everything put out from his factory was the best, both in metal and in make, and a right good, honest pride it was and well founded; for here was a piece of his work and all our lives depending on it, and we confident of it because of the name of the maker.

The schooner had shifted her course more to the south-west and was now two, or maybe three, miles away and dwindling fast; and I won't say that as I watched her my heart didn't make a jump towards her and safety. But I showed nothing of my feelings, nor did the bo'sun and Jam, though I caught their eyes following her now and then, and I guessed

their feelings.

'Now, if those chaps had been English instead of Spaniards,' said the Captain, 'they'd have been hallooing to us still and arguing with us to come aboard. But Spaniards don't care; it's a wonder they stopped at all. It's the same with Dutchmen.'

'So I've heard tell,' said Blower.

'Yes, sar,' cut in Jam, 'and de same wid Portugee. I were in a trading schooner when de water give out, and a Portugee pass us, and all dev said was, "Ya, ya," and away dey went. Yes, sar, dat's de troof, an' if English gun-brig hadn't sighted us we'd 'a been done dat time, an' no mistake.'

The Captain had brought his chronometer as well as the other instruments, and at noon he took a sight, we steadying the boat. Then he worked out our position, which made us seventy miles from our des-

tination.

'We ain't doing more than three knots,' said he, but that's not bad, considering; and if the wind holds, and it has all the appearance of holding, we ought to be there this time to-morrow for certain.'

'Suppose,' said the bo'sun, 'we find the Sarah Cutter chaps has got the stuff before us?'

'I've been supposing that all along,' replied Captain Horn. 'Now, you tell me who does that stuff belong to? Why, me. I've been carrying the knowledge of it in my head for years, I had the brig fitted out to search for it, I had the location stolen from me by that scoundrel of a Prentice. That's so - well, then, ain't these chaps robbers? Of course they are. Well, then, when I cross their hawsers I'm going to fight 'em, whether they've got the stuff or no. They ain't more than six to a crew - we're four. I'll bet a dollar they've no arms but belaying pins, whereas we've two pistols and a cutlass apiece—see my meaning? Why, I'd fight the lot single-handed, and what I'm going to do is take the Sarah Cutter anyway. Suppose she's lying off the Cay at anchor it's only three-fathom water there and a good bottom. She's low enough in the water to board her, even with fighting, but they don't know we're armed, and the chances are we may get on her decks without drawing a pistol. I'll board her anyhow, fighting or no; and I'm going to sail that old hooker to Lunnun Docks with the stuff aboard her. We four can

'And what'll you do with old Cutter and his

crowd?' asked the bo'sun.

'Knock 'em on the heads if they show fight, and maroon 'em anyway,' replied Captain Horn. 'You've no call to be afraid. They'll never come against us in the law courts; Cutter's too well known in these waters to make trouble or draw inquiry on himself; he's done enough to hang for on an English gallows, and he knows what I know against him. You might have noticed that when we were hustled alongside one another in Havana Harbour, we had no dealings.

He never came over to see me or I him.'

'Do you remember,' said I, 'one day that Jim
Prentice took me for a row? You gave me leave

to go.'

Ay, ay,' said the Captain, 'I remember.' 'Well, he took me aboard the Sarah Cutter.'

'Did he?' said Captain Horn. 'The swab! I guess

he was plotting all this then.'

'He went into the cabin with old Captain Cutter,' I went on, 'and they were there some time. He left me on deck. I nearly had a fight with Captain Cutter's son.'

'Well, you'll soon see me having a fight with his father if this wind holds good,' replied the Captain. 'The only thing I'm fearsome of is that they may lift the stuff and be away before we get there. our only bad chance, and we must chance it.'

(Continued on page 226.)

LAKE-LAND.

THERE'S a world I may not enter that I'd like so much to know,

And it's down beneath the lakelet where the waterlilies grow;

I have seen the trees all golden when the leaves were falling fast,

And their sky like soft blue satin with white clouds a-sailing past.

It lies very still and lonely, and I think they're all

For they never come to greet me when I peer at them

and peep:

But once as I was gazing a boy looked up at me-His curly hair was brown, like mine, and he laughed so merrily.

But he cannot leave his kingdom, underneath the rippling blue

He can only look and wonder at the world of me and

Some day, perhaps, he'll tell me all about that lakeland city,

And whether he has toys like mine, and a small cat R. B. Ince. called Kitty.

NOT USELESS.

(Concluded from page 204.)

THE next day the two friends met as usual, and, of course, the talk immediately turned on the subject next their hearts.

'How did you get on, Hilda? I suppose you answered everything as usual?' began Elsie.

'Pretty well. I answered everything, but some of the dates were not quite correct, I think.' If there was a slight falter in Hilda's voice, Elsie did not notice it. 'How did you do?'

'Horribly!' replied Elsie with a groan. 'Horribly! I had a racking headache. I believe I could have done the whole paper without a mistake, Hilda, if I had been all right; but as it was I couldn't be certain of the simplest answer. I don't believe I could have told you the date William the Conqueror came to

the throne! 'And Elsie groaned again in her despair.

'Elsie! 'gasped Hilda. 'You don't mean it! Why,
I altered — 'she stopped suddenly. Elsie must never know about that! Besides, if Elsie had done so badly, then her sacrifice had been useless and had done her friend no good. 'Oh, you poor girl!' she went on. 'Oh, I am so sorry! Perhaps your father will give you the watch after all. I'm sure you deserve it.'

'Perhaps he will, but it won't be like winning it.' And poor Elsie shed a few tears of disappointment, but soon cheered up. 'Well, it can't be helped, and at any rate you'll keep your position for another term, so I mustn't be selfish,' and she gave her friend a quick hug as they entered the door.

The last day of the term arrived, on which the announcements of the examinations were made and the prizes distributed. All the girls and their parents were assembled, and altogether it was looked upon as a gala day. The Head Mistress made the announcements, and usually added a few comments. The result of the 'General Knowledge Paper' was always one of the most interesting items of the afternoon.

After various subjects had been gone through, Miss Lovell remarked: 'And now we come to the result of the "General Knowledge Paper"'—a little rustle ran through that school—'a result which has surprised me somewhat.' Hilda who was sitting next to Elsie, gave her hand a sympathetic squeeze. 'The first paper,' continued Miss Lovell, 'was a very excellent one in every respect - quite up to the highest standard we have yet attained in the school.' Here Elsie gave Hilda a sympathetic squeeze. 'Out of a possible one hundred marks, ninety-nine have been awarded to Mary Cooper.'

Gasps were heard in all directions. Mary Cooper! Surely there was some mistake! What about Hilda Day and Elsie Vernon? All eyes were turned towards them. Hilda had grown very white, and her heart was thumping heavily. Mary Cooper? Had she sacrificed her position only to let a girl about whom she knew nothing step into it, instead of her dearly-loved friend? Surely, surely Miss Lovell had read the list wrongly! Of course she knew that Elsie had no chance this time, but she had never thought of any one else taking the first place from her. What was Miss Lovell saying?

'The second paper was also excellent, and had it not been for two or three slight mistakes in dates, would have been quite equal to the first. This paper, which belongs to Hilda Day, has been awarded

ninety-seven marks.'

The rest of the afternoon was passed in a maze by Hilda. She took prizes for other subjects, and received the congratulations of friends as in a dream, and as soon as possible rushed home, locked herself in her room, and burst into a torrent of sobs.

A long time she stayed, trying to recover her selfpossession. But the disappointment was too keen. Had Elsie won, it would have been different. She would have been able to rejoice truly with her friend -but an outsider!

A knock came at the door.

'Who's there? You can't come in!'
'It is Mother, Hilda. Unlock the door, dear.' Hilda did so, and was gathered into her mother's

What is the matter, darling? I saw something was wrong during the afternoon. Is it losing the Never mind! One cannot always win, first place? you know. You must try again next term.'

Hilda hesitated, but the temptation to pour out all her trouble and be comforted was too much, and be-

tween her sobs she told the whole tale.

Mrs. Day listened without a word till all was over. Then she wiped Hilda's eyes and kissed her. 'Poor little girl!' she said. 'Now, listen to me while I tell you something. The other day I went to call on Mrs. Cooper, and she was talking to me about Mary, and saying that the school expenses were more than she could manage, but that a very rich old uncle of hers had come forward and said that if Mary came out first in the General Knowledge Examination this term, he would pay for her education; but if she had not enough brains to do so, her mother must send her to a cheap school and pay herself, as he was not going to waste his money on a dunce. So you see, darling, finished Mrs. Day, 'your sacrifice has not been useless, even if Elsie has not won her watch.'

'Oh, Mother,' said Hilda, 'I'm so glad you have told me. I shan't grudge it to Mary any more. How dreadful if she had had to leave the school. I have often thought she looked dull and sad. I will try to

get to know her, and perhaps Elsie and I can make

her happier.'

So Hilda's sacrifice was not wasted. No one ever knew of it but her mother, but from that time she and Elsie tried to make friends with the lonely little girl, and Mary repaid them with such warm affection, and proved herself such a bright companion, that at last the three became known as The Inseparables.

C. E. Thonger.

STORIES OF ANIMAL WISDOM.

A NIMALS living under the control of human beings may acquire certain habits which look very like intelligence, but many instances are recorded in which wild 'uncivilised' creatures display a wisdom no less remarkable than that of their tamer cousins.

The captain of a whaler in the Arctic Ocean was once anxious to capture a polar bear, and prepared a trap which he felt sure would be successful. A length of rope was laid on the ground ending in a large noose, or slip-knot. In the centre of the circle



"He lifted the rope on one side."

formed by this noose was placed a piece of seal's flesh. The bear accepted the invitation and cautiously approached the bait. It was evidently a trap he had never seen before, for, in seizing the seal's flesh, he placed one foot within the circle. The rope was immediately tightened, but, though it held for a moment, Bruin shook it off, and shambled away

with his prize, to feast upon it in safety. Again the trap was set, and again the bear put in an appearance. This time, however, he left the bait alone till he had carefully examined the rope. Then he deliberately lifted it on one side quite clear of the tempting morsel, and once more triumphantly carried the latter away.

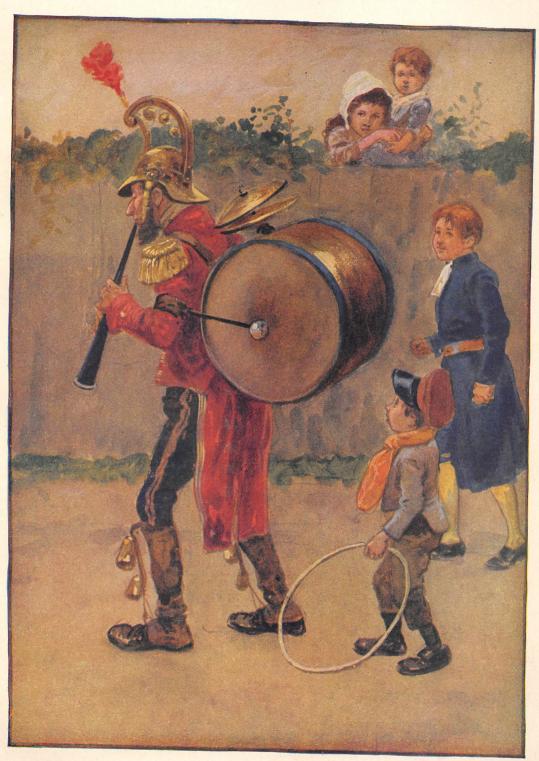
The captain of the whaler now came to the conclusion that such animal eleverness must be overcome by deeper stratagem; so he buried the rope under the snow, placing the bait on a spot which he knew to be within the circle made by the hidden noose.



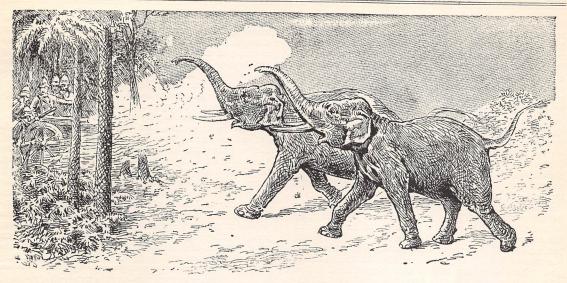
"Bruin began digging in the snow."

Up came Mr. Bruin, evidently delighted by the profitable nature of his two previous transactions. But, more cautious than ever, he made careful investigations some little distance from the bait, and, to his would-be captor's chagrin, began digging in the snow. Another moment, and he had unearthed the rope. Gathering it together in his teeth, he once more removed it to a safe distance, rewarding himself, as he was surely entitled to, with the dainty lure offered for another purpose.

But self-preservation is not always the motive that inspires animal 'thought.' Many years ago the people of a small village in India were terrified by the mischievous doings of two large wild elephants. All efforts to capture, kill, or drive them away had been unavailing, and the soldiers of a neighbouring station were called upon to give assistance. So they



A ONE MAN BAND.



"The elephants charged."

brought their great guns and placed them where the elephants were likely to appear. Pits were also dug, covered lightly over with brushwood. In due course the four-footed enemy arrived, and, seeing the gunners, charged towards them across an open space, heedless of the shower of shots that greeted them. During the charge, however, one of the animals encountered a hidden pit and plunged heavily in, to a depth of some feet. The other immediately turned to its assistance, and, though the firing was kept up, twisted its trunk round that of its companion, and by main force dragged it from the trap. It is easy to believe that such courage and thoughtfulness increased the difficulty of conquering these two cham-

pions of the jungle.

But the desire which our elephant showed to help a friend in distress is also displayed by the London sparrow. We remember being greatly disturbed one day by a loud and constant chirping outside our office window, and discovered that a small sparrow, not yet thoroughly acquainted with the ways of city life, had been caught between a rain-pipe and the wall, the pipe being nearly horizontal. A large number of full-grown birds, attracted by its chirpings, were also assembled on a neighbouring roof, noisily discussing what was best to be done. Every now and then one or two would leave the main body, and swooping down to the scene of the disaster, do their best to extricate the prisoner, seizing its extended wings with their beaks. All, however, was in vain, even though the flock on the roof was increased every moment by the arrival of fresh birds, among whom must have been the wisest heads in sparrowland. At last, when the excitement had become distressing, we had a ladder placed against the wall, which some one mounted, and, inserting his hand between the pipe and the brickwork, pushed the little bird from its un-comfortable position. The rescue was watched from the neighbouring roof by a hundred tiny eyes, and when successfully accomplished, the prisoner was received with a chorus of congratulations that only died away as the crowd dispersed to spread the exciting news along the housetops. John Lea.

EXPLORERS WANTED.

THERE seems to be a common but wholly mistaken notion that all the gaps in the map of the world have been filled up, and that there are no more unknown regions left for the enterprising explorer. Such a conclusion is entirely wrong, for it may be said, without any fear of contradiction, that there are millions of square miles of the land-surface which are almost as unexplored and unknown as the dark side of the moon (for it must be remembered that the surface of the bright side of the moon is as well known to astronomers as the surface of the Home Counties of England).

Think, for instance, of that enormous tract of country which schoolboys know as the Great Sahara. Here is a vast region, stretching from the neighbourhood of the Nile on the East practically to the Atlantic seaboard, occupying indeed the greater portion of Northern Africa; and yet its exploration has never been seriously undertaken. With the exception of the Atlas Mountains and the oases along their slopes, its tens of thousands of square miles, a tract as big as the area of the Mediterranean, are absolutely unexplored by Europeans, and vast tracts of it are never crossed by human feet. It is quite possible that there are large oases, hundreds of square miles in extent, inhabited by tribes which have never come within the ken of European civilisation, and, for all that their fellow-men know of them, might just as well live in Mars.

But even the Sahara might almost be said to be well known compared with the vast region which is watered by the Amazon. Every schoolboy has learned that the Amazon is the longest river in the world, and it may be added that it is one of the least known. Rising in the Andes in the far west of South America, it flows for over three thousand miles through a country so tangled with tropical growth that it is a work of almost super-human magnitude to get through it except by the waterway. Moreover, these hundreds of thousands of square miles of tropical forest are the abode of ferocious savages, and

equally ferocious beasts, and innumerable species of serpents of the deadliest kinds, and of insects which for size, numbers, and poisonous qualities are the worst in the world. The banks of the Amazon and its tributaries may be cleared some day, but if such a task is ever undertaken, it will prove to be immense. But the region of the Amazon and its tributaries is not the only part of South America which is practically unexplored. Patagonia is another. The inner parts of the Argentine are becoming fairly well known, but who knows anything about Patagonia? It is practically unexplored, and the map-makers fill up its huge bare tracts with such words as 'Great Plateau of Patagonia,' 'Territory of the Chubut,' and such-like meaningless phrases. It ends southwards in a vast group of islands of which the civilised world knows next to nothing.

Although Britain has been in possession of the island continent of Australia for many years, and although she has planted upon parts of its outer rim some very prosperous and progressive young colonies, yet neither she nor her children have anything but the merest smattering of knowledge of the vast region which stretches behind this rim of civilisation into the unknown heart of the continent. It is difficult to realise that Australia is nearly as big as the continent of Europe, and yet its population, half of which lives in the cities of Melbourne, Sydney, Adelaide, and Brisbane, does not exceed that of London. What impression does the other handful make upon its three million square miles? Very little indeed! The inevitable consequence is that the interior of Australia is probably the least-known land area in the world - an absolute terra incognita - a land which has as great need for exploration as the Antarctic continent, and one which would be much more likely to repay the explorer for his trouble.

In spite of the huge population of China, there are huge tracts of its interior, and especially of its remoter districts, which are as thinly peopled as the Sahara itself, and which are almost entirely unknown to civilisation. The Desert of Gobi, for instance, is a huge tract in which the British Isles could be put half-a-dozen times over. Yet the Europeans who know anything about it could probably be counted upon the fingers of one hand; whilst as for its neighbour, Thibet, it is notorious for its inaccessibility, its inhospitableness, and its almost absolute seclusion from the rest of the world. A big fuss was made a few years ago over an expedition to Lhasa, the capital, but it was not everybody who realised that that city is only on the threshold of the vast territory of Thibet, a country a thousand miles broad and fifteen hundred miles long. The man who knew the road to Lhasa only, from India, would be as far from knowing Thibet as a man who knew his way from London to Croydon only would be ignorant of England. For the rest, the country is absolutely unexplored, unknown, a piece of the world's surface much less sufficiently mapped than the region about either of the poles.

Then think of Siberia! We are apt to marvel that Australia should have so small a population in relation to its size, but Siberia, with a much greater area than Europe, has only a population of six millions, or exactly one person to every square mile. In spite of the narrow line of railway which now runs through its whole length, there are literally hundreds of thousands of square miles of forest and plain in that vast country whose silences are never broken by

the sound of a human voice, and the geography of which is more guess-work than anything else. For though Siberia is blest with large and numerous rivers, yet almost without exception they flow into the Arctic Ocean, and are for the greater part of the year closed by ice, and therefore of little use to commerce or exploration.

It is unnecessary to speak of the Arctic and Antarctic regions. Everybody takes it for granted that these regions are largely unexplored. So they are, but the fact remains that the Arctic, at any rate, is far better known than Mongolia, than the heart of Australia, or the back country of Brazil. The difference is that these lands are well worth exploring, they call loudly for pioneers who shall reveal their secrets, their vast resources, and shall construct the door by which civilisation can enter them; whereas the Arctic and the Antarctic, apart from their scientific and sentimental interest, will remain as useless in the future as they have been in the past - barren, ice-bound regions, which under no circumstances can ever become the permanent home of any numerous company of men and women. A. B. C.

STORIES FROM AFRICA.

[Second Series.]
III. — SHIPWRECKED MARINERS.

IN the year 1686, when the mariners in the service of the Dutch East India Company used their station in South Africa as a port of call, the ship Stavenisse, homeward bound with a cargo of pepper, fell in with foggy weather about seventy miles south of Natal. Truth to tell, the captain seems to have been somewhat headstrong and opinionated, for, though warned by the lookout that land had been sighted, he refused to alter his course, or even to see for himself whether the danger were real. Sure enough, the ship went ashore, and eleven of her crew were drowned. Sixty drenched and battered men struggled to land, and the captain had time enough to rue his folly as he watched his vessel, a useless hulk among the breakers, with her cargo washing out to sea. The sailors contrived to save the compasses and nautical instruments, and also some pork and sea-biscuits for immediate needs, and as some of the sails were washed up on the beach, they concocted a tent which served as some sort of shelter from the Then came the question whether they should remain where they were in the hope of hailing a passing ship, or attempt to travel overland to their countrymen at the Cape. Shortness of supplies decided them to try the land journey, but three of the officers had been too much bruised in the landing to think of the walk at present, and, after a day of it, ten more returned to the starting-point, vowing that any hardships were preferable to such a journey. They were far more at home on deck than ashore, and their next thought was to repair, as far as possible, one of the boats of the Stavenisse, and to try to make the Cape by sea. But the poor battered craft foundered almost at once, and her crew, shipwrecked a second time, had to resign themselves to waiting for help from outside.

By this time the natives of the country had discovered the presence of white men on the coast, and were making advances to them. It was no new thing for the Dutch sailors to have dealings with the Kaffirs and Hottentots of South Africa, and our shipwrecked mariners saw an opportunity of replenishing

their larder. Money they had none, nor would it have helped them if they had; but nails and bits of iron were valuable current coin, and purchased grain, which made a pleasant change after the salt pork and hard biscuits. But, alas! the natives were not long in discovering that the whole shore was strewn with fragments of the ship, from which nails could be extracted without payment. The market for old iron came to an end, and our Dutchmen found their flour at an end also, and themselves without the means of buying more. Things looked dark indeed for the little company: three of their number had fallen sick, and, without medicine or proper food, had little chance of recovery. The old homeland, with its flat, green meadows and shining waters, its clean, pleasant homesteads and stately cities, must have seemed far away indeed to the little band on the wild, inhospitable coast, as they scanned the waters

in vain for the sight of a friendly sail.

But the help came from the landward side. When things were at their worst, two strangers appeared in the little camp: strangers, but veritable friends and brothers, with pleasant white faces and European dress, Englishmen in fact, from a ship appropriately named the Good Hope. They too had been shipwrecked nine months before in the Bay of Natal, but had rescued from the wreck the beads and arm-rings which they had brought for the purchase of ivory, so were able to exchange them for all the food they required. Messengers of good hope they were to the forlorn Dutchmen, as, with the freemasonry of a common misfortune, they offered a share in all they One of the Englishmen volunteered to stay with the sick men, while his companion guided the rest to their camp, where three of his countrymen, the only other survivors from the wreck, would give them a ready welcome. So the two parties of ship-wrecked mariners joined forces, a company of fifteen all told, for one of the sick men died and another of the Dutch crew was killed in an encounter with an elephant. The Englishmen had learned the resources of the place by this time; they had their rough shelter and food enough for their needs, and life was endurable if not very comportable. But the months wore away, no ship came in sight, and they grew desperately weary of waiting for release. There were carpenters and shipwrights among them, and the question of building a boat and making a fresh attempt at escape by sea, began to be seriously discussed. There was timber to hand, and, in spite of the native plunderers, there was iron still to be had from the wrecked Stavenisse. It was suggested that the natives might be hired as carriers, and, for the payment of a copper arm-ring apiece, these stalwart bearers of burdens covered the distance of seventy miles with loads of old iron weighing from fifty to

a hundred pounds.

And now the lonely coast rang for the first time to the cheery sound of axe and hammer. With the chance of release before them the men grew hopeful and resourceful, and vied with each other in their expedients for supplying or doing without many things that would have been ready to hand in the shipyard at home. A proud man was John Kingston of Bristol city, when he had contrived a saw made from a ring of iron and hammered into shape on the shank of an old anvil, and the ship that called for so much invention in the making, where almost every plank and nail had a history of its own, must have been dearer to her builders than any better-

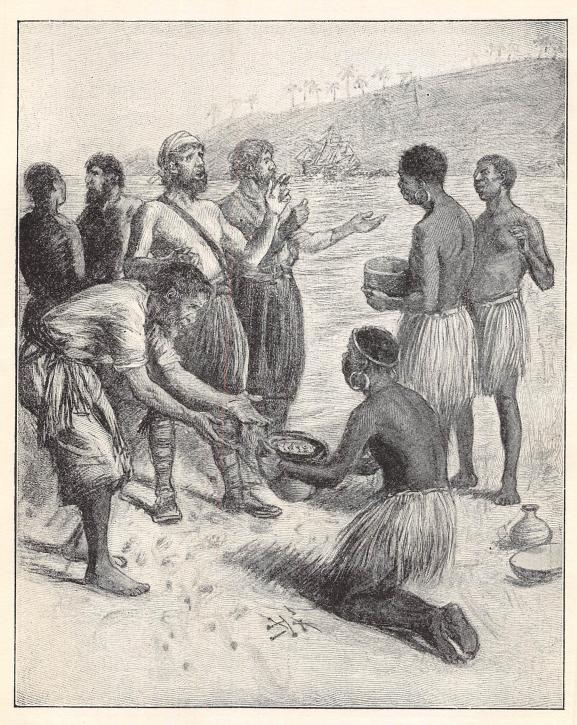
appointed craft. Before she took the sea, an addition was made to her crew. On December 25th arrived a party of Christmas guests, shipwrecked mariners from another English vessel, mightily rejoiced to find Christmas greetings in their own tongue so far away from the church bells and the carols of

Merry England.

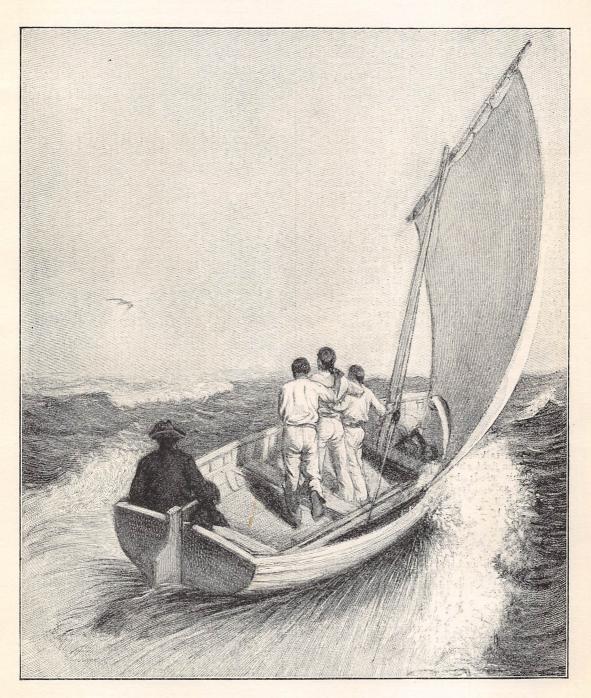
With so many willing hands the work of shipbuilding went rapidly forward, and on February 17th, just a year after the wreck of the Stavenisse, the new vessel put to sea. This time the winds and waves dealt kindly with the brave mariners, and a fortnight later their eyes were gladdened by the familiar outline of Table Mountain. We can picture the excitement, the eager greetings, the questions to be asked and the yarns to be told, the wonder and congratulation and feting of these members of no less than three lost crews. Only one shadow there was over the general rejoicing. The overland party from the Stavenisse had never arrived. It was felt that a ship must be sent to search the coast for them; and who so fitted for the task as their old comrades with the vessel which had brought them-selves back to safety and civilisation? So the new ship, now named the Centaurus, put to sea once more, with John Kingston, the saw-maker, in command, to explore each bay and inlet along the coast in search of the missing men. It was February again, two years since the shipwreck, when they met their reward. The ship's boat had just returned after an unsuccessful attempt to find a landing-place, when men were seen signalling from the shore. a raft was launched, and the crew of the Centaurus, crowding eagerly on deck, set up a shout of triumph as the men, rowing vigorously for the ship, were seen to be Europeans. A few minutes later and they were alongside, shouting greetings in Dutch, and the men of the Stavenisse were stretching out welcoming hands to their old comrades.

One other nationality was added to the mixed crew of English and Hollanders, for among the new arrivals was a French lad, with a story of changes and chances as strange and various as any of the party: He was one Guillaume Chanut, an orphan boy, of a Huguenot family, and had been brought to England by an uncle, when the Revocation of the Edict of Nantes drove the most skilful workmen out of France. The boy's uncle died an exile, leaving his nephew orphaned afresh in a strange land, where he might have died of want but for the kindness of a merchant captain who offered him work on board his own ship. With his new friend and some of the crew he landed in South Africa, only to fall in with a band of Kaffirs who murdered all the party except the lad. Since then he had lived in the Kaffir kraal, picking up the language with the quickness of his nation and making himself useful to his new masters, until the joyful day when he fell in once more with a party of Europeans and gladly cast in his lot with them. Nor does his story end here, for wonderful to tell, when the Centaurus put in again to Table Bay, some one in the Dutch community recognised the lad's name, and told him news of an elder brother holding a good appointment in Friesland. Thither he was sent by his late comrades, and the company, brought together by such strange ups and downs of fortune, parted and went their several ways, with many a tale to astonish stay-at-home friends and neighbours in the years to come.

M. H. Debenham,



"Nails and bits of iron were valuable current coin."



"Away on the horizon we saw some smudgy dots. "We're there," said the bo'sun."

BIRD CAY.

By H. de Vere Stacpoole. (Continued from page 218.) CHAPTER XVI.

100 know the sea, or at least to get some little knowledge of its marvel and mystery, you must be shipwrecked and adrift in a small boat in tropic

Close to it like this, you see things you never would see from the deck of a vessel. I am convinced that the sea is so full of life that it may be looked on almost as a living thing. Having nothing better to do, I hung over the boat's side a good deal that afternoon watching the strips of faces as we passed them in the sparkling depths; the jelly-fish, some immense, some quite small, some coloured, some transparent, so that one can scarcely see them; fleets of Portuguese men-of-war passed us with sails set to the breeze; now and then a shoal of parrot-fish would flash across my sight a fathom deep, and once a school of barracuda passed, pursued by swordfish. Though I did not know the sword-fish by name at the time, I learnt it years after when fishing in the waters of the Florida coast; I saw a school of barracuda attacked by an army of sword-fish, and never did I see a more savage sight; the sword-fish charging amongst the barracuda and killing right and left till the sea was red with blood. We passed turtle sunning themselves on the water's surface, and flying fish were nearly always about us.

The sun set and the wind died down a bit, breezing up again after dark. We had supper, and then divided ourselves into watches, Captain Horn and I taking the first watch, Jam and the bo'sun the second. There was no need of a lamp to read the compass by, the stars first, and then the moon, giv-

ing us plenty of light.

Jam and Blower had taken their places in the bottom of the boat; no sooner had they laid down than they fell asleep, and never did I hear such a

snoring as they both set up.

The Captain talked to me whilst he steered. The prospect of the fight ahead of us roused up old recollections in his mind: he had seen rough service in almost every sort of trade, and the yarns he told me that night during our four hours' watch would have

made a book in print.

'I've done everything,' said he, 'bar slaving and piracy, though I'd a long sight sooner be a pirate than a slaver. I've never seen why a black skin should stop a body from being a Christian. Look at Jam there, snoring his head off - ain't he a long sight better than a lot of them swabs in the longboat who thought of nothing but their skins? ain't he a lot better than Jim Prentice? No, sir, I can't see why a black man should be sold at auction and a white man buy him. Now, I tell you something, the first and only time I ever started to hunt for treasure before this voyage: it was twenty-two year back, and I was a foremast hand aboard a barque. The Ranger was her name, English owned and English manned. It was at Port Royal I joined her, and word was given open to the crew what we were after. It was on a reef near Cedar Creek on the Florida coast that the ship lay we was going to search for. Our captain and owner — Bolsover was his name - had bought the pickings of her from the

owner, a Dutchman. The Dutchman said there were twelve thousand dollars aboard her, hid in gunny sacks amid the cargo, and on the strength o' that Bolsover paid five hundred dollars for the wreek, and we started to find her. The Dutchman lit out of Port Royal the next day, but Bolsover didn't know that, not till he came back from the hunt.

Well, we reached Cedar Creek, and there, hove up on the reef with a list to starboard, just as the storm had left her, lay the wreck. She seemed all right and tight as far as the cargo went, the hatches were battened down and we started in to open them, and what do you think her cargo was — skeletons! 'Skeletons!'

'Ay,' said he, 'skeletons: she was a slaver, and there wan't a gunny sack nor a dollar aboard her. When the storm had come they'd battened the hatches down on the unfort'nate niggers and left them to die - that give me a turn aginst slaving

I've never got over.

The night passed, the wind holding fair, and another dawn broke on the sea. Not a sail was in sight. Towards ten o'clock the wind freshened, giving us at least another half-knot, and at noon, when the Captain took a sight and worked out our position on the chart, he declared that we were now only a matter of some five hours from our destination. This heartened us up a lot; we were tired of the boat and cramped. I have read many tales of shipwreck and of men being adrift in boats, yet I have never found mention of the thing that hits men hardest after hunger and thirst, and that is the discomfort of having to sit still and not exercise one's limbs, and the cramp of mind and body that comes on one, making one wish, at times, to jump into the sea.

Captain Horn, to give us something to do and to exercise us for what might happen later on, set us to overhaul the arms and ammunition. The pistols had been put aboard wrapped up in a bit of sailcloth. There were seven of them, two for each of the men and one for me. They were heavy, long-barrelled pistols, each firing a ball as big as a musket ball almost, flint-locks. We had a bag of spare

flints, a powder horn, wadding, and a bag of bullets. Captain Horn and Blower were used to firearms, but as for Jam and myself we knew nothing about

them.

The Captain, with his hand on the tiller and one eye on the compass, made us load the pistols and fire them each one, to accustom us to them. Then the cutlasses were examined.

It took an hour, all this, and when it was over we had dinner, if such a meal could be called dinner. Then the day wore on, and as hour followed hour silence fell on us, and our eyes, searching the horizon to eastward, scarcely turned anywhere else.

I do not know what the others felt, but I know that the feeling in my heart was disbelief. I felt we would never reach that island where the mysterious ship was supposed to be lying; that the Captain was mistaken as to the direction; that, perhaps, the whole thing was a dream of his. It seemed impossible that we should find it. I believe the others shared this feeling, at least in part, all except Captain Horn, who sat holding the tiller, his mahogany-coloured face showing not a sign of what was in his mind.

'We ought to be there about now,' said Blower,

suddenly breaking a silence that had lasted some

'Give her time - give her time,' growled the Cap-

tain; 'she's doing her best.'

He didn't seem in the least touched by doubt that he had missed the locality of the island; I have never seen a man so self-confident or admired a man more. But I could tell from Blower's face and also from his manner that hope was fading out of him; Jam also looked depressed for the first time in my experience of him.

Suddenly the Captain flung up his left hand to his eyes and took a long, steady look at the horizon, then without a word he released the sheet. The sail flapped in the wind and the boat lost way, as, calling on us to steady her, he stood up and gazed

again. Then he sat down.

We're there,' said he.
I stood up, so did the bo'sun and Jam, and, clinging together to steady ourselves, we gazed. Away on the eastern horizon we saw some smudgy dots just above the sea-line.

'Cocoa-nut trees,' said the bo'sun. 'Yes, we're there right enough, but blest if I can see any sign of

the Sarah Cutter.'

'She's not there,' replied the Captain. 'She's either been and gone, or hasn't arrived; but we'll

soon see the rights of it.'

His face looked stiff and hard; small wonder he felt strained with the chance of a fortune in the balance, to say nothing of the fury that must have filled his heart at the thought of Jim Prentice getting clear away with it.

We sat down and the sail took the wind again.

(Continued on page 236.)

A HUNDRED YEARS AGO.

II.—THE BATTLE OF THE CHESAPEAKE AND SHANNON.

A LL readers of Tom Brown's School Days (which is much the same as saying, all boys) will remember the singing, after Tom's first football match, when followed 'vociferous songs in rapid succession, including "The Chesapeake and Shannon," a song lately introduced in honour of old Brooke; and when they came to the words—

"Brave Broke, he waved his sword, crying: Now, my lads, aboard;

And we'll stop their playing Yankee-doodle-dandy, oh! "-

you expect the roof to come down.'

This singing is supposed to have taken place in the year 1830 or thereabouts. The battle of the Chesapeake and Shannon was fought in 1813; but, though so many years had since clapsed, it was, as we see, by no means forgotten, and we see that the 'old Brooke' of Rugby School reaped a fictitious glory from the fact of his name being pronounced—not spelt—in a similar way to that of the gallant captain of the Shannon.

Now for the story of the battle. Great Britain was then at war with America, and most of the New England coast-towns were closely blockaded. The Shannon, under Captain Broke, stood off and on the entrance to Boston Harbour, challenging Captain Lawrence, of the Chesapeake, to come out.

The popular desire of the Americans for a fight could not be restrained; they felt quite certain of victory, especially as quite lately, on three former occasions, American frigates had defeated British war vessels, and so Captain Lawrence felt himself obliged to meet the Shannon, though personally he would have preferred to wait a few weeks, as the Chesapeake had just got a new crew, and neither officers nor men had learnt much of naval discipline.

However, Lawrence felt he had but little choice in the matter, so eager were his countrymen for battle; and, as the Chesapeake got under way on June 1st, 1813, numbers of the townsfolk climbed the high hills along the coast, and other Bostonians actually accompanied the Chesapeake at a respectful distance in little row-boats, so confident were they of victory.

The Shannon opened fire as soon as her guns could be brought to bear upon her opponent, but the Chesapeake waited till she could deliver a broadside; then for about eight minutes the guns of both ships kept at it, and the roar was continuous.

The British loss of men was great, but the American ship was so damaged that she became unmanageable; her mizzen-rigging fouled with the Shannon's forechains, so that she was open to a raking

fire.

Now Captain Lawrence was shot through the body, but as he was carried below he gave the stringent order, 'Tell the men to fire faster! Fight her till she sinks!'

But the British were now swarming over the deck of the Chesapeake, and the ship was theirs after an

engagement that lasted but fifteen minutes.

Captain Broke, himself badly wounded, sent the following dispatch to his Government: 'The enemy came down in a very handsome manner, having three American ensigns flying, but after fifteen minutes' hard fighting the American flag was hauled down, and the proud old British Union floated over it... Both ships came out of action in the most beautiful order, their rigging appearing as if they had only been exchanging a salute.'

The news of this victory caused the most intense excitement in this country, and the newspapers were full of praises of the gallant Broke. Happily those days of conflict with the United States are now long past, and the battle is only remembered as a hard fight in which both sides won honour.

E. A. B.

STONES AND THEIR STORIES.

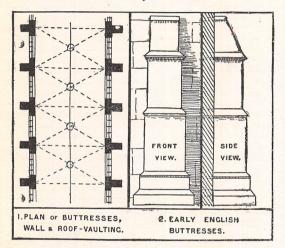
VII. - EARLY GOTHIC.

WE now come to a style of which we call Gothic. Before I go into particulars about it, I want to explain its name. It is a bad name, but like most bad names, it has stuck. It came about in this way. You remember I told you Romanesque was really a style adapted from Roman work—that is classical work—and all students of the subject at that time looked upon any building which did not follow the classic rules as the result of ignorance, want of civilisation; that is, the work of barbarians, or, as they said in those days (because the Goths were invading Rome), the work of 'Goths,' that is 'Gothic.' So you see it was really a term of contempt, and though the style became a great one it always kept its original name. Now, the Gothic style came into being, flourished, and died in about

four hundred years. The style is divided into four distinct periods, viz., Early English, Decorated, Perpendicular, and Tudor. For the dates of these periods I think I cannot do better than quote the easily remembered plan as arranged by Professor Lethaby, viz.,

Early English = thirteenth century (1200-1300). Decorated = fourteenth century (1300-1400). Perpendicular = fifteenth century (1400-1500).Tudor = sixteenth century (1500-1600).

You must not run away with the idea that no



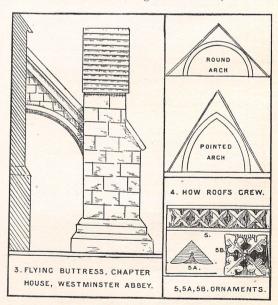
more Norman was built after December, 1199, and that they started to build in the Early English style from January, 1200. That is quite wrong; there was a long period before 1200 when the styles were mixed, perhaps fifty years (that is from 1150), but by 1200 the buildings were pure Early English and so they continued for about another fifty years (that is about 1250). Then the change ('transition' as it is called) gradually made itself felt, till in 1300 we had pure Decorated. This gradual change occurred between each of the styles which make up the period.

Now, as in Norman work, there is much to be found if only we look out for it. So I want to bring before you all its peculiarities, so that you may easily recognise the style and be able to date a building fairly nearly. There is, however, one thing you must be careful about: because you see a certain shaped arch or window, or a certain form of ornament, you must not, at once, without inquiry, say that it is original Early English, because it is quite possibly a restoration, or even a new building, for churches are now often built in pure Early English or any other style, so you must beware. Most of our remains of Early English work are to be found in either cathedrals or churches, because religious life was very active just then and abbeys and minsters were everywhere (as for instance part of Westminster Abbey, Kirkstall Abbey, Malmesbury Abbey, Furness Abbey, and many others). Of private dwellings we know little: the great people lived in the castles already built, and some were built later.

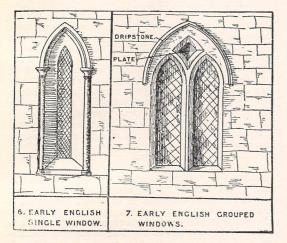
Stone was used very largely, some being brought from the Continent and some quarried in our own country. Purbeck marble, a dark form of marble which, unpolished, looks almost like iron, was much used for small columns; at Rochester there are

quite a lot.

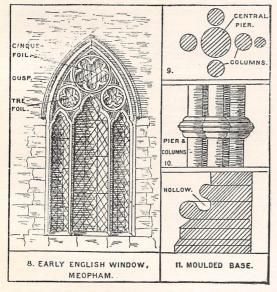
One of the chief differences from Norman, in general appearance in this style, is the decided feeling of lightness which surrounds all Early English work, as compared with the heaviness and small openings of the Norman style. The chief changes in the plans of the cathedrals of the time were the absence of the apse, the ends now being squared, and the greater length of the naves. This length was generally accounted for by the fact that English builders did not pull down their Norman churches and build new ones, as did the French, but they added to the length of the Norman church. Our English cathedrals are mostly very long for their height. Salisbury (1220—1258) is six times as long as it is wide! The narrowness is very likely due to the difficulty there had been up to now in the vaulting of the roof: the greater the width, the greater the outward push of the vaulting (or 'lateral'-i.e., sideways-'thrust,' as it is properly called). The buttresses now became far more important features than in the past, for the problem of vaulting was now solved, and the result was the use of these great buttresses, masses of masonry which stood out all round the building (fig. 1- the black projecting parts). The idea they hit upon for the vaulting was to build stone ribs across and across the space to be roofed (as you see in the plan, fig. 1 — the dotted lines) from one pier to another, thus gathering the 'push' to certain points -that is, to the piers—the black part in the side-lines. These ribs formed a framework (something like the ribs of an umbrella, and the spaces between were filled with lighter material; thus the



roofs were much less weighty than of old. Outside the building, just opposite the piers, were the but-tresses to resist the push. If the building had no aisles (as in my plan), then the buttresses were built straight up the walls, getting thinner as they got higher, as you see in fig. 2, where I give the front and side views of a buttress of this kind. But where the building had aisles, a new kind of buttress appeared, called a 'flying buttress,' because it



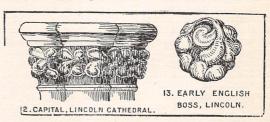
was like an arm of masonry thrown out to push. Fig. 3 is a flying buttress, but to a low building. Since the pressure was now all gathered to these certain spots, viz., the piers, it was not necessary to have such thick walls in between, so they were built much thinner, and also the windows were able to become much larger.



The roofs were now much steeper, because the arches were a new shape; they ceased to be semicircular and became pointed, sometimes very pointed; fig. 4 is a diagram showing the change, and illustrating the fact that to roof over a pointed arch you must have a steeper roof; the opening at the bottom is the same in each instance.

Next we come to the subject of openings. Doorways were arched with pointed arches which were usually richly moulded, some of the hollows being decorated with a row of 'dog-tooth' ornament (figs. 5 and 5A), the chief moulding decoration of the style. The ornament itself is in the form (generally) of a four-leafed flower with the centre standing out very considerably: it was very simple in early times and later became much more elaborate (fig. 5B), but the simpler is the more common in England.

The windows were tall and slender (fig. 6) at first, and appeared singly, but later they were grouped together in twos or even threes. This grouping introduced what is known as 'plate-tracery'—filling up the space between the arches. Fig. 7 will illustrate my meaning. Here you have two narrow windows side by side; an arch of moulding is over them—this is called a 'dripstone' or weather moulding, intended to keep the rain from running down the wall and into the window spaces. If nothing further had been done, an ugly bare space would have been left above the windows. But the idea occurred to the builders of making an opening above in the 'plate' of stone with which the space was filled, and from this beginning these spaces became very important features and were filled



eventually with the most complicated shapes, and only bars of stonework were left, thus giving rise to the later name of 'bar-tracery.' This arrived in the later part of this period, and I give a sketch (fig. 8) of a very fine example from a village church in Kent — Meopham. It was built about 1260 (really during the transition to the next style, you see!). Here you can realise how the idea developed, also you will notice that the three windows have taken a slightly new shape, while the openings above have become more complicated.

Now I want you to know what certain parts of these windows are called and why each of those little points which project towards the middle of the spaces is called a 'cusp' and the curved spaces between are called 'foils' (foil=a leaf). The top space has five foils and five cusps, and it is called a cinquefoil (cinque = five, foil = a leaf, i.e., five leaves). The lower two openings are called trefoil (tre = three, foil = a leaf, therefore trefoil = three leaves). I hope you will not think these terms a bother, because they are very commonly used, and I should like you to understand what people are meaning when they use these words; and when you see a 'cusp' or a 'trefoil' or a quatrefoil' (four leaves) you will remember what they are called. Almost any church or chapel you visit will have some somewhere, so look out! Many of these windows were filled with beautiful stained glass, the colour of which has never been surpassed, if ever equalled.

Now we come to the columns. These were much

more slender, and were often detached quite a distance from the piers (as in fig. 9); also, they had moulded bands round them at intervals, as though binding them to the piers (fig. 10). Early in the style the capitals and bases were simply moulded with rolls and hollows, a peculiarity of the style being that the hollows were so deep and undercut that they would hold water, quite little troughs (fig. 11). Later a form of ornament appeared, known as the trefoil ornament. (Now you know what trefoil means.) It is very easily recognised by its three, or sometimes four, leaflets, like clover. It was not only used for capitals, but appears in Early English work almost anywhere that ornament was required. A favourite place was on what are called 'bosses': these are the round masses of ornament which were fixed at the crossing of the ribs of the vaulting (see fig. 1 and in fig. 13). It was also used to decorate wall-spaces between arches. I give a sketch of a

capital from Lincoln Cathedral (fig. 12).

Now I think I have told you about most of the chief features of the style. As time passed the services in the churches became more elaborate, and with this came more decoration of the internal parts, and also the appearance of new, what we might call 'furniture'— and of these I now wish to tell you, because their decoration followed the style. There were the fonts (which generally stand near the entrance, to denote that baptism is the first step to the Church): in Norman times they were there, of course, and were elaborately decorated with carved figures, but the Early English used their trefoil ornament. Then there is the 'piscina': that is, a little niche in the wall in which is a shallow bowl; the niche is generally arched with characteristic mouldings, cusps, &c. Then again there are the 'sedilia,' a sort of canopied seats for the priests, hollowed in the walls of the chancel; these were also ornamented to match the period, and the date of a building can often be judged from these various niches, which can be found in most old churches. Then, lastly, there are the niches which were built to contain little statues; these were mostly on the outside of the building: as an instance, at Wells Cathedral there are rows of them on the west front. These niches were called 'tabernacles.'

E. M. Barlow.

BUDS.

WHEN the young days of spring are near, Upon the plants fresh buds appear; The tender growing life we see, The buds of flowers one day to be.

So in our young and childish days, Such promise sweet may others trace; In kindly word and action see The buds of flowers one day to be.

Frank Ellis.

THE FRENCH GOVERNESS.

VERA and Jim both frowned when they heard of the new French governess who was coming. 'An English governess is bad enough,' sighed Jim, 'but we can understand what she is saying; and we've only just begun parsing in English grammar, and there are pages and pages more to learn. Why can't we finish that before we begin French grammar?'

So Vera and Jim worried themselves into dreading the coming of Mademoiselle, and were quite prepared to dislike her. However, when Mother brought her into the schoolroom, the children were relieved to find that she looked quite friendly and not at all forbidding. She smiled and shook hands with them both, then spoke in French to Mother, who turned to the children and said: 'Mademoiselle feels that she would like to learn a little English before she attempts to teach you French, and she wonders whether you will help her. She cannot speak English at all, or understand it, so I'm sure you will do your best. Imagine how you would feel if you were in France and could not speak French, and do your best to make Mademoiselle feel at home,'

To this the children willingly agreed, glad to put off their own instruction in the French tongue. Mademoiselle proved to be a delightful companion, interested in everything concerning the children, and the latter did not consider it a drawback that she seemed so slow to benefit by their lessons.

Mademoiselle was especially willing to join in their games, and, when she understood them, proved a capital playfellow. But it was not always easy to make the explanations clear, although Mademoiselle evidently did her best to understand, until Vera suddenly thought of the big French-English dictionary that had been bought in readiness for French lessons. In this they found the French translation of the English words they could not explain, and thus teaching Mademoiselle became much easier, and she learned the names of the trees and flowers and birds and animals around the children's country home in the same way.

When they taught her to read, the dictionary was even more useful, and several times Vera and Jim smuggled a French grammar-book up to the loft, where they could study it unseen, so that they could answer Mademoiselle's many questions. they borrowed Baby Stella's story-books with words of one syllable, and when Mademoiselle had mastered these went on to more advanced reading, the dictionary becoming more and more useful. Mademoiselle now tried to talk in proper sentences, but her pronunciation of words was so quaint that Vera and Jim could not help laughing. So she showed them the little phrase-book she had been studying, which gave French sentences and the English translation side by side. Vera explained that English words aren't always pronounced just as they are spelt, and went on to describe the correct

This proved one of the hardest lessons, however, but the children enjoyed it. They would read a French phrase, and Mademoiselle would try to translate it without the book, but each sentence had to be repeated many times, and when learnt was often forcested by the control of t

forgotten by next day.

The children persevered, however, looking on the process as a very good game, especially when by-and-by the dictionary, somehow, was not needed nearly so much, and Mademoiselle, even when she spoke in French, was much more readily understood.

Then one day Mademoiselle announced that she would give them a French lesson. 'First of all, we will study some nouns,' she said, and went on to name, in French, different things in the schoolroom, such as chairs, table, books.

'But we know all those,' said Vera.

'Then I have a phrase-book here. You shall learn

some sentences in French.

This time Jim interrupted with a laugh: 'I guess we know them as well as you do, Mademoiselle. learnt them when we were teaching you English.'
'But you said you did not know French!' protested Mademoiselle, nevertheless with a twinkle in

her eyes, which Vera saw.

'Mademoiselle!' she cried, springing up, 'I believe you've been playing a trick on us! You were teaching us French all the time, and pretending to learn English.'

'Not pretending,' said Mademoiselle. 'Can I not speak the English now? I certainly did not know it

when I came.

But Jim and Vera understood now Mademoiselle's clever plan for making them learn French without suspecting what they were doing, and for that morning lessons were hopelessly interrupted by the children's hearty laughter. I. A. Davison.

TRAINED DOGS.

ONE of the chief qualities which help to make the dog such a useful friend and companion of man is the readiness with which it can be trained to perform duties which are hardly natural to it. We do not often give much heed to this interesting side of the dog's character. If we did, we should be surprised to discover to what an extent even ordinary dogs have been trained by their long association with man. The dog, which is so kind and affectionate to those with whom he lives that he will permit children to pull his ears and his tail, and to roll him over and over on the ground, becomes fierce as a wild animal when he faces a burglar or a suspicious-looking tramp. The keen hunting dog, so eager to catch and kill something when he is out in the fields and woods, leaves the hens, the chickens, the pigeons, and other animals of the farmyard unmolested, and will even defend them from an enemy like the fox. In habits like these the dog shows the results of the long training to which he and his ancestors have been put, and though we do not usually think of his behaviour as the effect of training, we can see quite well that, if he did not display these qualities, he would cease to be the fitting companion of man in and about the house.

In some respects dogs have been for a long time highly and specially trained for certain duties. Retrievers, for instance, are trained to fetch the bird which the sportsman has shot. The pointer has learned not to rush at the game which he scents, but to stand quite still with his nose pointed towards it, thus giving both a warning to be ready and an indication where to expect the game to show itself. The sheep-dog knows how to gather up the flock, or, at his master's bidding, to single out certain sheep and separate them from the rest. In Holland and Belgium we may still see dogs harnessed to little carts loaded with vegetables or milk, a sight which was once common in England before the law put an end to the practice. Dogs which are put to this work have to learn to restrain their friskiness and quarrelsomeness, otherwise there would be frequent accidents to the carts and their loads. In the Servian army the drums were formerly placed upon small two-wheeled carts, each of which was drawn by a large dog, which marched with the regiment, keeping pace with the men. The drummers walked behind the cart, and beat the drums as it moved along.

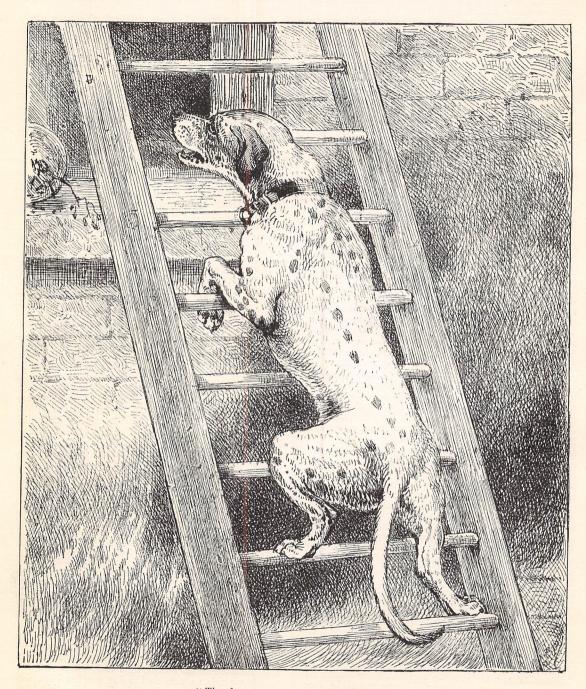
At the present time we are beginning to make a much more systematic use of trained dogs. They are attached to regiments, fire brigades, police stations, and railway stations, for different purposes. There have been several occasions recently when people sleeping in a burning building have been waked by the barking of a dog, and have succeeded in saving themselves when, but for the dog, they would probably have lost their lives. A Dalmatian dog, belonging to the New York Fire Brigade, saved the lives of three men during a fire in Third Avenue. The men had been overcome by smoke, and were in danger of suffocation, when the dog, whose name is 'Happy,' ran up the fireman's ladder, and by barking furiously at the window, drew the attention of others to the danger, and the men were rescued.

In many railway stations we see the dogs which collect money for the railway men's charities. It does not at first sight seem necessary that the dogs should require much training for the work. They must, however, be docile, and at the same time industrious. A good dog is continually moving to and fro among the people, seeking, in a quiet way, to attract their attention. The dogs of the Great Western Railway collect over two hundred pounds a year. 'Tim,' a well-known dog at Paddington, collected a thousand pounds during his lifetime, and a dog at Reading, named 'Jack,' collected four hundred and sixty pounds. But another dog, whose name I will not divulge, was so lazy that he did not in one year

earn sufficient to pay his license.

Trained dogs are proving useful allies of the police both at home and abroad. They are able to detect a lurking thief much more readily than a policeman can, their keen scent giving them an advantage which the man does not possess. Evil-doers are, moreover, much more afraid of an unmuzzled dog than of a policeman, who is restrained by his orders from unnecessary violence. The dog is ferocious so long as a culprit tries to escape, but it is easily checked by a word from its master. In some places abroad the dogs regularly accompany the policemen on their night rounds through the streets; in England they are similarly employed upon some of the docks, where plundering and pilfering have been extensively carried on at night. The dogs are most carefully trained for this work.

For some years the Germans have been training ambulance dogs for their army. After every serious battle many soldiers are reported missing. It is believed that most of these are wounded men, who have dragged themselves into some sheltered and secluded spot, and that the ambulance men, who have gone over the field of battle searching for the wounded, have failed to discover them. It will be the chief work of the ambulance dogs to seek out these stray wounded, and to guide the ambulance corps to their aid. But each dog is fitted with a knapsack containing refreshments and some surgical appliances, so that if the wounded man is able to help himself he may take food and drink, and bind up his wounds as soon as the dog reaches him. The dogs which have proved most efficient in this work have been the older kind of Scotch collies, which are somewhat different from the collie most commonly W. A. Atkinson. met with.



"The dog ran up the fireman's ladder."



"Always tell the Truth." After Erskine Nicoll, A.R.A.

ALWAYS TELL THE TRUTH

THE sunshine was gleaming and soft was the breeze,

The merry birds carolled their songs in the trees, And Tom, with his ball, in the garden at play (A gift from his grannie), was merry as they.

Then all of a sudden, the ball with a crash Went straight through the window, and great was the smash.

And poor little Tom, in a state of affright, Grew pale as he gazed at the terrible sight.

Said he, as he dashed a big tear-drop away, 'I wonder whatever my grannie will say; Perhaps I had better not tell her at all: It wasn't my fault - 'twas the silly old ball!'

But later, when Grannie, in tenderest tone, Was questioning softly - his hand in her own, 'Did you break the window? - now darling, confess.' Then Tom, with a sob in his voice, answered, 'Yes.'

'I'm sorry, dear Grannie, as sorry can be.' Came the pardoning kiss, then - 'Remember,' said

'These words from the lips, dear, of one who is old, That truth is more precious than silver and gold.' Marian Isabel Hurrell.

THE COLLAR OF S.S

WHEN we read in old histories about courts and festivities, we come occasionally upon the remark that persons appeared in their Collars of S.S. This seems a curious name, and many people, young or old, have wondered what such a collar was like. A schoolboy asked another one day what a collar of 'S.S.' meant, and his companion said he thought it must be a collar of 'shining silver.' Certainly these collars were usually made of silver, and most of them would be polished up so as to look bright; but this is not the true explanation of the name. The story of the Collar of S.S. goes back to an early period, and begins many centuries ago. It is stated to belong to the time of the Roman emperors, being worn as a badge by the members of the Society of St. Simplicius, the letters showing his initials. Simplicius and a friend of his, Fautinus, were martyrs in the year 287 at Rome, and, to keep him in remembrance, Christians wore collars of silver thus marked. Some of them also had curious patterns: we read of one with twelve small plates, on which the Creed was engraved, and a little figure of the

martyr hung from the edge of the collar.
When the Collar of S.S. was introduced to England is uncertain; probably people had ceased to connect it with St. Simplicius, and it appears to be a state of the collar of the collar. have been worn by nobles as a token of dignity or honour. One antiquarian suggests that the letters might have been taken to represent 'sovereign's servants,' because the collar was often seen amongst courtiers. We have evidence that the collars were sometimes of gold, or gold and silver together. Somebody discovered upon the monument of Matilde Fitzwalter, of Dunmow, a figure of an S.S. Collar; this would show that such were known in the reign of King John, and also that ladies used to have them. Another lady was carved upon a tomb at

Warwick, later on, with one of these close round her neck.

One notable fact about the S.S. Collar is that it was taken for a badge by the House of Lancaster, and Henry IV. often presented one to his followers. Interwoven with the letter S about that time it was usual to have silver forget-me-nots. The French sometimes had an eagle placed at the end of the collar: occasionally this was worn upon the arms. The Prince of Wales, afterwards Henry V., is said to have appeared at the Court, in 1412, having S.S. Collars of gold on each arm, with tassels of the same metal. Henry VIII. is said to have added to this collar the figure of a portcullis fastened to the end, and lawyers of high rank wore an S.S. Collar adorned with roses. J. R. S. C.

THE MODEL-MAKER.

VI. — A MECHANICAL FIGURE.

THOUGH such a mechanical figure as we are about to describe may be successfully constructed in a variety of ways, we shall confine ourselves to one method only, and leave our readers to work out any different suggestion which may occur to them during the process of manufacture. Numberless types, animals and men, faultlessly made, are supplied by the large toy-makers, and a study of these would furnish any resourceful boy with ideas.

With regard to our present design, however, there is one point to be insisted upon - careful and accurate measurements in the proportions and parts of the figure itself. For this reason we will start with a drawing of the walking man in outline, plainly marked in all important places with the measurements we have adopted, so that they can be referred to readily from time to time as we proceed (fig. 1).

 $ar{ ext{A}}$ is the roller containing motive power — the driving gear - and is four and three-quarters inches long by four inches in diameter.

B is the driving reel giving activity to the figure, and measures one and a half inches in length and the same in diameter.

C is the side frame carrying the working parts and is seven inches long. The axles of the two reels (B and F) which pass through this frame are four and a half inches apart.

D is the crank (at the 'shoulder') fastened to and worked by reel B. It has a 'throw' of half an inch. That is to say, it is half an inch from the axle of the reel to the point at which the upper end of E is attached.

E is the connecting-rod between the 'shoulder' crank and the 'hip,' and measures five and a half inches between these two points.

F is the lower reel used for winding up, the same size as B.

G is the upper portion of the leg hinged to the frame at a point exactly one and a quarter inches from the 'hip' and as low as possible on the frame (as this measurement governs the 'lift' of the leg, it must be carefully adjusted).

H is the lower part of the leg, including the kneejoint; for this portion accurate measurement need not be given, but a sense of proportion will suggest its length,

I K are two blocks of wood to which the side frame-pieces are securely and 'squarely' attached. They should measure a trifle more than the length of the reels (B and F) and the more substantial they are the better.

Now for the method of making. We will start with the frame. Cut from a piece of picture-backing board two strips seven inches long by one inch wide. Clamp them together face to face, and mark a central line from top to bottom. On this line, at a distance of four and a half inches apart, bore two holes about a quarter of an inch in diameter for the admittance of the reel axles (B and F, fig. 1). The upper of these two holes should be about three-quarters of an inch from the top of the wood.

Now prepare the wooden axles for the reels. Cut two pieces of stick two and a half inches long, and pare them down till they fit tightly into the reels. Now tap them out again and carve both ends of each down till they fit freely but without looseness (particularly in the case of the upper reel) into the holes in the side pieces of the frame. Do not cut away right up to the place where they enter the reel, but leave a 'shoulder.' Fig. 2 shows the axle ends thus cut down and fitted. When in place, the shoulders (L) turn against the inside faces of the frame, and thus keep the reel revolving truly.

To complete the frame, cut two blocks of wood exactly the same length as the reel axles are from shoulder to shoulder, and having placed the reels in position, insert the blocks between the side frame-pieces, the upper block about half an inch below the upper reel, and the second block at the extreme base of the frame. These can be fastened in position by small brads, though short slender screws are always more satisfactory because they are easily removed again, and it is more than likely that we shall frequently want to take our model to pieces to adjust errors. Fig. 3 shows the frame completed as far as described.

The driving cranks for reel B (see D, figs. 1 and 4) should be fairly thick, to give them a good bearing on the axle end, and should be of sound hard wood. To avoid the likelihood of splitting, it is well to bore the holes—one for the axle and the other for the pin upon which the connecting-rod E swings—before shaping the crank as it will appear when fitted on to the axle. These holes are half an inch apart from centre to centre. When you find that the crank can be pushed tightly on to its axle, pare each of them down to suitable proportions and press them into place. They must, of course, when so placed, point in opposite directions, after the manner of bicycle cranks.

The connecting rods (E, figs. 1 and 4) scarcely need description, beyond mentioning that at those points where they will come in contact with crank and hip-joint, the wood should be left a little thicker, that it may offer less surface for friction. When putting them in place, small slender screws form the best pivots for them to move upon, though thin copper wire would serve the purpose.

The leg G, which should be a plain strip of wood nearly a quarter of an inch thick, swings upon a screw which passes into the lower block K, and though it must move freely upon this screw there must be no looseness. Be careful to see that these leg screws, on opposite sides of the block, are exactly in a line with one another, or the figure will

not stand upright (see fig. 4). Before being placed in position the leg should be completed, and in doing this the knee-joint requires a little care. The lower end of the leg-piece G is carved in the manner shown in fig. 5. The lower portion (H, fig. 1) has a diagonal saw-cut in it, sufficiently wide to admit the end of G (see figs. 6 and 7). The saw-cut being diagonal, as shown by the dotted line, will allow of H swinging backward, while its forward swing will be checked by its coming in contact with the point of G. It should be placed in the position shown in fig. 7 before boring the pivot-hole, so that this may pass through H and G at the same time and in true line. A very small hole will do, as a piece of thin wire or even a stout pin forms a good pivot. To furnish the knee-joint with elasticity, drive a small pin into G and another into H at any suitable point, and fasten a stretch of elastic between them. To keep it in place, a small groove may be cut in the extreme end of G for it to rest in (see fig. 8).

We have now only to add the arms, which merely consist of two sticks of suitable length, fixed by screws or small nails through the outside of the frame to block I. Be careful to see that the arms are in perfect line with one another, or they will quite destroy the even working of the mechanism.

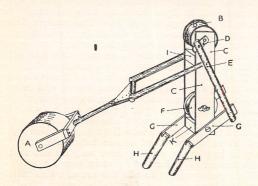
The driving gear (A) consists of a canister of the size already mentioned, fitted with the spring of an ordinary cheap American clock, such as we used for our model motor-car. Remove the lid and pierce its centre with a hole large enough for the axle of the wheel to which the spring is attached to pass through. Now remove the spring, and fasten the wheel to the end of a stout strip of wood which is presently to form one side of the roller frame (see fig. 9). A hole is bored in the wood to admit the shorter end of the axle, and the wheel can be firmly fixed by 'strapping' it's spokes with wire, or even strong twine, which passes through or round the wooden strip. Now insert the axle through the hole in the can-lid and replace the spring. The loose end of the spring can be secured by a short length of wire in the form of a staple passed through the loop and then through a couple of holes in the lid, close to the flange. The two protruding ends of the staple are then firmly twisted together. To see that this has been satisfactorily done, place the lid on the canister, and, holding the wood to which the wheel is attached, give the can three or four turns. On being released, it should revolve freely and rapidly back again.

Now bore a hole in the centre of the bottom of the can to receive the axle for this opposite end of the roller. This axle may be of wood or iron, and can be fixed to the frame. Fig. 1 shows the driving gear in position, and it is only necessary to point out that the roller must be placed so that during the winding its upper part shall revolve towards the figure. The driving line (fastened to the roller by tying it tightly round it) should now be coiled several times round the roller in readiness for attaching its further end to the reel B.

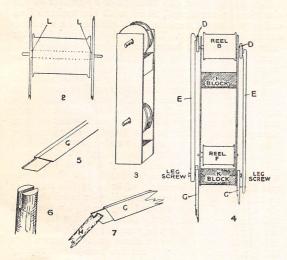
The completion of the roller's frame is also clearly shown in fig. 1, together with the manner of binding the arms of the 'man' to it.

Winding-up arrangement.—Into the reel B fix two short screws, one in the middle and the other to one side. Round the latter tie the end of a piece of twine about three feet long, and having wound

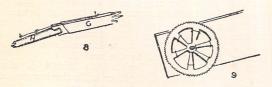
it round and round the reel till nearly all is taken up, attach the other end to a similar screw on the reel F. Now bring the end of the driving line up, and fasten it to the screw in the middle of B. On



to the axle end of F, left protruding through the frame, screw the clock key (which has a left-hand thread) and when it is thoroughly well 'home' you

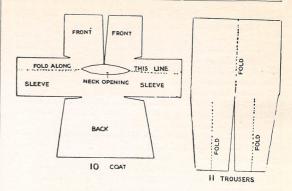


will find it hold quite firmly enough to wind up the roller. Before doing this, however, a short length of twine must be passed round the two reels at their unused ends, and tied, moderately tightly, after the



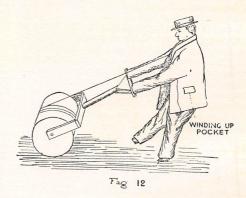
manner of a pulley belt. This will ensure the turning of F to take up the slack winding cord when B is working the figure.

If the spring is a very strong one, you may find it



advisable to relieve matters a little by turning the roller now and then with the left hand while winding the key with the right.

Of course, the larger the roller, and the longer the spring with which it is fitted, the greater will be the activity of the figure.



We leave the clothing to the tastes of our readers, but figs. 10 and 11 show simple patterns from which these can be cut, while fig. 12 shows 'Mr. Push' (if we may give our model such an energetic name) provided with a paper suit and a paper head, according to our own ideas on this point.*

John Lea.

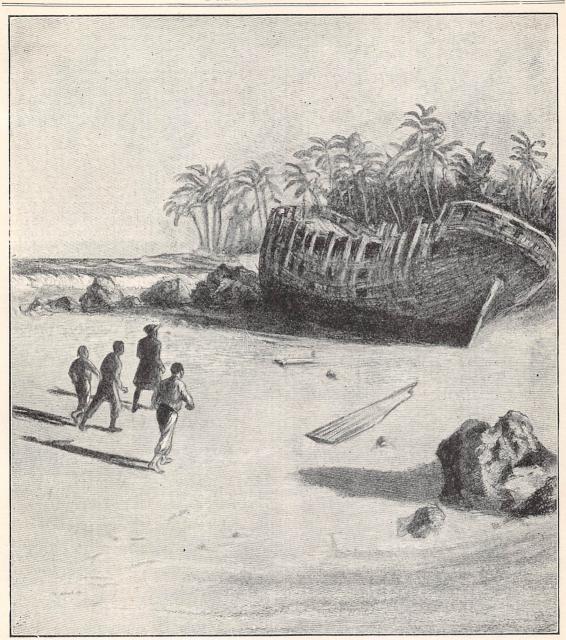
BIRD CAY.

By H. de Vere Stacpoole. (Continued from page 227.)

Twould not be sundown for an hour or more, and we calculated that the wind would let us beach the boat before that. Scarcely a word was spoken as we hauled closer and closer; we could see the palm-trees, now, cut clear against the sky, and then, to southward of the island, we saw something else—something formless and dark like a roc., and now looking like a stranded whale such as I had seen a picture of in one of my uncle's books on the sea.

'That's the wreck,' said the Captain; 'that's the

^{*} To prevent the garments coming in contact with the moving parts at the shoulders, wire guards are easily arranged stretching rearwards from the arms.



"We were not long in reaching the wreck."

Santissima Maria.' Then, as we drew closer, 'But the sea's been at her! look at her ribs!'

I have never seen anything more mournful than that wreck lying in the sunset on the reef: masts were gone and rudder, the planking of her sides had been clean swept away, leaving only her ribs sticking up; you could see the sky through them. Any cargo must have long ago been swept away.

As we crept closer and closer, Blower whistled, then he broke out, 'Not much of her cargo left.'
'That's nothing,' replied the dauntless Captain.

'Her cargo was mostly tobacco; that's easy been swept away, but gold bricks and bars is heavier than rocks, and they'll have sunk into the sand.'

'Sand on a reef?' said Blower.
'I tell you it ain't so much a reef as part of the island,' replied Captain Horn; 'a kind of strip of shore with coral sand four foot deep, protected by the reef edges. Her stern was in sand when I left her; the sand will have shifted and blown away and come back in all these years, but the gold will have stuck by its weight where it fell.'

'Ay, ay,' replied Blower. 'There's maybe something to be said for that.'

The island itself, half a mile long by a quarter of a mile broad, had a white sandy beach, and the double reefs, clipping a strip of sandy beach between them, ran from the south of the island for about three hundred yards, to be lost in the sea.

We were steering now for the beach of the island which we aimed to strike, twenty yards or so from

the beginning of the reef.

We had taken down the mast, and Jam and the bo'sun getting out the oars, the boat came in grandly on a gentle wave. In a moment we were over the sides and hauling her up beyond reach of the surf.

I never shall forget the feeling of that beach under my feet, and the thought that I was standing on a desert island, that had not even a name. Sea-gulls were wheeling about in the sunset light, screaming as if they resented our intrusion there, and the noise of the surf came from all along the beach and the reef with a quiet, desolate sound beyond telling of.

Captain Horn, who was standing by the bow of the boat with one hand on the gunwale, was examining the sand as far as his eye could reach. 'It's not trod up,' said he, 'and there's no sign of a fire nor any old truck lying about. They'd have landed this side, for the anchorage is here; the other side is all razor-backs and no holding-ground. Boys! they haven't arrived yet!'

they haven't arrived yet!'

'Looks like it,' said Blower; 'but let's have a peep at the locker; we'll tell by the look of her whether they've been here better'n by the look of the beach.'

We strung off along the sand, the Captain leading,

to the reef spur.

The Captain was right. The spur was a regular road of sand between the two reef walls, a strip of beach, the strangest I have ever seen, with its protecting barriers of coral.

We were not long in reaching the wreck. She had been hove sideways across the western coral barrier—the long axis of island and reef lay due north and south—and her stern and twenty feet of her hull lay on the sand: the part that rested on the barrier was solidly mortised to it by a growth of coral.

In the last rays of the sunset the great ribs of the wreck stood up, casting their shadows on the sand; there was no trace of the fragile cargo, swept away long ago by storms and the torrential rains of the tropics; the deck had vanished, all but fragments of it forward, and the rudder lay flat on the sand, looking like a flung-down barn-door.

It seemed absolutely hopeless to think that the gold had been spared, and I am sure that if we could have seen Captain Horn's mind we should have seen the bitter disappointment that did not appear in his

face.

He looked quite cheerful as he surveyed the scene. 'There's no sign of her having been disturbed,' said he. 'The sand's not been trod up. Look at it: it's three foot deep, and look at the reef ledges protectin' it from the sea; now can't you understand how bar-gold heavy as rocks will, a hundred to one, have sunk in the sand, and be there now for the taking? It's a hundred to one chance, and that's good enough for me. To-morrow we'll begin to dig and scrape away all this stuff, and if the stuff's not there — well, then you can call me a Dutchman!'

'Well, see here,' said Blower, 'digging is all very

well, but what are we to do for spades?

'Blest if you aren't the chap for making objections,' cried the Captain. 'Spades! we'll have to make 'em; we can tear some of that old deck-planking down and use the boards; we'll find spades enough, even if we're driven to dig with our hands. There's not much sand to be turned over. If the stuff is here, it's between the stern-post and 'midships. Come! it's getting full dark, and a bit of a fire will 'liven us up.'

We gathered what bits of wreck-wood we could find — and there was plenty half buried in the sand — and, carrying them, returned to the beach of the

island.

From the western beach, where we were, a thick growth of bay cedar bushes stretched right across the island to the beach on the east. There was a lot of this brushwood, dead and dry as tinder; we cut it and soon had a blazing fire, round which we sat whilst Jam served out the provisions and water.

'You needn't be sparing with the water,' said the Captain, 'there's a spring back there among the bushes. Good thing we've no mosquitoes; down on the Cuban coast I've lit on islands where the mosquitoes were that thick you couldn't see the sand for them—striped like tigers they were, and each one of them as big as a wasp.'

'They must a' been a fair big size,' said Blower;

'judging by the mosquitoes I've seen.

'Well, maybe they was only half as big as wasps, but they was big enough, anyway, when half a hundred of them laid for a man. Now then, let's get the boat-sail rigged up between two of them trees; it's no good sleeping in the moonlight of these parts

if you can get a shadow to lie in.'

We fetched the sail from the boat, and hung it between two of the cocoanut-trees that grew near us. A couple of oars stuck in the sand helped to prop it out, so that in the light of the moon which had now risen it cast a shadow that would at least protect our heads and shoulders. There is a superstition amidst sailors that if you sleep with the tropic moon on your face you will wake up with your face all drawn to one side: some say it drives you mad. I don't know what truth there may be in this, for I have never met with any one to whom it has happened, and, indeed, on that night I was so tired and so glad to have firm ground to rest on, that moonlight or shadow would have been all the same to me. No sooner did I lie down than I fell fast asleep, and slept without stirring until the first rays of the sun awoke me.

(Continued on page 247.)

INDIAN CUSTOMS.

ADY WILSON, in her book, Letters from India, remarks upon the topsy-turvy way (according to our notions) that the Indians have of doing things.

'At home,' says Lady Wilson, 'men take off their hats when they come into a house: Indians keep on their turbans, but take off their shoes. We beekon with the palms of our hands turned inward: they beckon with them turned out. My ayah lays my slippers in a row, with the toes pointing towards me. The cook begins to read his Hindustani book of recipes from the last page backwards, and writes

his accounts from right to left. When the native carpenter uses his native screws, he screws them in from right to left, and saws inwards, which makes one nervous.

THE HEART OF THE SLAVE-TRADE.

I WAS no bigger than your brother Fred — just gone to Rugby — when I went off for my first trip in H.M.S. Penelope, as proud of my new uniform as a dog with two tails. We were bound for the east coast of Africa, which had not all the names dotted about on it that you see in your modern maps. I felt as if we were Christopher Columbus over again with a smack of martyrs and heroes of all ages mixed in, for were we not after slave-traders, and anything might happen at any time?

Our captain's name was Sturkey. It was a stiff sort of a name, and he was a stiff sort of a person, who ruled us all with a rod of iron, and who hated

ever appearing to be in the wrong.

News had arrived that a thirty-ton vessel had been stolen mysteriously, and we, with some others, were sent to watch a strip of coast some hundred miles long, in order to discover the marauders. Up and down we cruised in the grilling sun, but with no result. The coast was curiously unbroken, except in one place where a bay opened. It was closed in by sand-banks which had the full benefit of the ocean rollers; the surf was tremendous, and manifestly the place would not be much use for slave-traffic at least, so the captain said. But once I heard him in conversation with another officer who strongly urged that an exploring expedition should be sent up the bay.

'Pooh, pooh!' replied the captain, 'no boat could face those breakers; we should only let our men contract fever in those swamps. The best work is

done in the open sea.'

So we sailed southward and back again, without result, and anchored once more quite near to the southern horn of the bay. Bathing was fairly safe in this part and we were allowed a swim sometimes. Now, I was a rare swimmer, and I made up my mind that I would have a nearer look at that bay, come what might. Fortune was on my side, and I actually succeeded one morning in getting clear away from the boats without observation, and at last reached the shore.

After a few minutes' rest I ran across the beach, and soon lost myself in a deep bed of undergrowth. Having pushed my way through this, I mounted a slight hill, and there such a sight met my gaze as knocked the breath out of me for a moment. The sea was behind me, the bay on my right; but in front, so near that I could almost throw a stone into it, was a beautiful blue lagoon which might have been about three miles long by one and a half broad, separated from the bay by a long, narrow strip of land covered with palm-trees, but connected too with it by a narrow channel which was so cleverly secluded by nature that no one could guess from the ocean that an excellent harbour was close at hand. 'The very place!' I thought. 'You could hide a

whole fleet of slavers near here.'

And then I spied round for signs of habitation. There were none that I could see, so I walked on a considerable distance, keeping a good look-out, but gaining confidence at every step.

Suddenly I stopped. On the beach below me there

were marks in the sand - long, deep ruts at fairly equal distances from each other. I inspected them, and felt sure they had been made by the keels of

boats being launched into the bay.

I had left the cover and was now standing in the open. When I turned to regain the wood, I saw a dark figure partly concealed by a tree, and evidently, as I thought, watching my movements closely. must confess that at the moment I was just as scared as any human boy could be. I ran for my life about twenty yards along the shore and crouched, panting and terrified, behind a mound that afforded temporary protection. During that race I felt fifty arrows at least in my back, and was astonished to find myself still safe and sound.

I was now protected on all sides by a circle of sand-heaps, and began peeping cautiously out to discover what my enemy was doing. There he was, a great dark chap, in loose linen, gazing, not after me as I had suspected, but after a flock of water-fowl a few yards further off. So, after all, he had never

seen me!

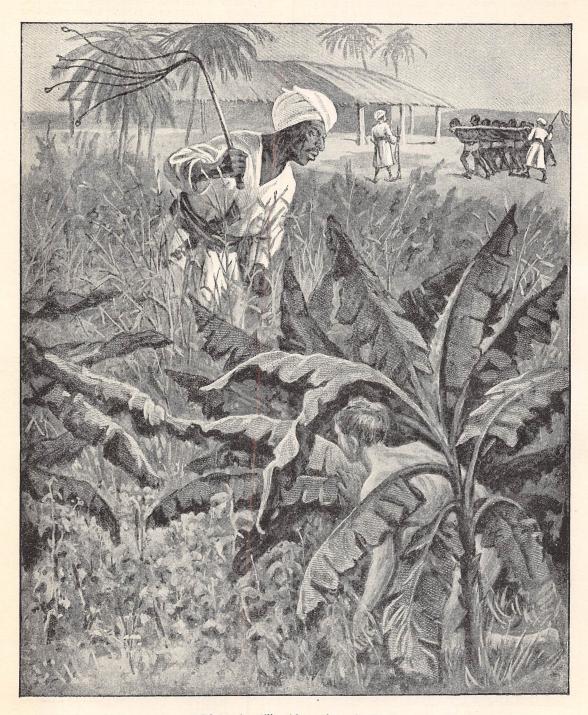
Of course I ought to have gone back now; my time must long be up. But my luck tempted me to see further, so I crept on another quarter of a mile. Not a step more! For there I came upon the very thing! It was a slave-barracoon! My blood boils now when I think of the sight and of all the suffering it meant for the poor blackies. There was a shelter made of rough palisades, roofed with palmleaves; ten slaves were standing there chained by neck and leg, and there they would have to stand

nobody knows how long.

I dared not stay a moment, but crept back under cover. However, one of the men had spied me, and uttered a cry in some savage dialect. I scattered away on all fours like any rabbit, but was afraid of the noise I made, so lay quite still under some huge big leaves, with my heart beating like a millwheel. A man, some sort of overseer I suppose, came after me. He had a great whip in his hand with which he lashed at the tall plants. He shouted and growled to himself, and, though I could not understand what he said, he seemed to me to resent doing anything at a slave's suggestion, and to think he was being 'had on.' He nearly trod on me once, and I could hear the swish of his lash close to my head; but he did not believe sufficiently in his errand to take trouble, so he went back to his cruel work, and I crept away.

I had had enough now and to spare of my experience, but I was sure of my points. Without further adventure I crept over the narrow strip of land and down to the ocean shore. There, to my great delight, I saw a ship's boat, which had indeed put off in search of me; I attracted the attention of the crew, and was soon once more safe on board.

So Captain Sturkey had to climb down, and my wicked little heart rejoiced! On closer inspection we found a deep channel by which a small ocean-vessel could get into the bay. We sent up a gunboat and two cutters and they had a fine old time: got to the very heart of the local slave-traffic, burnt and utterly destroyed the buildings and the boats which were found in the further reaches of the lagoon, and brought as many as possible of the poor wretched blacks on board, that they might be shipped back to some place out of harm's way. E. C. Matravers.



"I lay quite still, with my heart beating."



"'I've lost my way. Where am I?""

LIGHT THROUGH THE FOG.

DAVID, dear, can you bring Daisy home from Mrs. Spencer's party? Your father meant to do so, but he has been called to a serious case.

David Grant looked up from his lessons. 'Yes, I

can go, Mother.'

It was a bitter evening, with a November fog creeping up which grew denser every minute during the sharp walk which brought him to the house.

A number of tiny tots were absorbed in a game when he entered, but Daisy caught sight of her brother and immediately scampered towards him.

He caught her up, saying, 'Are you ready to come home? It's getting late. Say "good-night" to Mrs.

Spencer, and thank her for the party.

The two left the house. Daisy trotted along, telling all she had done. But little feet soon grow weary, and it was not long before the chatter ceased,

and she remarked, 'I'm so tired, Davie!'
'Are you, pet? Shall I carry you?' He stooped
down and took her into his arms. Very soon she was asleep, careless of fog or anything else.

'I am sure I ought to be at the end of the terrace,' thought David, after tramping along for some time. 'Ah, here's the crossing!

The road appeared to be unusually wide, but at last his foot struck the opposite kerb. He heaved a

sigh of relief and stepped out quickly.

I wish I could meet some one,' he thought. 'I seem an age getting to the tram-lines. I've a good mind to sit on the wall a few minutes. Daisy is getting rather heavy.'

He groped his way across the pavement and found

himself in the gutter.

'Hullo! I thought the wall was on my left!' he ejaculated, making his way back again. 'I must have got wrong at the crossing. I'll turn in at the first house and ask where I am.'

Feeling his way he went along slowly till wall and pavement ceased, and he felt gravel under his feet. At last! This must be a carriage-drive. I'll stick

to this, if possible.'

On and on he walked. Daisy seemed to grow heavier and heavier, till at last he could go no further. At this point he bumped into something. It felt like a bench, and thankfully he lowered himself on to it and sat peering into the darkness, till a sound caught his ear, a gentle lap, lap, lapping,

like water washing against a bank.

He had often heard of people walking into canals in fogs, but had never understood how it was possible. Now he did. A few more steps and he and Daisy would have been - where? Terrified, he sat still, listening to the chilling sound. The loneliness, the cold, and the responsibility of his little sister were gradually taking all his courage. To stay where he was was horrible — to move, even more so.

Suddenly he heard footsteps and the tap of a stick, and starting to his feet he called, 'Oh, please help me! I've lost my way! Where am I?'
The footsteps ceased. 'You are close by the lake

in Greengates Park. Come to me and I'll take you to the road.'

The speaker seemed to be a boy of about his own age, though the gloom was too dense for him to see more than a dim outline.

'Take my arm,' said the newcomer, 'then we shall keep together.'

'I can't. I'm carrying my little sister.' 'You sound awfully tired. Let me take her.'

'Thank you very much. I'm nearly done.' Daisy was transferred, and David slipped his hand under his guide's, and they went forward.

'Where do you want to get to?' asked the boy.

'Milburn Avenue.'

'That's a long distance. The big doctors live there, don't they?'

'Yes. My father is Dr. Grant.'

'Listen!' said the boy. 'We're close to the gates. I can hear the opening. You'd better come home with me. I live near here.'

'Oh, thank you,' replied David, gratefully. 'You've very sharp hearing. How do you mean you

can hear an open gate?'
'I'm blind,' replied the boy, simply.
'Blind! How awful! Then ho Then how can you

find -- 'David stopped.

'Oh, I am accustomed to going about alone. It strikes me my blindness has stood me in better stead than your eyes to-night.' The laugh that followed had a note of sadness in it. 'Here we are at home.'

In answer to his knock a lady appeared. 'Oh, Ronald, dear, I was getting so worried about you. Oh, what a darling! she cried, catching sight of Daisy's flushed face. 'Give her to me!

She took the little girl, and the two boys followed

into the cosy room.

'This is David Grant, Mother. I found him by the water's edge in the park. He had lost his way and been wandering about in the fog.

'Oh, how dangerous!' exclaimed Mrs. Lewis.
'What am I to do? Mother will be so anxious.' David looked imploringly at the lady for help.

'Run to the telephone office, Ronald. Tell Mrs. Grant they are quite safe, and will stay here till the

fog lifts.'

'It's all right,' said Ronald on his return. 'Mrs. Grant has been horribly frightened. The doctor has not got in yet, but as soon as he does they will come. It feels as if the fog is lifting.'

It was late before the sound of wheels announced

their arrival.

'How kind of you,' said Mrs. Grant, holding out her hands to Mrs. Lewis. 'What might not have happened to them in this awful fog if you had not taken them in! Tell me all about it, David, dear.'
The doctor's professional eye had been attracted

to Ronald at once. He put a kindly hand on the boy's shoulder. 'My boy, how long have you been

blind? Born so?'

No, sir, since I was three years old.'

'Ever had a doctor's opinion?'

'Mother did at first, sir, but she had very little money, and they said it was no use.'

'Ah!' The doctor stood up and turned to his wife. My dear, look at the time. We must call again to express our thanks.' He picked up his still sleeping little daughter, shook hands with Mrs. Lewis, and turned to Ronald. 'Good-night, my boy, I shall see you again.'

Dr. Grant called the next day.

'Good evening, Mrs. Lewis. I have come to thank you both, and also, if I may, to ask a few questions about this boy.' He seated himself, drew Ronald towards him, and after making inquiries said, 'I am strongly of opinion that something might be done

for him. Of course, I can promise nothing, but if

you will trust me I will do my best.'
'Oh, sir, will you really!' exclaimed Ronald,

catching hold of his arm.

It was a great day when first the bandages were taken off for a moment. The room was almost dark, but there was light enough for Ronald to realise that he could see. Each succeeding day they were removed for a little longer, until at last they were discarded altogether.

'I have brought David with me, to-day,' said Dr. Grant, looking at his patient with pride and satis-

faction. 'Here he is.'

David came in with a beaming face. 'I'm so glad to see you at last, Ronald!' he cried. 'It seems

ages since the night of the fog.'

'It does, indeed! Blessed old fog, wasn't it?' replied Ronald, rapturously, holding out his hand. 'See what it has done for me!'

C. E. Thonger.

BLOSSOMS OF THE YEAR.

VII. - POPPIES.

BLOSSOMS yellow, pink, and blue, Greet us all the summer through, But of scarlet ones - how few!

Still, the Poppy tries her best To make up for all the rest Who are not in scarlet dressed.

Gaily 'mid the corn she grows, By the roads and hedges glows, Everywhere her colour shows.

Cheerfully she seems to say, 'Summer's here, so let's be gay, Bright and happy all the day.' E. M. H.

HOW MEAD SCORED OFF US.

WHEN Mead first came to the school we were all taken in by his girlish looks; and no wonder. He had fair, curly hair, bright blue eyes, and a girl's pink and white complexion. He looked about fifteen years old.

He came in the middle of term, too, and I can tell you it's jolly unusual for a chap to come after the

first half of it.

He arrived late one night, so none of us saw him till the next morning, as our house-master put him in a spare dormitory for that night because he came

so late.

Next morning he came down to breakfast with the rest of us, in a new blue suit without a speck of dust on it, and a spotlessly white collar (it wasn't so spotless at the end of the morning, I can tell you). After breakfast a lot of the fellows began to question him as to what his name was and what his father did, and all that kind of thing. He was as cool as a cucumber - most new chaps are awfully nervous at first, but he just said very coolly 'My father is a gentleman, and so am I; my name is Adolphus Fitzroy Mead,' and then he turned away. The fellows were so astonished at him, they just

stared after him without a word. I never saw such a chap in all my life, he was always getting licked for cheekiness, but didn't seem to mind a bit: he cheeked everybody except the Head, who, I believe, was the only person he minded two straws about.

Well, time passed, and Mead was as bad as ever. One day my chum, Cox, said to me, 'Look here, Todd, we've jolly well got to take Mead down a peg or two: he's simply awful. Yesterday afternoon he came into the study while I was doing prep, and taking up my Latin dictionary he said, 'I'll just borrow your dictionary for a little,' and out he went, banging the door behind him, before I could say a word, and I've never seen a sign of my book since. Now, what do you think of that for a bit of cheek?'

'I don't know,' I replied, 'I'm sick of Mead; I wish I'd never set eyes on him, so do shut up about him.' 'Well, you seem in a beastly bad temper to-day,' Cox remarked, 'so I'll leave you in peace, but do try

to think of something to pay him out.'

That evening Cox came to me and said excitedly, 'I've thought of a ripping plan, old chap.' he told me that he had heard that Lady Parkstone, who lived about a mile from our school, was giving a big dance.

'Well,' I said impatiently, 'whatever has that got

to do with us?

'Why, don't you see?' answered Cox, 'it's a splen-

did opportunity for us to pay out Mead.'

I didn't see what Lady Parkstone or her dance had to do with Mead and us, till Cox condescended to explain his idea. 'Well,' he said, 'I asked Mead quite casually the other day if he knew Lady Parkstone, and he replied in an off-hand tone that he thought his mother knew her; so let's write him a note from her ladyship inviting him to her dance he'll feel an awful fool when he goes to it and finds he wasn't really asked.'

As Mead doesn't know Lady Parkstone, I said I thought Mead would be sure to suspect something, but Cox said that he would think that his mater had told Lady Parkstone that he had come to the school,

so that she had felt bound to ask him.

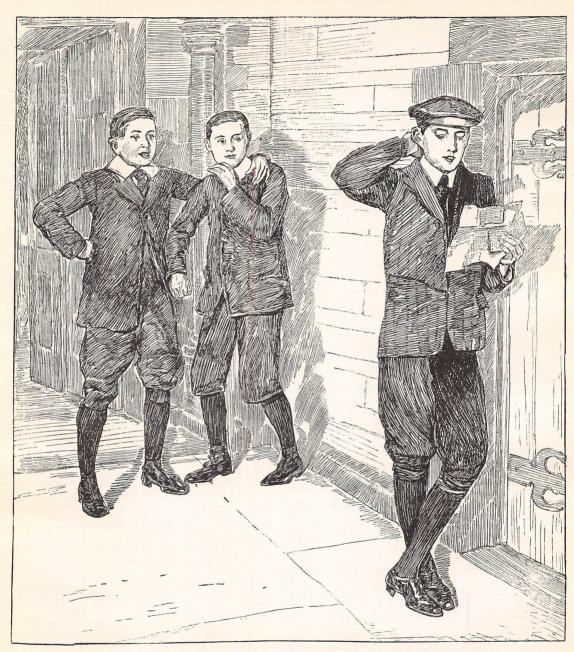
I told Cox that it was quite surprising how even idiots occasionally hit on a decent idea, because I didn't want him to get too uppish over his plan, which really wasn't half a bad one. After a fierce skirmish, in which I considerably damaged his beauty, we wrote the note.

Next day Mead got the epistle, and as he opened it we saw he looked a bit astonished, which made Cox nudge me violently. Of course Mead didn't say anything to us about it, but on the night of the dance we found out that he had been granted leave to go to it. We looked forward to something the next day, I can tell you.

As we crossed the playground next morning we met Mead, and he was grinning like a Cheshire cat. He said in that cheeky tone of his, 'I say, you two, it was awfully kind of you to invite me to Lady Parkstone's dance; I enjoyed it immensely.'

Cox looked rather glum at this, so I retorted hastily, 'Ah! we took you in nicely that time: you needn't tell us you enjoyed yourself — I bet you felt jolly small when you got there, and I hope it's given you a lesson.'

Quite the contrary,' he answered calmly, so that I felt like punching his head—only he is more than a head taller than I. 'Lady Parkstone happens to



"We saw he looked a little astonished."

be my mother's cousin, and as I had already received another invitation from her, I guessed it was supposed to be a trick. All the same it was very thoughtful of you to invite me, and I thoroughly appreciated it—the grub was ripping and Lady Parkstone tipped me before I went, so I quite enjoyed my "lesson," as you call it."

He went off whistling cheerfully, leaving Cox and me staring at each other in astonishment.

'We were a couple of fools,' groaned Cox, and I agreed. I can't think how Mead knew it was us that sent him the false note, but I suppose he guessed, because he knew we couldn't stand him at any price. After that we jolly well left him alone, and he's just as bad as ever. When he wants to annoy us he says 'When's Lady Parkstone's next dance?' and of course we can't say a word.

P. Huleatt.

SAVAGE MEN AND SAVAGE CUSTOMS.

III. — CARVED PATTERNS AND FILED TEETH.

In our last chapter we described the strange practice of 'Tattooing,' wherein the body is marked with patterns formed by pricking the skin and driving in coloured pigments. The patterns thus formed, it may be remarked, are more than purely ornamental. Often these patterns serve as tribal badges, and among some peoples, at any rate, they are considered as charms to avert the 'evil eye,' to give strength, to strengthen friendship, or to inspire courage in battle. Sometimes the purpose is quite different — to ensure a cure for rheumatism, or disease of the lungs, or to avert blindness. Needless to say, it usually attains none of these ends, though doubtless they think it does.

We also referred to that more primitive kind of bodily 'ornamentation,' wherein crude though sometimes ingenious patterns are, as it were, carved upon the skin, and the wounds made during the process are treated with an irritant vegetable juice, so that when healing takes place great ridges or weals are left upon the skin to form the desired pattern. Sometimes a hot iron is used instead of a knife. It seems certain that this kind of ornamentation came before that of tattooing; that is to say, tattooing was not invented till long after the process of scoring the skin, as we have just described, which



Face Scars: native of Upper Congo district.

is known as 'cicatrisation' (i.e., making scars). That both forms of ornamentation must cause a good deal of pain seems certain, but the lower, savage races of mankind are far less sensitive to pain than the more civilised people.

Patterns carved upon the skin are found in many parts of the world, from Africa to Australia, but the most remarkable are perhaps those of the African people inhabiting the Congo region. Sometimes the skin of the forehead is cut so as to form a

fluted pattern; sometimes more or less elaborate designs are wrought upon the stomach, or the back, or both. The Ankoli people, in the region of the Upper Nile, raise great scars over the cheeks or temples, in wavy or zigzag patterns, or in long scrolls on the cheeks or temples, while the Bari women decorate



Brow pattern: native of Upper Congo district.

their arms with scars forming a herring-bone pattern. But by far the most extraordinary example of this kind of personal adornment is found among the natives of Uganda, the country which forms the north-west boundary of Lake Victoria Nyanza. Here the face is carved to ribbons, so to speak, and, as if this were not enough, the front teeth are filed so as to form triangular spikes, thus giving the face an appearance which to our eyes is hideous.

In surveying these strange and to us uncouth notions of ornament, we are apt to forget that at no very distant past our ancestors here in England decorated their faces with powder and patches of black of various shapes and sizes; while even to-day the practice of tattooing patterns on the arms and chest is not rare.



Filed Teeth: Congo district.

We referred just now to the practice of natives of cannibal tribes of the Congo of filing away the front teeth till they assumed a sawlike shape. Among other African tribes one or more of the front teeth are punched out, a painful process which, however, all seem willing enough to undergo, according to the custom of their tribe. This practice of removing the teeth is certainly extraordinary, for one would have imagined that they could ill afford to lose them,

much of their food being eaten raw, or but slightly cooked. Yet we find the practice in quite remote regions of the world. The Australians, for instance, make the punching out of some of the front teeth one of the tests of endurance which boys have to undergo at their 'coming of age.' The natives of the Sandwich Islands similarly knock out the front teeth, but in this case the operation is performed on adults to satisfy, as they hope, the souls of the dead. The Malay people, however, have brought the mutilation, or, as they regard it, the ornamentation of the teeth to a fine art. Thus, in Java and Siam they remove the beautiful white glaze, or enamel, from the front of the 'cutting' teeth and of the 'eye' teeth, and hollow out the surface of the teeth, so that when the lips are raised a row of black semicircular shaped plates seem to have replaced the teeth. Sometimes the cutting edges of the teeth are filed to a point, and an oval hollow is dug out of each side of the tooth, leaving a band of white down the centre. In Borneo a still more elaborate plan is followed, for the front of each tooth is drilled near its centre with a small round hole, and into this a plug of brass with a round or star-shaped knob is fixed. These are always kept bright by the action of the lips.

Most of the Malay people stain their teeth black by chewing betal-nut. The Dyaks, in the neighbourhood of Sarawak, look with disgust on white teeth, and when the carving and hollowing just described is practised, the carved portions of the teeth take a deeper stain than the natural surface of the tooth, thus producing a colour pattern as well as peculiarities of shape, which to our eyes would seem repulsive.

W. P. Pycraft, F.Z.S., A.L.S., &c.

OUR LITTLE GARDENS: A YEAR'S WORK.

VII. -- JULY.

July is the least busy of all the months of the year, so far as our gardens are concerned. All the same, there is work that must not be neglected. Some of you possibly have a row of large-flowered violets, either double or single. These must be well looked after this month. They must be weeded, if necessary, and all the runners must be cut off as they appear. If you have some strawberry plants, you must be just as careful in keeping the runners off them, unless, indeed, you want to increase your number. If so, these runners will quickly strike root under that little tuft of leaves at the far end, and the speediest manner of striking them is to peg them down into some mould and let them root before you cut them off from the old plants.

But to return to the violets. They must never suffer for want of water, and occasionally you may water them with a little weak liquid manure water. It is most beneficial to hoe frequently between the plants, in order to keep the surface loose. Indeed, the great importance of thus keeping an inch or so of the top soil frequently stirred has just been made the subject of a note in the Gardeners' Diary, sent out by the Royal Horticultural Society. In this case it is even applied to the ground beneath fruittrees. The Diary says: 'As soon as the land is dry enough in spring, hoe the surface to prevent evaporation. Constant hoeing is one great secret in fruit-

growing. No drought will hurt trees that are hoed every ten days.'

Now, as to the cactus and other succulent plants. I know quite well that some of you have to restrict your gardening operations to pot plants. mind. You can get quite a great deal of fun and interest out of them. What do you say to a little collection of succulent plants? I have one, and I am very fond of it. Many of them are desert flowers. Their great merit is that they can be grown in particularly small pots. Of course during this summer weather they are kept either in a sunny place in the garden, the pots standing on ashes, or, if you have only a dark, sunless area, then in some sunny window, getting all the light and air possible. The greatest gardener in the world - Mr. Luther Burbank — is studying the desert cacti very carefully. If he has not already done so, and I believe he has, he hopes to be able to grow cacti without their sharp prickles, which is nature's defence for them. So sharp are their prickles that even a famished beast cannot devour them. If Mr. Luther Burbank, who lives in the genial country of California, can induce them to grow without their natural armour, he has found a means of providing a valuable fodder for cattle. I tell you this because I want you not only to admire your flower, but also to take a deep interest in them. Men are devoting their whole lives to improving certain plants, others are risking their lives in the wildest and least-known places of the earth to procure what are as yet unknown species — and a wild, adventurous life it is, I can assure you.

You must not forget to gather your sweet-peas almost every day, because if you wish them to go on flowering all through the summer, as you already know, you are bound to keep the seed-pods from forming. Weak liquid manure water, especially if it is given to them after sundown, is most beneficial. You can easily understand why, in hot weather, the evening is the best time for watering. The night hours that follow are often cool, so for quite a long time there is little or no evaporation of the moisture.

Early this month there are, all over the country, a number of flower and vegetable shows. There are generally classes for children's exhibits, even if it be only a bunch of wild flowers. If you show vegetables, remember an even size is better than two or three specimens much larger and finer than the rest. Root vegetables, such as early carrots, beets, &c., should be carefully washed before exhibition; and flowers should certainly have been in water for at least an hour or more before being taken to the show. If they are gathered the morning of the show, they should be cut very early, before the sun shines with any great heat.

If you have any of the beautiful perennial delphiniums, they will be in flower during this mouth. It is a well-known fact that if their flowering stems be cut down to the ground as soon as ever their beauty is gone, new flowering growths will appear, and give us an autumn crop of flowers. If you have none of these plants, you might get a packet of seed at the present time, and sow it in a shallow box or pan, and keep in a rather sunless position, such as on the north side of a wall or hedge. New seed, which, however, is not ripe, yet germinates very quickly. If the seed be sown thinly (and you will not want many plants in a little garden) the seed-

lings can remain in the box or pan all the winter. When you see the little leaves disappear in the late autumn, do not imagine your seedlings have died. Not a bit of it. It is their nature to die down to the soil, and they are just doing what they ought to do. There are sleeping roots under the surface, and the leaves will appear again in the spring.

Go about this month with your eyes wider open than ever, and find out the names of any flowers you do not know; and if you write a little description of them in your note-book, so much the better.

F. M. Wells.

BIRD CAY.

By H. de Vere Stacpoole. (Continued from page 238.) CHAPTER XVII.

SAT up and saw the sunlight on the white sand and the boat hauled up; the blue sea was coming in gently on the beach.

What little wind there was came hot from the south, lifting and slacking the palm-fronds and ma-

king their shadows dance on the sand.

Jam was already at work taking stores from the boat and bringing them to the shelter of the sail, whilst Blower and the Captain were walking along by the sea-edge, evidently engaged in talk.

I wasn't long in joining Jam, and helping him in

his work.

On board the boat we had been condemned to biscuits and boiled pork, but now there was a chance of something better. Jam was a genius in his way, and on getting the order to victual the boat he had forgotten nothing; besides the biscuits, he had brought a sack of sweet potatoes, a pound tin of coffee, a small bag of sugar, brown and heavy, such sugar as you only get in the West Indies. He had picked some of the pork from the harness cask into a small barrel about the size of a water-breaker, only round instead of oval, and he had ladled some of the pickle into the barrel so as to preserve the pork, and, what's more, got it away in the boat without spilling it; he had brought some of the tin plates and a pannikin or two, the frying-pan he used for special cooking on board ship, and a hook-pot holding about a quart.

We set to work to build a small fire, and when it was crackling and blazing we got the hook-pot nearly full of water for the coffee, and I heated it, sitting on the sand and holding it over the fire on the end of the boat-hook, whilst Jam cut up potatoes and

pork and put the slices in the frying-pan.

We had no coffee pot, but you can make splendid coffee in any old can. You bring the water to a boil, or as near a boil as you can get it, put in your coffee, stir it round with a piece of stick and boil

again, then you wait for the grounds to settle.

Then Jam came along with his frying-pan, and in five minutes the beach smelt better than it had smelt for years, perhaps, between the smell of the fried pork and the coffee. Captain Horn and Blower drew up, and we all sat down to such a breakfast as I never had before, and never have had since.

When we had finished we turned to and helped to put everything in the shelter of the sail, and we

started off for the wreck,

I had felt despondent the night before, but this morning in the bright sunshine my spirits rose so that I could have shouted. I felt as sure as the Captain about the whole business, dead certain that somewhere under that white sand we would discover what we were searching for, and what a find it would be! Hunting for anything is interesting work, even for mushrooms in a field; but here we were hunting for bars of solid gold, each one enough to make a man rich for life.

We had brought the bottom boards from the boat to help us in the digging. The Captain's suggestion that we should secure some of the deck planking from the wreck was impracticable, for we had no saw to cut it up into the semblance of spades; besides, to get at it would have been a risky business, so we set to with the bottom board, scraping away the sand, working from the stern-post along the larboard side of the wreck; and of all the hopeless, heart-breaking and back-aching businesses I have ever come across, that was the worst.

Sand, at the best, is terrible stuff to deal with,

especially dry coral sand, powdery stuff that sizzles off your piece of board so that when you raise your back to heave it away half of it is gone back in the place you have taken it from. We took it in turns, and said nothing. Never were there a more silent and depressed lot of people than we after half an

hour of this work.

After an hour we were dead beat, all but the Captain. He was as tired as any one of us, and pretty nearly as hopeless, perhaps, but his heart would not

Towards eleven o'clock in the morning, with the sun becoming fierce overhead and the sea glaring at us like a blue furnace through the bones of the wreck, we dropped work for a spell and went back

to the beach and the shelter of the sail.

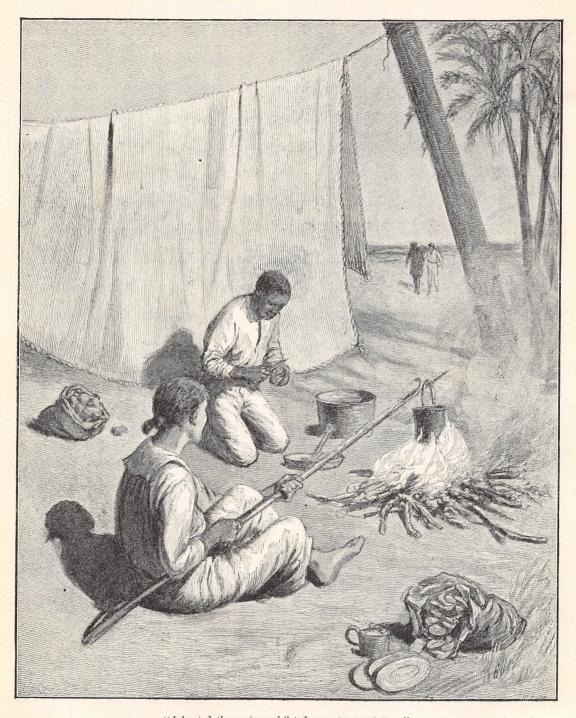
Thirsty! it was no name for it. We drank the remains of the water in the breaker, and then sent Jam to fill it at the spring. We determined to lie off all during the hot part of the day, and to work only in the morning and the evening; then we began to review what we had already done, and it was briefly this: we had scraped a hole about four feet long and three feet broad down to the basement coral of the reef, and we calculated roughly that about forty or fifty of such holes would enable us to explore all the sand about the wreck where gold might possibly be. We had a terrible prospect of hard labour before us; it would take us at least twenty days, working morning and evening, to complete the job thoroughly.

'Put it at a month,' said Blower, 'and all I say is that if we find the stuff we shall have earned it.

'There you are,' said the Captain, 'always looking on the blackest side of things. A month! Why, man alive, any moment we may strike the stuffto-night, to-morrow morning, next day; it's not as if we had to go on working for a month whether or no. Every hole we sink is like a ticket in a lottery, and what's the prize? Near a million worth of gold.

'That's true, 'said Blower. 'I'm not complaining; we're in for the job, and we'll have to go through with it; but this strikes me - digging was not in our contract, and should we find the stuff our shares ought to be raised.'

What do you mean?' said the Captain. (Continued on page 250.)



"I heated the water, whilst Jam cut up potatoes."



"Jam returned, whirling the cutlass round his head and whooping."

BIRD CAY.

By H. de Vere Stacpoole.

(Continued from page 247.)

MEAN,' said Blower, in answer to Captain Horn, 'that we started on this here business to lift gold off a wreck - an easy job enough - and now that we get to work we find it's not lifting gold off a wreck, it's digging up acres of sand with naught to help us but the bottom boards of a boat, and what I says is, our shares with the owners

ought to be raised.'

'I'm not denying what you say,' replied Captain 'We've struck a tougher job than we thought for by a long sight. Now, see here, what I propose is this. Since the Albatross is gone, and since we've taken on this job at our own venture and at the risk of our lives, it seems to me the old contract I signed with Simon Bannister is gone, like the Albatross. How does that seem to you, Dick? You're Simon Bannister's nephew, and you stand for

the owners, and you know the facts? 'Yes,' said I, 'I think that when the Albatross sank, and when we refused to go on board the schooner and chose to risk our lives, we started on a venture of our own. I think no one can deny

that.'

'Good,' said the Captain. 'I'm ready and willing to do everything fair by Simon Bannister, and everything fair by ourselves. What I want to arrive at is, what is fair? I brought the information to Simon Bannister, he fitted out the ship — half trading voyage, half treasure hunt. The ship's gone, the expedition is broke off, and we start a new one of our own. Well, it seems to me if we split what we find in two parts - give Simon Bannister one half, and divide the rest amongst ourselves - that would meet the case. What do you say, Dick, speaking for the owners?'

'Yes,' I said, 'I think that's fair enough, especially considering that any money I get I will give to my

uncle.'

'That's as may be,' replied the Captain. 'You can do what you please with your own money. Well, Blower, what have you to say to the idea of

half-shares with Simon Bannister?

'It seems to me more than he's earned,' replied to bo'sun; 'but I'm not a grudging man. The old the bo'sun; 'but I'm not a grudging man. bloke fitted out the ship, and it wasn't him that sent her to the bottom; but there you are, he fitted her. Another thing, it seems to me if we do lay claws on the stuff, that bar gold is as much good as pig iron to sailormen like us when we set to dispose of it. Simon Bannister is our man for that job, unless we take it to some rogue in Radcliffe Highway and sell it for the price of old truck. Simon Bannister is an honest man, I've heard tell. He's been talked of in the fo'c'sle, and I've heard well of him times and again, and I tell you this, on a job like ours, an honest man's as needful as a derrick when you want to unload cargo. That is to say, an honest man who is so placed with bankers and such-like, that he can get rid of the stuff.'

'Well, there's some glimmering of sense in your noddle,' cried the Captain. 'You've just struck on the point that might bring us to shipwreck right in port. For suppose we was a lot of scalliwags and froze out Simon Bannister's just claim, and tried to

dispose of the stuff ourselves, where in the world would we find a man to help us? You can't peddle gold around in a coster's barrow and take it to one of those banker chaps; and what would he say first but "Where did you get it?" "Found it on an island," says you. "Likely yarn," says he, and off he sends for the police. Suppose you bring the stuff in regular and declares it to the Customs? Then the Government takes hold of it, and when the lawyers have done with it in fifty years hence, you won't have enough to pay for your funeral. No, we'll go straight, and when we find it we'll cache it in the sand, and when a ship comes along and takes us off, back we'll go to Simon Bannister and get him to fetch it off for us. We can take a chunk of it back with us — enough to pay for a new expedition but the most of it we'll cache.'

'Well,' said Blower, 'now that we've fixed what Simon Bannister's share will be, what about ours?'

With that we fell to discussing how we would split up our share of the still imaginary treasure, and it seems to me now, as I look back at us all sitting in the shade of the boat-sail and dividing up the wealth that still lay only in our dreams, that we were just like children, and I am sure that men in wild positions like ours grow, for the while, like children, imagining, and often daring, the most seem-

ingly impossible things.

After a long while of talking, we decided the Captain should have a half-share of whatever came to us after Simon Bannister's claims were satisfied, and that the other half would be divided equally between the bo'sun, Jam, and myself. I saw it went hard with Blower to admit that Jam, being a negro, had an equal claim in the matter; but Jam was so good a creature and had worked so loyally and well with us, that no man could have gone against him, much less Blower, who, taking him all round, was as decent a sailorman as I have met in a long lifetime.

'Well,' said the Captain, when we had finished, 'that's settled and done with. The question that's getting at me now is, what's become of the Sarah Cutter? She started for here, right enough. She can't have lost the direction — old man Cutter is too wide-awake a bird for that; besides, he knows these seas same as a man knows his back garden. There's been no storms. Well, then, unless he struck another derelict, same as we struck, what's become of him?

'He can't have been here and gone, d'ye think?' replied Blower. 'Snuffed at the old wreck and gone

off at the sight of her.'

'Not if he's anything like what he used to be,' replied Captain Horn. 'Why, that man would stop to rob a dead horse of its shoe-nails, to say nothing of its hide and tallow. He'd have dug up the sand sure, same as we're doing. He wouldn't have come all this way for nothing. And the bothering thing is, I had counted on his being here certain, and on our nailing the old Sarah Cutter and getting away in her. As it is, if she doesn't heave in sight, the best thing we can do, if we find the stuff, is to cache it, as I said, and take to the boat for the nearest trade track, for this island lies clear out of the way of ships - that's to say, deep-water ships. I don't say there aren't plenty of mud-grubbing schooners poking about in all the odds and out-o'-the-way waters of these parts; but chances are it may be a long while before any of them happen along.

'Then I'm not with you,' said Blower, 'and I'd advise sticking to the land and not hunting for trade tracks in no open boats. I've had enough of open boats, and I bet you this island is visited frequent. For why - there's the spring of water. Lots of them schooners and jackass-barques must come here to water, and I vote we stick where the water is. That spring is a long sight better'n a signal fire for attracting ships.'

'Well, there's something in what you say,' replied Captain Horn; 'anyhow, we have time to talk it

over between now and then.'

We had dinner, and then went asleep in the shadow of the sail, and about four in the afternoon

we started off for work again.

The hole we made in the sand during the morning looked pitiably small when we reached it. However, looking at it would make it no bigger, and we were just getting to work again when we were stopped by Jam.

'Cappen Horn,' said Jam, ''spose de gold hid in de sand, why not prod de sand with a cutlass - maybe

point o' de cutlass hit de gold?'

'Upon my word,' said the Captain, 'there's something in that. We may try it, anyhow. Go on digging away, you chaps, and, Jam, you run and fetch one of the cutlasses and I'll have a try.'

Jam went off, and in a few minutes returned, racing towards us, whirling the cutlass round his

head and whooping.

(Continued on page 262.)

PUZZLERS FOR WISE HEADS.

8. — DOUBLE ACROSTIC.

A king whose mother taught him very well; An exile, faithful, as the Scriptures tell; A man's name, with a fine and noble sound; A river in an Asian country found; A potent spirit which French merchants sell. Initials take, and finals; you will find A flower which throws sweet fragrance on the wind.

(Answer on page 283.)

ANSWER TO BURIED PROVERB ON PAGE 210. 7. — 'Let sleeping dogs lie.'

THE BEDROOM GARDEN.

A GARDEN is my bedroom wall, Such as in Nature never grew; And, loving Nature best of all, I love my bedroom garden too,

For there a fairy gardener set Dainty red daisies, row on row; With green and flowering mignonette, And purple lavender for show

Here no rude winds unkindly blow, To fling their petals on the ground; Unswept by storm, unvexed by snow, They bloom sedate the whole year round.

And lying in my narrow room, While winds outside blow fierce and shrill, Watching my fadeless flowers bloom, I bless the fairy gardener's skill.

THE EARLY WORM.

N early thrush on the lawn A For his breakfast had to wait; He had been up since the dawn, But the early worm was late.

'Never a morsel to sup, And I lost a snooze, he said; 'What's the good of getting up If the worm remains in bed?'

A worm in the earth below Winked, and said to his neighbour, 'Till that greedy thrush will go, To rise is waste of labour.

'If we were up we should squirm, Our grievance ought to be heard: No one pities the early worm When they praise that early bird!' M. Ernuin.

FOUR-LEAVED CLOVER.

NOT only boys and girls, but many older folk, when out for a country stroll, have stooped down, or perhaps knelt, in a clover field, trying to find a clover plant which had one leaf divided into four leaflets, instead of the usual three. Such a leaf is sometimes said to bring luck to the person who discovers it. Four-leaved clover is not uncommon some seasons.

There is a story told of a worthy old lady who had three nephews, with whom she lived, and one of whom amused himself by keeping rabbits. Their aunt had great faith in four-leaved clover, and in her walks she hunted about the fields till she got quite a number of sprigs having the promise of good luck. These she laid carefully away in books put into a cupboard. It happened one day, when he had not much food for his rabbits, that her nephew came upon the store of clover contained in these books. This was quite a prize, he thought, for his hungry pets, so he gathered up all the leaves he could find, and carried them to the rabbits. By-andby the old lady detected the theft of her valued clover, and her anger and vexation actually made

The idea of the luckiness of clover if four-leaved is a very old one, we know, and found in many countries; indeed, a two-leaved clover had also its supposed power as a charm. 'A clover, a clover of two, put it into your right shoe,' is a country rhyme; but what it does for you is not certain! Some think that the leaf was put in the shoe with the belief that it would protect a person from injury if he were going on a journey. But the four-leaved clover, like some leaves of other plants, was no doubt valued because it suggested the sign of the Cross. Hence it was thought a safeguard against evil spirits or witches. Sometimes a leaf was placed under the pillow at night, in the hope of getting pleasant dreams.

J. R. S. C.

VICTOR AT DINNER.

A T the bombardment of Copenhagen, in 1807, there was on board the Bellona a Newfoundland dog, named Victor, who was an immense favourite with the sailors. This dog kept on deck during the battle, running backwards and forwards,



"Victor was placed in the chair, and fed with roast beef and plum-pudding."

barking furiously at the cannon-balls, and seeming thoroughly to enjoy all the din of battle.

This fearlessness endeared him more than ever to

This fearlessness endeared him more than ever to the blue-jackets, and when, after the peace of Amiens, the ship was paid off, the sailors had a parting dinner on shore, at which Victor was placed in the chair, and fed with roast beef and a piece of plum-pudding.

Victor was supposed to be the host on this occasion, and to further carry out the illusion the bill was ordered to be made out in his name.

E. A. B.



UNLOADING PASSENGERS AT MADRAS.

SAVAGE MEN AND SAVAGE CUSTOMS.

IV. — HEAD - SQUEEZING AND EAR ORNA-MENTS.



extraordinary and perverted sense of beauty has led, in various parts of the world, among savage peoples, to some strange and horrible mutilations. Some illustrations of this I have already given, but those which are now to follow are yet more striking.

Perhaps the most extraordinary of all is the deliberate malformation or distortion of the head, practised by natives so far apart as the Flatheaded Indians of North-West America and Peru, while, in ancient times, the custom prevailed in various parts of Europe.

In these cases the desired shape can only be attained by moulding the head during early infancy, while the bones of the skull are still soft, either by tightly-fitting bandages, or by squeezing the head between boards applied soon after the child is born, and retained till it is nearly a year old. Once this



Lip Ornaments: Loobah native.

stupid custom starts, every mother and father in the community seems bound to follow it, so deep a hold does 'fashion' have over the human race, civilised and savage. If the Chinook mother failed to distort the head of her infant, she would gain the reputation of being lazy and undutiful to her children, and when they grew up they would appear ridiculous in the eyes of their companions. Such infants as escaped this ordeal, either from sickness or other cause, never attained any influence in after-life, or rose to any dignity in their tribe. Not infrequently, indeed, at any rate in times past, they were sold as slaves! That the hideous custom was practised purely from motives of custom or fashion is clear, from the varied reasons given, for instance,



Ear Ornament: Nandi native.

by the Peruvians to their Spanish conquerors. Some said it ensured good health and enabled greater burdens to be borne; others, that it increased the ferocity of the appearance in war. But, you see, these were merely expressions of opinion; the only real reason for the practice was the desire to do what was customary, which makes such slaves of us all, both civilised and savage.

One would imagine that a practice which so clearly affects the brain would be swiftly attended with disaster, but such does not seem to be the case, for the children who have had the misfortune to be treated thus seem to grow up into men and women in no way different from their neighbours. It is, however, a striking fact that most of the tribes which observed this custom, which we can trace back into remote antiquity, have died out, while the few that still practise it are on the verge of extinction, which seems to show that thousands of babies must have been killed yearly, and all because their parents lacked the sense to defy a stupid fashion.

Hardly less remarkable is the custom of slitting the lobes of the ears, the partition between the nostrils, and the upper and lower lips, in order that ornaments may be placed therein. Piercing the lobes of the ears for the purposes of ornament is a custom, however, not confined to savages, for it prevails among civilised races the world over, though the practice is less common than formerly. But

among certain savage races the wearing of earrings has been carried to an excess undreamed of by their more civilised sisters. Let us take the Nandi woman for example. When quite young, the lobe of her ear is slit, and the slit is slowly widened till it is large enough to thrust her hand through. Into the hole thus made, ornaments of various kinds are thrust, though some of them may hardly answer our definition of what is an ornament. Burdens so great must be inconvenient at all times, and they become unbearable when work is to be done. Then they are removed, and the loop of flesh answering to the distorted lobe is gathered up into a knot, otherwise it would reach to the shoulders and be in danger of injury. Of course, the ability to wear ornaments of the larger size is acquired gradually, by inserting bigger and bigger objects. But this extraordinary practice is not confined to women of Africa, for we meet with it again, for example, in certain Brazilian tribes. And thus we see that the old travellers' tale of tribes whose ears reached down to their shoulders, were not exaggerated. As much cannot be said, however, for the version of this account in which we are told of people whose ears are so enormous that they commonly lie down to rest on one ear and cover

themselves with the other as with a blanket! The Kikuyu, of British East Africa, have developed the art of ear ornaments still further. Some force spindle-shaped blocks of wood, or ivory, generally enlivened with a beaded pattern, through the ear-lobe, the block having a deep, circular groove and pointed ends to hold it in position, as shown in our illustra-tion. The edge of the lobe lies in this groove just as a bicycle tyre is held in place on the wheel. Sometimes rings of wood nearly nine inches in circumference are used, and sometimes drum-shaped blocks of wood studded with a wheel-shaped pattern in coloured beads. These are worn not only by girls and young married women, but also by warriors and men of all ages. Occasionally the spindle-shaped ornaments have a pair of projecting spurs from one end and a spike at the other. But, besides these, the cartilage of the ear is also pierced and loaded with ornaments, which vary much both in kind and shape. Sometimes quills of feathers or spikes of grass are thrust through the upper border of the ear, and these quills may bear coloured beads; sometimes a band of leather is let into a slit cut through a groove which runs round the hinder edge of the upper part of the ear, and this band supports three spikes of coloured beads, and, in addition, very often a tassel of beads hanging down. In yet other cases, large rings of wire bearing fringe-like tassels of beads are hung in this part of the ear. I might add yet other types of ornament worn in the ear, but I think I have said enough to show that these people, in this form of personal adornment, have excelled all others.

Another form of ear decoration beloved of certain West African tribes, is that in which the whole edge of the ear is fringed with small metal rings placed close together; but if the effect is less impressive than that secured by the bolder schemes of the Kikuyu, the burden is certainly lighter. Curiously enough, a similar custom prevails among some tribes of North American Indians, but here, long strings of beads are suspended from each ring, the whole forming a sort of flat tassel. Among the Solomon Islanders, rings of shell, sometimes in size and shape resembling a napkin ring, are hung from the lobe of

the ear; but in this case the lobe is pierced only by a small hole, little, if at all, larger than that used by English women who wear earrings.

But I might go on almost indefinitely with this history of earrings. One more instance must suffice and this shall be furnished by the Burmese, some of whom thrust a long stick through the lobe of the ear, and fix at each end a tassel of coloured silk, to hang down on each side of the face.

W. P. Pycraft, F.Z.S., A.L.S., &c.

'RINGING FOR GOFER.'

ONE October evening, during the reign of Queen Elizabeth, a wealthy merchant, named Gofer, was lost in the forests which then surrounded Newark. As he was carrying a large sum of money and knew the forest to be infested by thieves, he felt far from comfortable. Suddenly he heard the sound of the Newark bells, guided by which he safely reached the town. In his gratitude, Master Gofer left a bequest of money for Newark bellringers on condition that during the autumn of every year they should give special 'performances' in commemoration of his escape from peril. Accordingly, on six Sundays in October and November, the bells of Newark Parish Church are rung at an unwonted hour. This practice, which has now been observed for over three hundred years, is called 'Ringing for Gofer.'

STORIES FROM AFRICA.

[Second Series.]

IV. — THE STORY OF A STORM.

WE have seen something of the perils of storm and shipwreck on the African coast; here is a story of what a tropical storm can do on shore as well as at sea.

On Sunday, April 14th, 1872, the town of Zanzibar was full of the busy life of a place where the people of many races and nations live side by side or pass to and fro. In the narrow streets, tall, white-clad Arabs and dark-skinned Swahili in very light attire, Indians, Europeans, donkeys and goats shouldered one another, and people bargained for fruit and vegetables, cakes, tobacco, looking-glasses, Indian embroideries, and all the miscellaneous articles from east and west, piled in heaps in the open shop-fronts. Above the solid stone houses by the seashore the flags of the different Consulates flew bravely, for it was a gusty day, with squalls of rain from time to time; the waves were breaking high on the white beach, and the palms and cocoa-nut trees in the green gardens bending before the gale. The harbour was, as usual, full of shipping, quantities of quaint Arab dhows, associated in our minds with horrible stories of the slave-trade, vessels belonging to the Sultan and flying his red flag, and the English steamship, Abydos, prepared to sail for home next day. No one anticipated any disaster, for Zanzibar had never been visited by the terrible cyclones of the tropics, and was believed to be out of their track.

The wind had loosened the iron roof of an old stone house close to the sea, where the Bishop of Zanzibar and his sister, with a little band of devoted workers, presided over a happy family of dark-skinned boys and girls—released slaves taken by the English sailors and handed over by Government to the care of the Mission. The elder boys spent a good part of the wet, windy night trying to secure the broken roof, for tropical rain soon finds its way into unsound places, and, besides, one of the staff was ill with fever, and the dashing and banging of the loose sheets of iron was not very soothing for an invalid. Suddenly, just at sunrise, the wind grew into a terrific hurricane, striking the town from the south and tearing into ribbons the flags on the different Consulates, with little consideration for the countries they represented. The flagstaffs clattered on the housetops, shutters were blown in, and the damaged roof of the Mission-house went to the winds, the great sheets of iron whirling round in perilous fashion like so much waste paper. The sea rose in wild breakers, filling the air with blinding spray and tearing at the sea-wall, which guarded the houses, as if to fling it down. The ships in the harbour plunged and rocked, dragging at their moorings. The staircase at the Mission-house became a cascade as the floods of rain poured in, and the frightened children crouched in corners, sobbing and trembling in the hurly-burly of crashing roofs and falling walls which actually drowned the thunder. Every few moments the vivid lightning flashes lit up the scared faces and the desolation all around. The bell-tower of the Mission crashed down from the roof, the bell tolling its knell with two dismal strokes. Hour after hour the wild tumult went on, then ceased suddenly, and people came forth from their shelter looking anxiously at their losses and fondly hoping the danger was over. But the pause had been only what scientists call the 'centre' of the cyclone. At two o'clock a wild gale, from the north this time, seemed to seize and shake the island as if to tear it from its place. An Englishman, Mr. Sparsholt, who was trying to barricade the windows of his house against the wind, saw with horror his little girl carried past him through the casement and down into the road, sixteen feet below. Marvellous to say, when the terrified father reached the place, the little one, borne up on the strong wings of the gale, was almost unhurt.

The wild work of destruction went on. Miss Tozer, the sister of the Bishop, was dragged through the doorway of her room by two of the elder boys into the long gallery on to which it opened, and saw the heavy shutters which closed the ends of the corridor blown in with a deafening noise of rending wood and falling planks. The house, like all the older dwellings in Zanzibar, was built round an open court, and as the Bishop came struggling to meet them through another doorway, they saw the last remains of the iron roof torn off bit by bit. In vain they tried to reach the other part of the house; it was impossible to open any door; they could only drag the children who were with them into the safest spot, where a wall was between them and the north, and crouch there, knowing that any moment might be their last, powerless to escape from the house that might fall about them, or to avoid those terrible flying sheets of sharp, jagged iron if they should be driven in their direction. So passed nearly three hours, seeming

more like days to the agonised prisoners, wild with anxiety for their household and friends, for the little girls, separated from them by the quadrangle, and the sick man whose door was held against them by the tearing gale. Close as they were, it was impossible to reach them, impossible to make a shout heard above the horrible din, impossible to do anything save to commit the stricken town, with its thousands of helpless human beings, to the care of Him Who once stilled the tempest. A great gull, caught and driven by the gale, was carried into the gallery where they sheltered, and with all its wild nature subdued by the sympathy of a common peril, crept close to the human beings and allowed the children to stroke and fondle it, turning the poor boys' thoughts from their own danger as the frightened creature nestled up against them.

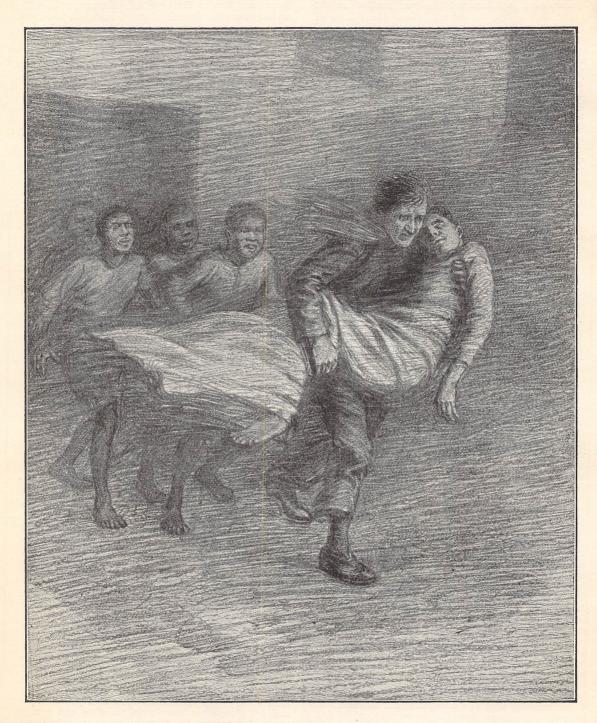
At last, about five o'clock, the fury of the wind began to abate; gradually the gusts grew less violent, and it was possible to move again. The cramped and shaken prisoners came out from their shelter, hardly daring to ask what the storm had done. In the Mission-house itself no lives were lost, but, landward or seaward, wherever the eyes turned, was ruin and desolation. Night falls at six o'clock in Zanzibar, with none of the sweet lingering twilight of more temperate regions, and darkness hid the scene of havoc while the inmates of the roofless house were trying to arrange some sort of sleeping accommodation in the flooded rooms. Suddenly a boy rushed in with tidings of a new catastrophe: 'The sea-wall is down!'

The news was true enough. The waves were thundering against the very house; any moment might mean the collapse of the whole building, strained and shaken already by the gale. Clearly there was no time to lose. The Bishop himself took his sick friend in his arms; the children huddled close behind him as he led the way out into the darkness and the driving rain and spray. From the other houses along the shore came parties of fugitives, flying also inland for safety with such possessions as they could carry with them. The house of Mr. Rieck, a German merchant, offered an asylum to the party. There was but one room habitable, but the kind owners placed it readily at the disposal of their forlorn guests, and brought armchairs and sofas to do duty for beds for the night.

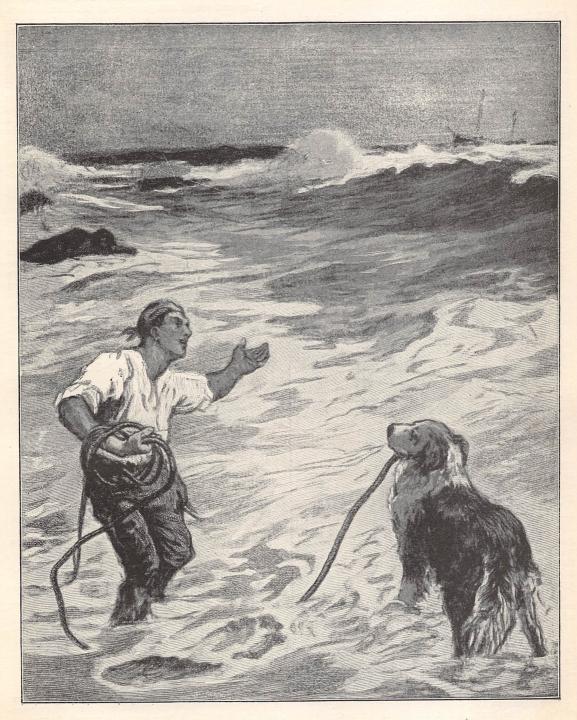
sofas to do duty for beds for the night.

The sun rose next morning upon a wrecked and desolate city. The solid masonry of the old buildings upon the shore had indeed resisted the sea, but everywhere throughout the town, houses were roofless or stood up gaunt and dreary with one wall The gardens were mere wildernesses of battered flowers and broken trees. In the harbour the Abydos alone rode at her moorings. By steaming full speed and by the greatest skill and seamanship, her commander, Captain Cuming, had weathered the storm. Of all the other vessels that had filled the harbour twenty-four hours earlier, nothing remained save the shattered wrecks upon the reefs and shoals around the coast. The poor natives stood dazed and bewildered among their wrecked huts and ruined fruit crop. And the English folk, sadly counting up their losses, gave thanks for their own preservation and set themselves bravely to the slow and weary work of repairing the destruction wrought in those few terrible hours.

M. H. Debenham.



"He led the way out into the darkness."



"'Go, good dog,' he said, pointing to the sea,"

THE HERO OF BIARRITZ.

UR hero reached fame one day on the beach of Biarritz. He was neither man nor boy, but a rather big dog of no particular breed; good, strong, His reputation was made during one of those frightened storms so frequent in the Bay of Biscay, when a disabled fishing-smack struck upon the rocks of Biarritz.

The unfortunate Saint Eugenia carried, besides her captain, a crew of seven men. At that time, few of the modern life-saving appliances were in general use at the smaller seaports. There was, therefore, little hope of rescue for the seamen on board the smack. They had attempted to launch a small boat, but as soon as she touched the water a furious gust of wind had dashed her against the reef, breaking her in pieces as one cracks a nut. So the captain and his crew commended their souls to God, despairing of rescue, though so near to the shore.
But one of the watchers on the beach, a fisherman

named Fabien, thought of a plan whereby the men might yet be saved. He gave a long, loud whistle, and at the sound his dog, Bueno, bounded towards him. Affectionately he leaped upon his master; then, perceiving the distressed ship, began to bark uneasily.

Fabien undid a long coil of rope, fastened one end of it to a stout post, and put the other end in Bueno's mouth. 'Go, good dog!' he cried, pointing to the sea; 'take that to the poor fellows out there.

Nobody, however, except Bueno's master, believed it possible that a dog (or for that matter the best swimmer in the world) could possibly, in such weather, reach the ship.

Bueno obediently plunged in amongst the foaming breakers, and swam a little way towards the Saint Eugenia; but the rope was heavy, and with each wave the poor animal went under the water. Pretty soon he turned back and regained the shore.

Then Fabien wound part of the rope around the dog's body, thinking that might make his task easier. Again Bueno took to the water. The eyes of all on board the smack, and of all on the beach, were anxiously fixed upon one small black head, which alternately disappeared beneath the water and reap-

peared on the crest of a wave.

The dog struggled on gallantly. Although the vessel was not far away, his passage amongst rocks seemed endless. Many times the swimmer almost gave up in despair, and was about to turn back; but when his master shouted encouragement to him, he thought better of it and went on. One would have said that he knew how much depended on his courage and perseverence.

At length a ringing cheer went up from both ship and shore. Bueno had reached the Saint Eugenia, whose deck by now was almost level with the water.

The exhausted dog tumbled into the arms outstretched to receive him. Nobody stopped just then to give him the caresses he deserved. The rope which he had brought was quickly made fast, and, slowly but safely, captain and crew, grasping the rope hand over hand, passed to the shore.

With cries of joy the people on the beach held out helping hands to the shipwrecked seamen, who were chilled to the bone, but thankful to have escaped

death.

Bueno, also, after a brief rest, came back safely.

What a fuss was made of him! Everybody wanted to hug and fondle him in spite of his drenched condition. The sharp edges of the rocks had wounded him in several places. Half dead with fatigue, he came home to his master's cottage, where he was provided with a plentiful meal and a nice soft bed. Doubtless he was happy in the consciousness of a good action accomplished.

The next day, and during the days which followed, Bueno received numerous visits. were lavished on him, and amongst other gifts was a beautiful silver collar, to which was attached a medal bearing this inscription: 'Presented by the captain and crew of the Saint Eugenia to their brave rescuer, the dog Bueno. September 30th, 18-.

In the following year a wealthy Russian prince who was visiting Biarritz, having made the acquaintance of Bueno and heard his story, offered to buy him from Fabien, the fisherman, for a large sum of

Fabien refused to part with Bueno, so the prince

had to go away without him.

The next year Prince Zcame again to Biarritz, and again asked for the dog. This time Fabien did not refuse. After all, he thought, his old companion would be better off with the prince, with whom he would end his days in greater comfort than he could enjoy in the fisherman's humbler home.

Thus our hero went to a new master, to whom he attached himself without forgetting the old one. Every year the two friends, Fabien and Bueno, met, to the great joy of both. E. Dyke.

A CHILD'S GOOD-NIGHT.

100D - NIGHT to the daytime, good-night to the

Good-night to the flowers in the meadow, each one: The violet, daisy, and buttercup bright, To each and to all a sweet, restful good-night.

Good-night to my books and good-night to my toys; Good-night to my games, when I make such a noise; Good-night to my lessons, my studies, my sums; Good-night to my brothers, my sisters, my chums.

Good-night to the butterfly, light on the wing; Good-night to the birds and the songs that they sing. O lark in the sky, now come down to your nest; Say 'good-night' to your young ones, and turn to your rest.

And when the night's over, and comes back the day, I'll awake to my studies, my books, and my play; And fresh from my slumbers, to each one I'll call, And ready once more, say 'good-morning' to all. Frank Ellis.

OUR LITTLE GARDENS: A YEAR'S WORK.

VIII. — AUGUST.

IT seems very early to have to say it, but so far as gardening matters go we make a start on autumn work in August. I have come to regard August as Nature's New Year. If bulbs have been left in the ground and we happen to disturb them, we shall find

that already they are making their new roots, and that quite actively. Wonderful, isn't it? The azaleas, and some other shrubs, have their flower-buds strongly developed by this time — buds that are not going to break into blossom until next year. I love plants that have a long budhood better than others. They are, for so long, things of promise — they 'aspire.' The flowers when they are open are things that have 'achieved.'

Is there a clump of the dear old Madonna lily in your garden? It flowered, or should have flowered, in July. Directly it has finished, the plant begins to go to rest, the flowering stem returns its nutriment to the tuber below, the leaves disappear. As soon as ever you can pull away that flowering stem without any effort you may know the plant is ready to be divided, if necessary. If any one, then, has promised you a plant of this lily, now is the time to claim it, towards the end of the month. It is a case, too, of looking sharp, because this lily is no long sleeper. By September it has awoke, and new growth has begun. You know quite enough about plants by this time to realise how much better it is to seize its dormant (sleeping) time to move it than

I hope you have at least one good carnation plant, for the flowers just now are very choice and beautiful. It is difficult to find more beautiful things than that trio - roses, lilies, and carnations. Perhaps you would like to increase that carnation plant of yours, so that you have three or four plants another year. We call this operation layering. I must tell you as clearly as I can how it is done. You take one of the healthy growths, and with a sharp knife you make an upward cut slantwise to a joint (not right through the stem, mind you). Open the slit and get it well into some good light mould you have brought for the purpose, and peg it into this, either with a hairpin, or a branched stick you can cut. Cover it for some inches in the soil, so that it looks like a little separate plant. In about six weeks it should have formed roots, and has indeed become a separate plant. If you should have the misfortune to sever the growth completely, do not throw it away; take off the lower leaves, and set it rather deeply in the soil. Instead of a layer, you have a cutting, and it too should strike root. It will take longer, because it is not getting any nourishment or help from the old plant.

Cuttings of geraniums may also be taken this month, whether they be growing in the garden or in pots. They are best struck early, especially if we have not much heat to give them in winter.

All the things I have said about watering, and hoeing, and keeping the flowers picked so that seed-vessels do not form, must be carefully attended to and borne in mind this month.

I wonder how many of you have a nice batch of young wallflower plants from seed sown in May? The young plants must not be left at all closely crowded together. They are all the better for being transplanted, either now or a little earlier; but they should not have too hot and parched a position, nor need we now put them into the places where we intend them to flower. We can do that in October, when some of our summer annuals will be over and we shall have more space to spare. Wallflowers blossom in May—and they are especially welcome flowers, because they are sweet-scented,

There are very few months in the year when there is not some seed-sowing to be done. I told you in the spring that it was a very good way to sow some of our hardy annuals in the autumn. During the latter end of Angust, then, and during September we may sow the seeds. I like a gardener to know the why and wherefore of the things he does, so that what he does he may do intelligently. I will give you one or two good reasons for the autumn sowing of hardy annuals.

First, then, they make a great many more roots than those that are only sown in the spring. The roots go down deeper and spread further, therefore, during a summer drought they are far better able to face it without suffering. Secondly, the bracing effect of a cold winter is a grand thing for them. It makes them tough and strong and sturdy. They flower longer, and they produce more flowers than annuals that have never known a winter's weather. Spring-sown annuals never do, you remember, for, being sown in March or April, they grow and flower and die before the next winter comes.

Cornflowers are among the hardiest for autumn sowing; poppies, candytuft, corn marigolds (listed as Chrysanthemum segetum), and nemophila. If the soil be very heavy, and in winter likely to be waterlogged, our annuals may not stand a very good chance of living until the spring. In that case the best thing is to make up a little bed after having dug the ground, and add more soil to raise it five or six inches above the level. And this additional soil we can bring from our rubbish-heap, where we have heaped up last winter's dead leaves. Leaf-mould is excellent, and if we mix with it any old mortar-rubble we can find we shall have put together a mixture that should be fairly light in character and suitable for our purpose. I should advise you to make the seed-bed in a sunny place, and to sow the seed very thinly. In the spring you can transplant the seedlings to the places where you wish them to flower.

If you sow the seed during hot weather, mind you shade the seed-bed from the hot sun until the seed-lings appear.

F. M. Wells.

BILLIE BUTTON.

'DILLIE BUTTON' was a well-known character in Birmingham, so-called because of his mania for sticking upon his coat every button that he could lay hands on. Poor Billie! his story was a sad one. Born at Bromsgrove, of a good family, he, early in life, entered the Navy, and became an officer. On the sudden death of the lady to whom he was betrothed he lost his reason, and thenceforth always answered to her name, 'Jessie.' He went about singing, and the refrain of one of his songs ran thus:—

'Oysters, sir! Oysters, sir! Oysters, sir, I cry! These are the finest oysters, sir, That ever you could buy.'

(This refrain was kept up for years by oyster-sellers in Birmingham.) At Billie's death, in 1838, it is said that his coat weighed over thirty pounds, so heavily weighted was it with its load of buttons!

THE MODEL-MAKER.

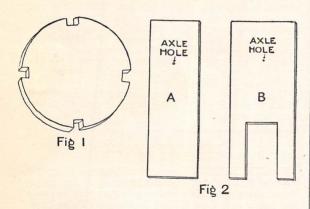
VII. - A WEIGHT - DRIVEN MACHINE.

THIS little model obtains such strength as it possesses from a number of small weights, or balls, continually added to the rim of the driving or flywheel, and its principal interest consists in the simplicity of mechanism, and the different manner in which its power may be applied. We shall, however, leave these applications to the reader's choice. The measurements here given need not, of course, be rigidly adopted. Indeed, we recommend that, when possible, the machine be larger in every particular than the one described, though the proportions of one part to another should be about the same.

Let us start with the driving-wheel. This is constructed of a disc of wood, say three inches in diameter, and a quarter of an inch thick. At four different points (north, east, south, and west) cut with a sharp knife a slot a quarter of an inch wide and the

same in depth, as shown in fig. 1.

Next, to each side of the disc, gum or pin a round of cardboard, also three inches in diameter, which, when in place, shall form sides to the four slots and thus turn them into pockets. The wheel is now complete save for the axle, which is formed preferably of a piece of hat-pin steel about two inches long, though we leave the length entirely to the taste or requirements of the reader. To mount the wheel in place, cut two thin strips of wood to form standards (fig. 2, A and B), one with a piece cut out (B). Bore these standards through at the point shown, to



take the axle, placing them face to face while boring, so as to have the hole in exactly relative posi-

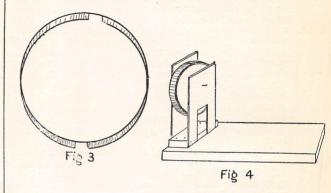
tions in each slip.

Our next requirement is a common canister lid, just sufficiently large to allow the wheel to lie in it without touching at any point. Cut away the flange of this lid top and bottom, for a space of say half an inch, leaving it as in fig. 3. Fix this to the slip of wood marked A, so that the centre of the lid can be bored through at the axle hole. The attachment is quite easily made by pricking holes and passing small pins through and bending the ends Now fasten A in an upright position to a small block of wood about one inch wide and two inches long; slip the wheel into the canister lid, pass the axle through, and over the other end of the axle

place the slip of wood B, fastening its feet to the one-inch block.

The wheel, now ready for use, may be attached to the machine-bed, and this consists of a small board some foot or two long and a few inches wide. See fig. 4 for the complete machine so far.

We now require two tubes about a quarter of an inch in diameter, and say six inches long. These may be either of copper or paper. In the first instance, Messrs. Hamley Bros., of Regent Street, or some similar firm, can supply us with all we want



for a few pence; in the latter instance, we make the tubes by winding thin brown paper round a metal rod and gumming the edge down when we have wound enough to give a fair stiffness. Thin cardboard tubes of the kind used for packing prints would also do.

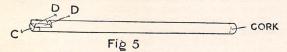
Having obtained our tubes, we cut one end of each in the manner shown in fig. 5, the end-stopping (C) being merely a piece of thin paper gummed in place. The folded-back wings (DD) are made, as will be understood, with one cut of the scissors. The further

ends of the tubes must be corked.

Now cut a wedge-shaped piece of flat wood four inches long, measuring about three and a half inches deep at the narrow end and four and a quarter at the wider. On each sloping side of this mount one of the tubes, with the opening turned inwards. A good way of securing them in place is to bore a series of holes through the wood and lace them on with twine. Fig. 6 shows them so treated. Before fastening them tightly, however, it would be well to make sure that they are the right distance apart at the narrow end, to allow the wheel to spin easily at right angles between them. If they are too near to each other, shift them further back on the wedge till there is just sufficient clearance for the wheel to Now tack to the front part of the wedge turn in. a leg in the form of a piece of flat wood which extends above and below the wedge to an equal degree, and sufficiently far to support this end of the wedge when the tubes are in place above and below the wheel. This reversible form of leg is necessary, as will be seen later. At the rear end of the wedge, and at right angles to it, fasten a broad support of wood or cardboard. This will, of course, be longer than the front leg in order to maintain the proper slope of the tubes. Fig. 7 shows the operation completed.

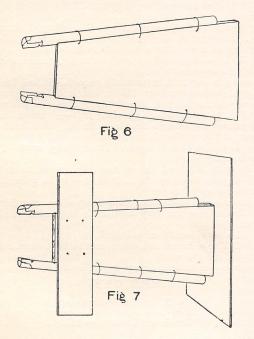
The engine, so far as construction is concerned, is

now finished, and it is only necessary to apply the motive-power. This consists of a number of small metal balls, the more the merrier, and the ones we recommend are those used for cycle bearings. They can be obtained from any cycle agent for twopence or threepence a dozen. In the model we are describing only quite small ones are used, but of



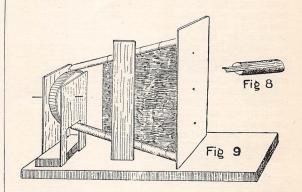
course the heavier they are the more power will be obtained. To 'charge' the engine, we drop the balls one by one into one of the tubes till all are disposed of. To prevent them escaping before we are ready, it is well to supply the tube-ends with movable caps, and this is easily done by winding a narrow strip of paper, with a small projecting finger, loosely round the tube, gumming the end down. This can be shifted to and fro in the tube, the 'finger' effectually covering the outlet till the engine is to be set

in motion. Fig. 8 will explain the form of the cap. Having completed the 'charging,' close the opening and place the wedge in position, so that the upper tube, with the balls in it, has its end immediately over the top of the wheel, where the canister lid-



flange is cut away; while the lower tube has its end (open) immediately under the bottom of the wheel, where the corresponding cut occurs. Now draw back the cap of the upper tube and move the wheel forward till one of the balls drops into a pocket, and continue to push till the pocket has sufficiently advanced for the weight of the ball to propel it through the rest of the half-turn. By this time a second ball will have fallen into a second pocket, and

added its weight to assist the revolution. Meanwhile, the first ball having reached the bottom (held a prisoner up to that point by the canister lid) escapes into the lower tube, and rolls away to its farther end, to be followed by the second ball, and so on, till the upper tube is empty. To restart, it is only necessary to close the cap over the lower tube, turn the wedge over till the tubes have changed places, and draw back the cap. Needless to say, the duration of the work done depends upon the number of balls used, but successful working depends upon the most accurate measurements. Thus, each pocket, while being large enough to admit its ball freely, must not be deeper than the ball, or the one that follows it will drop into the cavity left, instead of remaining in place till the next pocket arrives to receive it. A no less important matter is to see that



the wheel itself is perfectly round, and spins truly without wobbling from side to side.

The simplest way of applying the power from the driving wheel is by attaching any mechanism intended to be driven to the axle-end protruding through the wooden stand A. The part of the axle outside the board B might be left rough or unrounded, so as to grip well anything attached to it. To reverse the engine it is only necessary to start the wheel in the opposite direction. It does not, of course, run for very long without restarting.

Fig. 9 shows the construction in complete form.

GOLOSHES.

YOU may go,' said their father.

They filed out of the study in a very depressed procession. It was the second visit they had paid him that day, and he had done all the talking both times. But what could you expect on a wet holiday, with Mother shut up in the drawing-room with a whole working-party of old ladies? How could they keep out of mischief?

They drifted down the hall, with dragging feet

and dreary faces.

Beastly old working-party! ' said Paul, viciously, as they passed the drawing-room door. His elder brothers grunted assent, and his sister Sybil turned into the boot-room, where a lavatory basin stood.

May as well wash my hands; there's nothing else to do, she said gloomily, as she turned on the tap and stopped the flow of water with her finger. 'Doesn't it spurt nicely, boys?' she said.

'Yes, you're putting it all into Mrs. Somebody's boots,' observed Cyril.

'Oh! they're wet; what shall I do?' cried Sybil.

'Stick them under there, in the corner, then she won't notice, till she puts them on.'

'Twenty — just twenty; I counted them!' cried Paul, raising a flushed face from his labours.

'Twenty what?' asked Allan.

'Twenty pairs of goloshes,' answered Paul.
Allan gave a short laugh as he turned away.

'Wonder how they know them apart.'
'By the places, I suppose,' said Sybil, thought-

fully. 'I say, boys, wouldn't there be a row if they got mixed?'

'I say, let's mix them.' Who actually said it no one knew, but in another second it was a fully grown idea, and the four children were hard at work carrying it out. They took some mixing, twenty pairs of goloshes, you may suppose—and these imps did it properly. Not a single one stood by its fellow, not a pair in the place where the owners had put it, when, with squeaks of suppressed laughter, the children tore upstairs to their playroom, to wait with what patience they could the end of the afternoon and the result of their joke.

Half an hour before the breaking-up of the working-party, Mr. Edgerton came out of the study, and, glancing up, caught sight of the group at the window on the stairs. 'Oh! your uncle is coming tomorrow,' he said, 'and is going to take you to the

Exhibition.'

A perfect yell of delight interrupted him, but he continued calmly, 'But, mind this, if I have to speak to you again to-day, you don't go to-morrow, so behave yourselves,' and he passed on, leaving a blank and awful silence behind him.

'What about the goloshes?' whispered conscience. 'What did you think of it for, Sybil?' said Cyril,

her twin.

'Oh, don't say it's my fault! Paul thought of it

first,' cried the little girl.

'Doesn't matter much whose fault it is, we shall all get into the row, because we all did it, anyhow,' observed Allan, kicking the wainscot.

'Perhaps they won't think 'twas us,' suggested

Paul, hopefully.

His brother sighed. 'Any fool would know it was,' he answered, and the others, completely crushed, retired to the schoolroom, where they sat

down in various attitudes of dejection.

The opening of the drawing-room door, which would have been the signal for a delighted but silent rush to the balusters, was listened to in fearful silence, and when a slightly raised voice exclaimed, 'Mrs. Jones, I really must trouble you for those—they are mine,' and various exclamations of 'How extraordinary!' and 'Dear me!' floated to the children's ears, they quaked.

Drawn as by a magnet, they crept out on the landing and gazed fearfully down into the hall. Most of the good ladies had retrieved their property and gone, but a few left were discussing the situa-

tion in the boot-room.

'I am sure I put mine together by the door,' one

angry lady was saying; 'it's most peculiar.'
'Never mind.' It was Mrs. Dibbins who spoke, one who, from her sour expression, the children had christened 'the old cat.'

'Children will be children,' she said now, 'and I

don't suppose the goloshes moved themselves. But I don't agree with you there, Mrs. Jones—I should not tell their father. Oh, yes! it's annoying, of course, but I expect they have found to-day hard enough to get through; one knows what wet holidays were in one's own youth. Come along!

She swept the rest of the working-party out with her, and, as the front door closed with a snap, the

children drew a breath of relief.

'She's a brick!' announced Cyril; 'I shall never

call her an old cat again.'

'Yes, that's all right, but what do you think we ought to do?' asked Allan, carefully tracing out a pattern on the carpet with his toe.

'Do!' Every one stared at him. 'Yes, do. They haven't told, bu

'Yes, do. They haven't told, but——' he broke off, and they looked at each other.
'Must we?' asked Sybil.

'Must we?' asked Sybil.
'We need not, of course.'

They discussed it until the schoolroom tea was over and cleared away. It was no light thing to give up the morrow's treat, for treats of that kind did not often come their way, and the holidays so far had been dreadfully dull.

'Well,' said Cyril, at last, 'if we're going to do it at all we must do it soon, or it will be bedtime.'

'Come on!' Allan started up and resolutely led the way downstairs, and tapped at the study door.

'Come in!

They filed in, much as they had filed out that afternoon.

'Please, Father,' began Allan, then stopped short, for, lounging in the easy chair was their uncle, looking at them with a twinkle in his eye.

'Well!' - their father spoke sternly, 'more mis-

chief, I suppose; what is it?'

And the boy told, reluctantly enough. It had been a good joke when they did it, but it did not seem so now, though Uncle Frank laughed at the telling.

'Really, Allan, of all the babyish—' began Mr. Edgarton; but Uncle Frank broke in, 'Oh! forgive them, Arthur; there's no harm done, and I guarantee they won't do it again. Come along, small fry, for a romp.'

He put his head in at the door again to say, 'Hold your head on tight, Arthur — we're going to

make an awful noise.'

In the hall the children flung themselves upon him. 'You're just the very best uncle that ever was!' cried Sybil.

'The very best!' echoed Paul.

But Uncle Frank sat down in the boot-room and laughed till he cried.

M. E. Heward.

BIRD CAY.

By H. de Vere Stacpoole.

(Continued from page 251.)

THE prodding wasn't a very successful business; the point of the cutlass entered the sand easily enough for the first few inches; after that it became more difficult—a thin iron rod like a spit would have done better.

However, Jam's attempt was successful enough in one way. He had prodded the sand in several places, getting only about half a foot deep, when all of a sudden he gave a whoop. The cutlass point had struck something hard at a depth of about six inches, something that was either rock or metal, and he knew that the coral rock lay at least three feet deep. I shall never forget Jam's face as it slewed round on us, and absolutely split in two with a grin. His wool seemed to stick up straighter on his head.

'Tve struck de gold,' he yelled. 'Jam's hit it! What you say, Massa Johnson, to dat? Jam's landed de money dis time, sar.'

He hadn't time to say more before he was shoved away, and with our hands and the bottom board of

the boat we sent the sand flying.

Never shall I forget those moments, nor that wild excitement that made us dig like dogs, the sweat running from our faces, and the sand flying up in a

Jam had struck metal right enough, but it was not gold — it was iron. A broad plate of iron, under which we put our fingers, in a mad attempt to lift

it, which failed.

Then in a flash we recognised what it was - the iron surface of a spade, the haft and ladle of which were still buried in the sand. Our disappointment at not finding what we sought was almost forgotten at this discovery. In five minutes we had it out of the sand. It was a broad-bladed, strongly-made spade, so broad-bladed and so sunk in the middle of the blade that one might have called it a shovel. It was the very thing we needed.

'Well, if this ain't luck,' said Blower, 'then I'm

blest if I know what you call luck.'

'Yas, sar,' said Jam. 'It's luck sure enuff. Soon

get de gold now.'

But Captain Horn said nothing; he was looking at the spade, examining it carefully, as though he had never seen a spade before. Then he broke out. 'Boys, this is bad: this here spade hasn't been in the sand more than a short time. Some one has been here digging, and that not long ago; maybe only a few months, and what did they come here digging for - turnips? No; you may lay they've been after the gold.

His face was a picture, as he stood with the spade in his hand gazing down at the hole in the sand

whence it had come.

Then all of a sudden, and without another word, he began digging as if to see what else he might find, and he had not turned up more than a dozen spadefuls of sand when he brought to light a bone. It was the bone of a man's arm, so the Captain said, and more bones were turned up as he went on digging till he came to another spade. Just by it were lying a few brass buttons and a sailor's tobacco-box made of iron and scarcely rusted, so well had the sand protected it from the weather.

There was nothing in the box, but on the lid we made out some letters roughly scratched on the

metal.

Blower took the box and polished it up with some of the sand, and then we saw clearly enough that the letters formed a name — Ramon Lopez.

You could just read them, the very ghost of writing, so to say, but they told us the name of the owner of the box and most probably of the owner of the skeleton.

Captain Horn put the box in his pocket after he

had examined it attentively.

'It's worse than spades,' said he; 'that's a Spaniard's name, and Spaniards have been here digging,

and one's been murdered most like—it's all as bad as can be, and this is the hang of it as far as I can see: Spaniards landed here and made out the name of the wreck before it was washed away by the weather. It was on the taffrail, wrote plain, and if they were Spaniards from Havana, they'd know the old Santissima Maria was lost at sea with a power of gold aboard her; then they'd come here and dig and search, and you bet they didn't dig for nothing. It's gone. I see that clear; it's gone and we have been fooled.' He sat down on the sand by the hole, nursing his chin on his knees and staring at the ribs of the wreck.

He who held us all together and had spurred us on was now the most dejected of the lot of us; all hope seemed to have gone out of him, and all spirit.

But now a most surprising thing happened. Blower, who up to this had been the doubting one of the party, turned round completely and began cheering us up. He was an obstinate man, and liked nothing better than having an opinion of his own and defending it, and that was why, perhaps, seeing the Captain go one way, he turned the other.

'See here,' said Blower, 'I don't see any sense in being cast down because of a lot of old bones and a 'baccy-box that some Jack-fool of a Spaniard has left behind him. Here we have spades, and arms to work them - well, what I say is, let's get to work.'

The Captain got up on his feet all in one piece, so to speak. Blower's words may not have given him hope, but they made him think shame of himself for

having given in even for a moment.

'Come on,' said he, picking up a spade, 'even if the stuff ain't here, there's one comfort, and that is that it hasn't been lifted by that rascal of a Jim Prentice.'

They set to work, he and Blower on the first shift, and it was wonderful to see the different work they made of it with the shovels instead of the old pieces

of board we had been using up to this.

Now and again the spades would bring up with the sand old pieces of iron, ring-bolts, and rusty nails, and so forth, all proving the truth of the Captain's statement that metal would find a home in the sand, whereas lighter things would be washed

When the Captain and Blower had been working for half an hour, they stopped, and Jam and I took on the business, and so we went on in turns till

after dark.

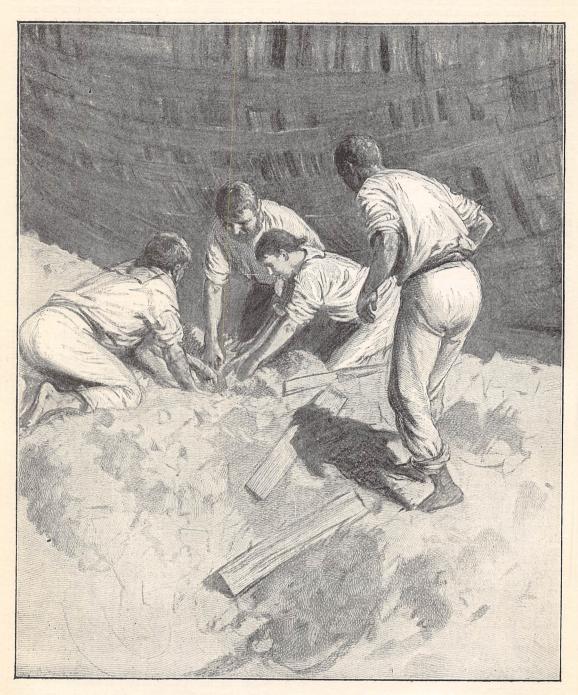
Our plan was to make a trench along the larboard side of the wreck, right from the stern-post to amid-ships. When that was done, and if nothing was found, we would fill it in and make another trench parallel to it, and so on, till all the sand had been examined for a space of twenty-five feet broad. Having done this we would have to conduct like operations on the starboard side.

When we knocked off, our trench extended from the stern-post half-way to amid-ships, and we felt Working with the pieces of satisfied enough. board, we calculated it would have taken us several

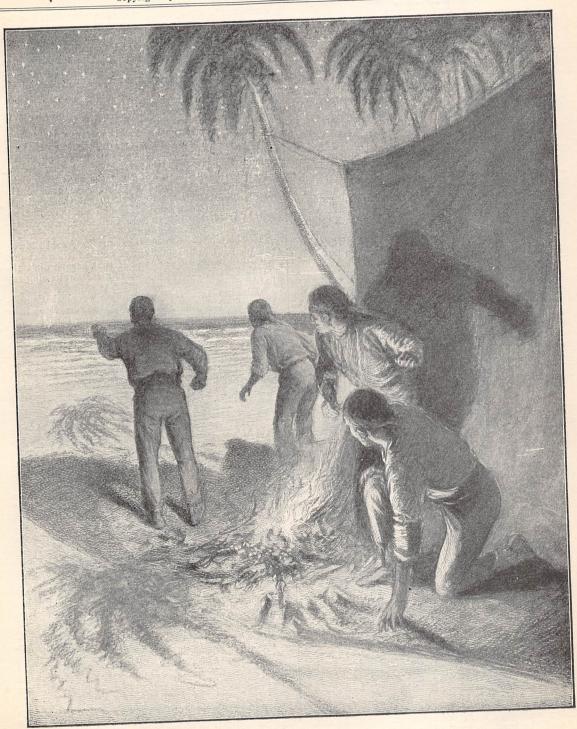
days to have made as much progress.

Then we had supper, and after supper we sat round the fire yarning, whilst the moon rose up and filled the sea with light. As we sat talking, suddenly from the sea came a sound like the report of a cannon.

(Continued on page 266.)



"With our hands we sent the sand flying."



"Another spurt of foam showed up on the sea."

BIRD CAY.

By H. de Vere Stacpoole.

(Continued from page 263.)

WE all jumped to our feet, for such a sound coming in that lonely place was enough to startle the bravest man. Scarcely had we done so, when, a mile away to westward, out on the moonlit sea, we saw a spurt of foam, and almost immediately afterwards the sound was repeated.

'We're being fired over by a man-o'-war,' cried Blower, 'and that's the shot striking the water.'

He wheeled as he spoke and gazed to westward. But the sea was clear to westward, with not a sign of a sail, and scarcely had he turned when 'boom' -another spurt of foam showed up on the sea, followed by another report.

We were lost in astonishment, and still gaping,

when Jam gave a shout. 'I know, sar!' cried Jam, addressing the Captain.

'Dey's debble-fish jumpin'.

'Devil-fish!' cried the Captain. 'Well, I've heard yarns of them, and put them down for lies, but see-

ing is believing.

Scarcely were the words out of his mouth than a couple of hundred yards from the shore the deep water boiled, and out of the sea rose a thing as broad almost as the mainsail of a ship and as thick as half-a-dozen mattresses piled one on the other. It was an enormous flat fish, and it must have weighed a ton if it weighed an ounce. We could see in the moonlight its frilled edges flopping and vibrating like wings as it rose clear out of the water, absolutely as a bird rises, and hung in the air for the space of half a minute, and at least six feet above the surface of the sea. Then, all of a sudden, it dropped with a bang, like the report of a cannon. The foam started up in a spurt, the water heaved and boiled, and the sea became calm again. 'Well, that beats all,' said Blower. 'The

'There must be a school of them playing about the island. Keep your eyes skinned; there's sure to be more of 'em.'

But that was the end of the performance: the great school of devil-fish must have been passing to the south, for we heard one or two faint reports brought up from southward on the wind, then all was still, and we took ourselves off to the shelter of the sail, to sleep and dream of what we had seen.

Jam had told me before about these fish, and years after I had another acquaintance with them off the Florida coast. The name devil-fish suits them well enough, but they are really a species of ray. I have seen one caught measuring fourteen feet across, and weighing twelve hundred pounds, and I can quite believe the yarn the Seminole Indians tell of them, how they have fouled ships' anchor-chains, and dragged ship and anchor out to sea.

Jam told me afterwards that when at play these fish swim round and round chasing each other in a circle half a mile wide, and he said they were harmless enough if left alone, despite even their terrible

appearance, and nothing to sharks.

CHAPTER XVIII.

I was roused next morning by a shout from Blower, and when I crawled out from under the sail, I found the beach in commotion.

I was not long in finding out the cause of the

excitement. Away on the south-western horizon lay a sail.

'The wind's with her,' said the Captain, 'and she's reaching this way straight, I do believe; but give her time, and we'll soon tell; it's like our luck for a vessel to heave in sight and our job not a quarter done, and like my luck to go leaving my glass aboard the brig.

He stood with both hands sheltering his eyes, for, though the sun was almost behind us, the glitter of

the sea dazzled the sight.

'She's square-rigged in the fore part,' said Blower, 'and from her size I'd judge her to be a barque, or, maybe, a tops'le schooner; one of the island-wind-jammers that trade about these parts. But we'll soon know, for she's coming up quick.'

Leaving the Captain and Blower to observe the vessel, Jam and I set to work to get the breakfast. When the coffee was boiling and the pork and potatoes fried, the others tore themselves away from

the sea-edge and sat down.

'If she ain't a barque I'll eat my hat,' said Blower, seated, with a tin pannikin of coffee in one fist and his knife in the other; 'and if that barque ain't the Sarah Cutter, I'll eat my boots after swallowing my

'It's too far off to judge yet,' replied Captain Horn, 'but I tell you this, I'd sooner than fifty pounds in my hand she was the Sarah Cutter. The only thing that hits me is this, if she is, what's she been doing all these days? She's a faster sailer than the old Albatross, and the Albatross started a good twelve hours after her, besides being sunk and us taking to the boats. I reckon if it is the Sarah Cutter she's all two days and a half late. Well, what I want to know is, what's she been doing with herself?

'You're all for fighting if it is her?'

'I'm all for taking her,' replied Captain Horn; 'and if we have to fight, we'll fight; but you see the position is easier now than if we'd come up in the boat and found her anchored. Here we are ashore, and when they drop anchor and land we'll hold them under our pistols and make prisoners of the landing party. Then we'll leave 'em tied up here on the sand, row out, and take possession of the barque. They won't offer any opposition, the chaps on the barge, when they see the pistols; if they do, why, then we'll board them with the cutlasses, British navy fashion.

'It seems pretty plain sailing,' replied the bo'sun. Question is, what will we do with 'em whilst we're

working, digging up that there sand?

'What will we do with 'em whilst we're working?' cried the Captain. 'We working and those sculpins idling? Not by a long sight. They'll do the work, and do it hard in two gangs, one off and one on, and we sitting over them with the pistols."

'They'll want a lot of watching,' said the bo'sun. 'And they'll get it,' replied the Captain.

When we had finished breakfast the vessel had hauled closer, and the Captain, after a long glance at her, ordered the arms and ammunition to be taken from the boat and the pistols loaded, then the pistols and cutlasses were put back in the boat so as to be out of sight. She had been coming bow on to us up to this, and we could see she was squarerigged in the fore part, but whether she was barque, barquatine, or brig, we could not make out till a

shift of wind made her trim her sails, and this was done in such a bungling slow manner that she lost way and went off her course, so that we could see her rig more distinctly.

'She's a barque,' cried Blower, 'and she's the Sarah Cutter right enough,' said the Captain, 'but will you look how they're handling her? - are they

drunk or crazy?

'Short-handed,' said Blower, 'that's what's the matter with her, and she started with a full crew, not to speak of Jim Prentice for an extra hand.

'But what's happened to her?' said the Captain. 'The weather's been fair, and all her sticks are standing; where's the hands gone to unless there's been a mutiny aboard her?

'Maybe there has,' replied Blower, 'or maybe there hasn't, but there's the facts: short-handed and

well-night derelict, and serve her right.'

We continued watching the barque now drawing steadily nearer: she was the Sarah Cutter without any manner of doubt, and as she came stealing along before the five-knot breeze, she seemed ashamed of herself, as though she knew of all the treachery and deceit of her owners and crew. (Continued on page 279.)

BLOSSOMS OF THE YEAR.

VIII. — HEATHER.

O'ce the larger raised her hand, O'er the dreary waste of sand, Out across the common land.

All was arid, bleak, and bare, No sweet flowers were growing there, Till she raised her wand in air.

Now o'er hill and dale is spread In profusion, far ahead, Richest heather, purple-red.

Now the moors so wide and free Stretch as far as eye can see, E. M. H. Clothed in purple, royally.

'SPITZ,' THE DOG-DETECTIVE.

S PITZ is only a small, prick-eared, brown-haired terrier, but he is one of the most highly-prized members of the Russian police force. When there is a criminal to be found, the police put Spitz on his track, for he is such a wonderfully clever detective that he seldom fails to hunt out the missing man and hand him over to justice. About a year ago he traced three ruffians who had committed a double murder near a town about twelve miles from Odessa. He was taken to the place where the dead bodies had been found, and after smelling around for some minutes, followed the scent of the murderers until he tracked two of them to their hiding-place in one village, and the third to another village six miles He also led the police to a spot upon the bank of a river, where lay a bill-hook, dropped by the murderers in their flight. The three men confessed, and received the punishment they deserved.

Not long after that a gentleman and his secretary who were driving along a quiet country road, having with them a large sum of money, were attacked by some knaves, brutally beaten, robbed of all they had, and left unconscious by the wayside. Before they were discovered, the robbers had got clear away and no trace could be found of them till the invaluable Spitz was called upon to give his marvellous help. When he was led to the place he circled round and round, his nose upon the ground, then raising his bright, intelligent eyes towards the police inspector, he gave a short bark which said, as plainly as any words could, 'Unleash me now, master, and I will take you to these rogues.'

As soon as he was set free he started off, never stopping till he reached the village of M-, some miles off. There he paused before a small cottage, the door of which stood slightly open. He then entered, but in a minute came out again, standing upon the threshold while looking about him in a hesitating way, as if undecided what next to do. At that moment three young men were coming down the village street, and as they drew near the cottage, Spitz made a sudden rush at them, seizing one by the belt. The police immediately arrested the man; and no sooner had they done so than Spitz let go his hold and fixed his teeth in the trousers of a second. This one was also taken into custody by the police, but the third was allowed to go, as Spitz did not touch him. The dog then made off again, evidently following up another trail, this time leading the police to a lonely hut, in which another man was found hiding. Spitz immediately flew at him, holding him till he was handcuffed and led away with the other two. The three of them were then taken to the hospital, where the injured gentleman and his secretary both recognised them as the ruffians who had robbed and beaten them. Thus, again, was clever Spitz the means of bringing these cowardly rogues to justice, and also of restoring the stolen money to its rightful owners.

This story of Spitz is perfectly true, and now I will tell you another true story about a dog who deserves to be known and remembered by all as a

real and splendid hero. He was a large Newfoundland, and belonged to a Colonel G——, who once lived at a town in India. Every morning the Colonel went to bathe in a certain lake, and while his master was in the water the dog guarded his clothes upon the shore. One day he suddenly began to bark violently, running down to the water's edge and jumping about in the most excited manner. Colonel looked around, trying to see what was the cause of this behaviour, but not noticing anything, he continued to swim yet further out. The dog then became more excited, still standing at the same spot close by the water's edge. Looking towards this place the Colonel thought he could see a circling ripple upon the smooth water, and as he swam shorewards he found it was caused by some large body moving stealthily along beneath the surface. a shock of alarm, he rightly guessed it was a huge crocodile, and that the animal was making in his direction. He gave himself up for lost, as the great beast was already between him and the shore. His faithful dog knew this too, and seeing his master's deadly peril, plunged into the water, swimming rapidly until he had placed himself between the terrible ripple and the Colonel. Then suddenly he disappeared from the surface, dragged down by the crocodile to the death from which he had so nobly saved his beloved master. While the huge beast was devouring its prey, the Colonel swam safely to shore,



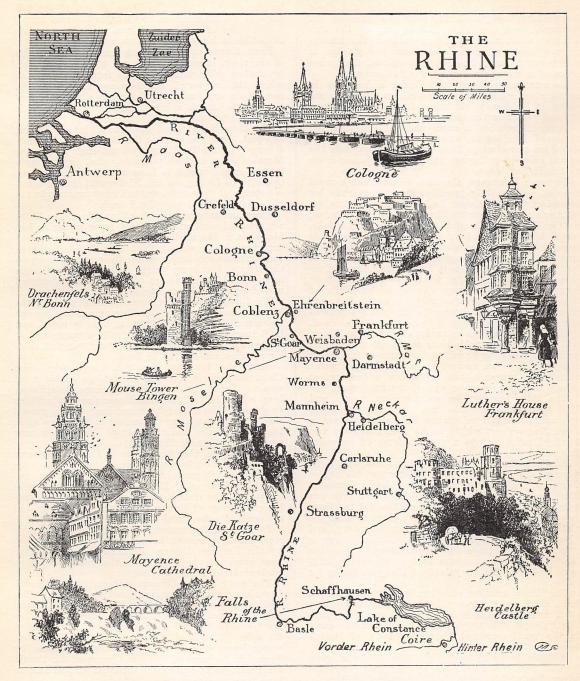
"Spitz fixed his teeth in the trousers of a second."

but his heart was heavy with sorrow for the loss of his brave friend.

If you go to the town, a mile before you reach the landing-place you will see a monument rising from a piece of rock by the side of a lake. This monument was built by Colonel G—— as a lasting memo-

rial to the noble dog wno, in the waters below, had given his life to save his master's. By it is planted a casarine-tree, also put there by the Colonel, the green boughs of which shelter the monument as loving thoughts shelter the memory of his brave and faithful rescuer.

Edith Robarts.



FAMOUS RIVERS OF THE OLD WORLD AND THE NEW.

V. — THE RHINE.

THE Rhine is not the greatest river in Europe in point of size, being exceeded in that respect both by the Volga and the Danube, but in interest and

importance it yields to none. The beauty and romance of its vine-clad and wooded banks have made its waters the resort of a constant crowd of eager sightseers, and the struggles and victories of bygone times have left their marks all along the historic valley of the Rhine.

The Grisons, the largest canton of Switzerland, is

composed almost entirely of mountains and their intersecting valleys. Here, near the Pass of St. Gothard, rises the Hinter Rhine, one of the two streams which afterwards join to form the famous river. Thick with the mud from the glaciers, it rushes out from an ice-cave, and with all the turbulence of a mountain torrent, starts downward.

Its companion stream, the Vorder Rhine, rises in another eminence, the Rheinwaldhorn, and the two unite at Reichenau, six miles from Coire or Chur,

the only town in the Grisons.

Chur, though but a small place of less than ten thousand inhabitants, was of much note in former days, for travellers to Italy came this way from the north, journeying through the mountain passes down

to the Italian lakes.

To reach Reichenau, the twin rivers make a rapid descent. After their junction, the stream runs for some forty miles between Switzerland and a province of Austria fill it reaches the Lake of Constance, or, as the Germans call it, the Boden See. This lake, which is forty miles long, though not very broad, is entered by the Rhine, which flows right through it, making a long arm to the lake as an exit. water of the river, when it leaves the Lake of Constance, is of a beautiful transparent green. afterwards it leaps down the celebrated Falls of Schaffhausen, a descent of nearly seventy feet, and then flows onward to Basle, the city which separates the German Grand Duchy of Baden from Switzerland.

German geographers often ignore the Swiss Rhine, and speak of their noble river as though it began its course at Basle, or Basel, as the name is frequently written. It is an ancient town possessing a great minster, a museum, and a famous university, of which Erasmus was once one of the Professors.

The Rhine has here become a mighty stream, and it is spanned by three bridges. Between Schaffhausen and Basle it receives the waters of the Aar, a large Swiss river, which, in its course of over two hundred miles, brings a great volume of ice-water

down.

At Basle the Rhine turns to the north, and flows through an open valley till it reaches Mainz, or Mayence, one of the most ancient cities in Germany. Here, some years before Christ, a Roman fort was established, and though most of the old buildings have been destroyed and rebuilt, there is still the Cathedral, dating from the thirteenth century, and there are other antique remains. Mainz is now a great centre of trade and manufactures. Here the Rhine has another massive bridge and an iron railway bridge, whilst quays extend along its banks for

The Main, another considerable tributary, enters here, about twenty-two miles below the famous city of Frankfort-on-the-Main. The Neckar, too, joins the Rhine in this neighbourhood, and not far away is the world-renowned University town of Heidel-

A little beyond Mainz the Rhine is for a space turned from its northward course by a mountain range, but at Bingen it breaks through the obstacle, and flows in a north-westerly direction past many famous German cities until it reaches the frontier of Holland.

At Worms, before Mainz is reached, the legends of the Nibelungen Lied have their scene, and the wonderful treasure of the Nibelungs is said to lie at the bottom of the river. The Swan Tower, on the tall slope of the Rhine shore, at Cleve, is the spot sacred to the story of the Swan Prince, which Wagner has embodied in his opera of 'Lohengrin.'

From Bingen to Bonn is the most famous portion of the river. Here the banks are steep and wooded, or clothed with the vineyards from the fruit of which the celebrated Rhine wines are made. So precipitous and rocky are the banks along this portion of the river's course that railways and roads

can only be made through tunnels.

The river Nahe comes into the Rhine at Bingen, and just below the town is the Binger-loch, formerly a dangerous rapid. Midway in the river stands the Mouse Tower of Bishop Hatto, who, in the wellknown legend, is said to have been devoured by rats. Opposite to Bingen, on the Niederwald, is the colossal statue of Germania, erected to commemorate the victories of 1870-71 over the French.

Steep and craggy rocks on either side of the Rhine are crowned with ruined castles, for every noble had his castle in the warlike times when the river was a perpetual battleground. Not only did the French and Germans constantly renew their struggles across the stream, but every prince fought with his neighbour until the fair scenes of nature were disturbed

with frequent and cruel strife.

The Romans, when they invaded Gaul, made of the Rhine a barrier against the Teutonic tribes beyond the river. They raised forts, and made roads, and built towns in their customary solid manner; and at Treves and other places Roman gateways and simi-

lar remains are still to be found.

After the Romans, Frankish kings ruled, and Charlemagne here laid the foundations of his great empire. Later, the seven Electors chose their Kaiser here, whilst he and they ruled over the fertile Rhine provinces. Alsace and Lorraine, long in the possession of the French, were annexed to Germany after the war of 1870, and the German Emperor is now supreme in Rhenish Prussia.

After Bingen, the river comes to Coblentz, a name which means confluence, for here the Moselle joins the Rhine. Opposite Coblentz is the almost impregnable fortress of Ehrenbreitstein. In this middle part of the river is the famous rock of the Lorelei, concerning which the poet Heine and others tell

a legend of a beautiful siren.*

Bonn is another ancient university town; its minster, with five towers, is said to have been founded by the Empress Helena. Here is a monument to Beethoven, and here are also the graves of other celebrated Germans.

The great city of Cologne, the capital of Rhenish Prussia, on the left bank of the Rhine, has a cathedral which was begun by the Emperor Charlemagne in 814 and not finished until 1880. It is one of the most beautiful buildings in the world, and contains the splendid tomb of the three Magi, or Wise Men, whose bones were given to the city of Cologne by Frederick Barbarossa. At the Church of St. Ursula are the bones of the eleven thousand virgins said to have been martyred here.

In the old town of Cologne the streets are narrow and crooked, but handsome new boulevards and suburbs have been built. It is a place of great commercial importance, and the Rhine here is very wide,

^{*} See page 210.

being spanned by an iron railway bridge and by a

bridge of boats.

Dusseldorf is a pleasant town, well laid out and beautifully kept. It is an art centre, having an Academy of Fine Art and a Gallery of Modern Paintings, as well as public gardens, promenades, fountains, and statues. Ruhrort and Wesel are busy manufacturing towns in the midst of iron and coal fields.

At Bonn the gorge of the Rhine ceases, and the river enters the plains; after it passes the frontier of the Netherlands it begins to branch out into various arms, which go to form its delta. These arms flow through the vast mixture of sand-hills and peat-bogs of which the country of Holland is composed. It has been said that Holland is the gift of the Rhine, as much as Egypt is the gift of the Nile. Vast deposits of sand, lime, and clay are brought in by the arms of the Rhine, and, though the waterways have to be protected by dykes and the land is below sea-level, the soil is fertile and productive. The various arms of the river struggle through, at last, to the sea—some of them falling into the North Sea, or German Ocean, others into the Zuyder Zee.

The total length of the Rhine is variously estimated as from seven hundred and sixty to nine hundred and sixty miles. From Rotterdam to Mainz many steamers ply upon its waters, and great barges bring their cargoes to Mannheim and other ports. Immense rafts of timber, too, are floated down the river from the Black Forest, and there is much fishing in its waters.

With Switzerland at the source and Holland at the mouth, the Rhine is still mainly a German river. The Germans have a patriotic love for the beautiful stream of which their poets have sung, and hold it

as one of the chief glories of their empire.

In former times many vexatious tolls and dues were demanded of all passing vessels by the princes and nobles who had castles on the Rhine; but now there is a free way for all ships and boats, and the traffic on the river is very great.

C. J. Blake.

THE CHIPMUCK AND ITS NEST.

A FUNNY little quadruped is the species which the Americans call by the not very elegant name of the Chipmuck, but which is also known as the ground squirrel, though much less in size than the tree squirrel. Our friends on the other side of the Atlantic keep a look-out for this animal while strolling in the spring, for its appearance is a sign that winter is gone, or nearly. Some people might say that the chipmucks resemble mice; they are without the bushy tail of the squirrel, but have sharp noses and short ears, and upon the sides of the body are conspicuous stripes. They have got cheek-pouches, these active little fellows, and when they have been stuffed full of nuts, the chipmucks almost look like children who have mumps!

They do not seem to take cold while they are having their early excursions, because, if the weather is turning chilly, back they go to their retreats, and sleep again for a week or so, after they have had a brisk run amongst the grass and dead leaves, encouraged by a blow of the south wind in April. In fact, the chipmuck is an animal which passes a good deal of its life underground. During winter it is

below the earth, hidden from view, sleeping the greater part of the cold weather, but rousing up now and then to feast upon some of the food it has stored. Within the nest, the young chipmucks are carefully nursed till old enough to go forth into the world, and this retreat serves, at all seasons, as a refuge against rain and a secure place for sleeping. Often, several full-grown animals have a nest between them, but sometimes a pair of chipmucks have one to themselves. These nests may be dug out by them, or they will take advantage of some hole they find, making it larger, if needful. A favourite spot is against a wall, or beneath the trunk of a tree. Occasionally, there are two passages into the nest, and the chipmuck clears a path to the opening, should the abode happen to be amongst herbage, so that it may get home quickly. About September the chipmucks are preparing a store for the winter, and lay up in their chambers chestnuts, acorns, or other nuts, and sometimes the seeds of maize. The winter abode is generally lined with soft hay.

One very noticeable fact in the character of a chipmuck is its playfulness; indeed, a naturalist who has watched the ways of these animals wonders how they find time to eat. It is possible they amuse themselves by day and feed in the morning or evening. They chase each other along the ground, and up and down fences, sometimes pretending to take a bite at a tail, but should a hawk appear, they are quiet directly.

J. R. S. C.

A HERO!

THE daisies and buttercups waved in the breeze, The birds carolled gaily their songs in the trees; And merrily rippled the stream on its way, As Charlie set forth on his errands one day.

Said Mother in parting, 'Be quick as can be, Go straight to the grocer's for sugar and tea; Then order a cake at the baker's next door, For Grannie is coming to see us at four.

'Remember my message to old Mrs. Brown—
The way through the meadows is best to the town.'
Then she kissed him, the love in her eyes shining bright,

And watched till her laddie was quite out of sight.

All went very well till he came to the stream, Where gold of the sunlight was brightly agleam; He paused for awhile by the water to play—
It was fearsome to cross—there were geese in the way!

He rallied his courage and stepped on a stone, Then cried in affright—like a coward, I own! Came Bobby the Scout very soon to his aid: Of geese even Bobby was slightly afraid.

But he scattered them all, and he put them to rout—A hero was Bobby, there isn't a doubt;
Then onward together the journey they take,
And order the sugar, the tea, and the cake.

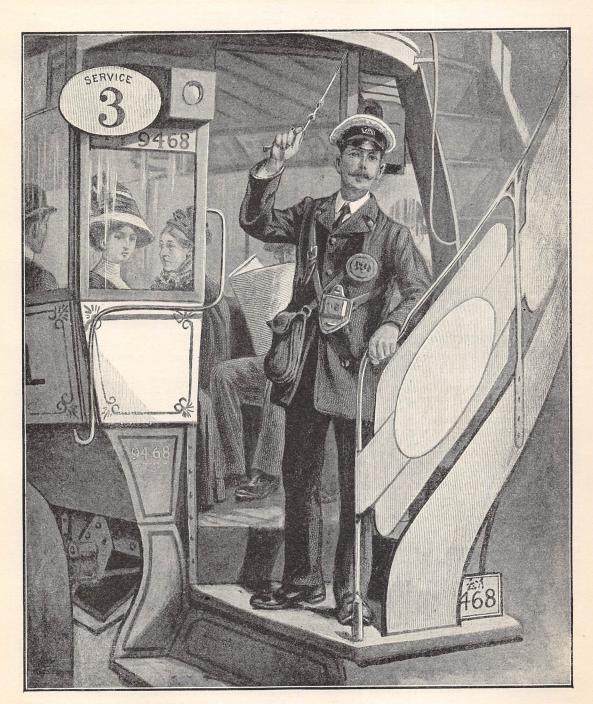
The message is given to old Mrs. Brown,
Then home through the meadows they go from the
town:

And so 'twixt the lads came a friendship about— Now Charlie himself is a gallant Boy Scout.

Marian Isabel Hurrell.



"Of geese even Bobby was slightly afraid."



The Motor-'bus Conductor.

THE TURN OF THE WHEEL.

WITHOUT intending a pun, we may very truly remark, 'What a revolution has taken place in

the world of wheels!'

The writer has in her possession a tattered old letter dated January 28th, 1828. At that time, letters were not enclosed in envelopes, but simply folded with a blank page outside, on which the address was written. Neither did they carry postage stamps, but were 'franked' by Members of Parliament.

This letter was written by a young woman living in London to her brother, who lived in a small Dorsetshire village. She urges him to come to London, as she knows of some suitable work which he might get there, if he would only come at once.

And how was the brother to get to London?

Even to-day there is only a small railway station on a branch line in that quiet village. If we were there, and wished to reach London quickly, probably we should walk, cycle, or drive to Templecombe, in the neighbouring county of Somerset, and there take the train. But in 1828 people travelled by coach, and so Hannah (for that was the young woman's name) says to her brother: 'I should like you to get into London by Sunday morning to the White Horse Celler, Piccadilly, and George and I will come and meet you.' In a postscript she says again: 'We shall be sure to come and meet you next Sunday morning at the White Horse Celler, Piccadilly.'

This 'White Horse Celler'—Hatchett's Restau-

This 'White Horse Celler'—Hatchett's Restaurant in Piccadilly now stands on the site—was one of the old coaching inns, from which coaches started and to which they returned. These inns had very picturesque names. One, for instance, bore the sign of 'La Belle Sauvage,' another that of the 'Swan with Two Necks.' On the door or hind boot of each coach was painted the sign of its inn. Thus, the coaches which started from 'La Belle Sauvage'—now the headquarters of a famous publishing firm—bore the picture of a wild woman with a bell in her hand; those belonging to the 'Swan with Two Necks' had, of course, the picture of a two-necked swan. Our young man from the country, if he took his sister's advice, travelled in a coach with a chocolate body and yellow wheels—for such were the colours of the 'White Horse' coaches.

Hannah wrote on the outside of her letter the words, 'With speed,' but the speed of those days would appear to us the speed of a snail. We are told that the old post-carriages, even on the high roads, never travelled at a greater speed than five miles an hour, and when mail-coaches were advertised to run at the rate of seven miles an hour, it was considered a wonderful performance. Even then, it took a little over four days to go from London

to York.

Once upon a time, there were not even coaches. So few good roads existed in England—we know the Romans made some—that all poor people had to go on foot and rich people on horseback. Goods were carried on 'pack-horses.' Some of our present-day roads—for example, part of the old High Street of Birmingham—began as mere tracks for pack-horses.

And how did people get on in towns before the arrival of cabs, trains, omnibuses, and trams? For Londoners, of course, there was the magnificent

waterway of the Thames. Also, for short journeys, rich people had their private coaches. Pepys, in his famous 'Diary,' mentions coaches and wagons. Later, in the time of the Regency, persons had themselves carried about in 'sedan-chairs' on wheels. To these was given the nickname of 'fly-by-nights,' whence (it is said) it comes about that in country towns a cab is still called a 'fly.'

In the time of Queen Elizabeth and James I. the roads, even near London, were in a shocking condition. Wagons and coaches often stuck fast in the

mud at Knightsbridge.

Hackney-carriages appeared in London as early as 1625, but were at first only twenty in number. To-bias Hobson, the notable carrier of Cambridge (upon whom Milton wrote two epitaphs) was the first person in England to let out hackney-horses. The word 'hackney' seems to have been applied first to horses let for hire, and then to the vehicles drawn by the horses. All kinds of cabs are hackney-carriages, though the cab (or 'cabriolet') was a late development, for 1823 is the date of its appearance in the London streets.

Hobson died in 1630. Twenty years later, Nicolas Sauvage introduced hackney-coaches into Paris. Because Sauvage lived in the Hotel St. Fiacre, the

hired carriages were called fiacres.

But what was greatly needed in London and other cities was a roomy vehicle which would carry a good many persons at a low charge. To meet this need the omnibus was invented. (The word is a

Latin one, signifying 'for all.')

The birthplace of the omnibus was Paris, where already, in 1662, something of the kind had been started, but discontinued. Just about the time that Hannah wrote the letter to her brother, the omnibus proper appeared in the Parisian streets, and in the following year a coach-proprietor, named Shillibeer, of Greenwich, began to run similar carriages in London. The first one started from Paddington for the Bank of England on July 4th, 1829. It went in the morning and returned at night. The fare was two shillings inside and one shilling and sixpence outside!

The name of 'omnibus' did not please the legislature, and an Act of Parliament, passed in 1838, directed that the 'shillibeers' (as the 'buses were sometimes called) should be known henceforth as

'Metropolitan stage-carriage.'

Can you imagine any one saying, 'I am going to take a metropolitan stage-carriage to Clapham

Junction?'

Forty-six years ago, in the first volume of Chatterbox, there appeared a picture of the 'bus-conductor of that time; now we have one of an up-to-date motor-'bus conductor. Nearly all the horsed omnibuses are gone, though it was only a few years ago—in September, 1904—that the first double-deck motor-'bus was licensed by the police authorities. In January, 1913, the 'funeral' of the horse-dust took place in Paris, when, as the last of those old-fashioned conveyances made its last journey, it was crowded with passengers carrying wreaths, and followed by a score of motor-cars and motor-'buses.

The omnibus-conductors of London are, as a rule, a wonderfully good-tempered set of men, although

they have much to try their patience.

I was once rather amused by a little incident in a horsed omnibus. The conductor, probably very tired, sat down for a few moments looking over his tickets at the further end of the 'bus. Twilight was just coming on, and at that end it was somewhat dark. A stout old washerwoman, carrying a basket, got in, and was dismayed to see no vacant seat. The conductor rose.

'Oh,' said the old woman, with a sigh of relief,

'this kind gentleman is going to stand!'

'That's what I'm doing all day, worse luck!' grumbled the conductor. E. Dyke.

STONES AND THEIR STORIES.

VIII. - THE DECORATED PERIOD.

WE come now to the 'Decorated' period. As its name suggests, it was a time of much and elaborate decoration; ornament appeared everywhere it could be placed, ornaments most beautifully executed. The years we have assigned to this style are those of the fourteenth century (A.D. 1300-1400) that is, during the reigns of Edward I. (1272-1307), Edward II. (1307-1327), Edward III. (1327-1377) The religious life of the country was still the chief incentive to building, and much of the best work was done by the brethren of the monasteries, the men of learning of those times, so that is why such wonderful intelligence was shown in the work. It is interesting in this period to note how the decorations of a cathedral, say, would all match, so to speak, as far as the casual observer would notice. But when you look into the carvings of the capitals and other parts, you find that most quaint figures of men and weird animals are mixed with the foliage, each man evidently introducing into his work any fancy that might occur to him; and yet so cleverly is it all worked that the general appearance and outline of the mass of carving is in keeping with the other work in the building. I remember being greatly interested in this in the nave of Wells Cathedral, where the capitals all look alike, but are every one different!

In this period, wood began to be used much more than before, for elaborate pulpits, choir-seats (stalls, as they are called), screens (open-work partitions which divide the nave from the choir - many are found in old churches and are very interesting). The carvings on all these were like those in stone, thus following the period. The 'misereres' now became very elaborately carved (these are little seats for use instead of the larger seats). In old churches and cathedrals you should always look out for these, because they are often very quaint: they are generally to be found by lifting up the seats of the choir stalls. In fig. 1 you have a sketch of a choir stall with the seat in its usual place; in fig. 2 you have the same stall with the seat raised (it is on hinges like the lid of a box), and you now see there is a little bracket, or shelf, hardly big enough to be called a seat (it is given in the illustration); beneath this, as a rule, you will find elaborate carving. These brackets were a form of seat allowed to the infirm monks who had to attend long services and were supposed to stand all the time. I believe the carving was, in many cases, done by the monk who occupied the seat. There are many in the Henry VII. Chapel in Westminster Abbey (one belonging to the Early English period), at Chester and Wells Cathedrals; in fact, in most old cathedrals and many old churches. So when you go to either, inquire if there are any miserere seats, because much quaint carving is put there. For instance, at Wells there is one representing the fox and the geese fable!

Some of our earliest examples of 'Decorated' work are the beautiful crosses erected by Edward I. to mark the places where rested the body of his Queen, Eleanor, as she was being brought from Grantham to Westminster Abbey for burial; those still in existence are at Northampton, Geddington, and Waltham. There was one erected in the 'village of Charing,' known as Charing Cross, where now is the great London railway station. In the stationyard, all among the cabs and motors, there is now a memorial to Eleanor which is said to be a model of the original.

Of course, our chief examples are parts of our cathedrals and many of our churches; but parts of some mansions, such as Eltham Palace and Pens-

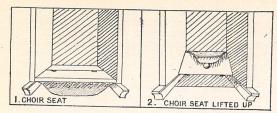
hurst, are in the 'Decorated' style.

Now to investigate the style. First, as to plan. Well, the plan was little altered, except where new whole churches were built (cathedrals that were partly built could not be altered much), when they placed the piers further apart to give more space for larger windows. The walls remained thinner and the buttresses large and important. These last developed into very elaborate ornaments, being surmounted with pinnacles, which were decorated with crockets and finials (fig. 5). Here are two new terms; I will illustrate them both so that you will fully understand my meaning. 'Crockets' were leaves or bunches of foliage which were applied to the edges of pinnacles or on the dripstones of doors or windows as further ornament - numbers of them all alike are placed at regular intervals. Fig. 3 is one from a monument in Rochester Cathedral. A 'finial' is the group or bunch of leaves which finishes the top of a pinnacle or arch. Fig. 4 is from the top of that monument. Fig. 5 shows their position in decoration on a pinnacle. In order to introduce more ornament the builders of the period carved, or rather pierced, parapets with elaborate tracery; this became a prominent feature of the

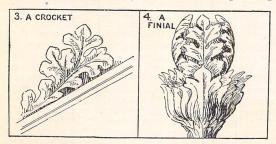
Doorways were much like the Early English, only not quite so much 'recessed'; the arches were not so pointed as in the Early English, and the ogee was often used (you remember the shape of the ogee moulding in Greek and Roman times (see pages 75-78). For small doors an arch called a shouldered arch was often used; in fig. 6 you see how the shape suggests the shoulders of a man (at the points marked A). The windows were larger, and the number of 'lights' (i.e., separate windows or compartments under one arch) was greater; the divisions were as thin as possible, and were called 'mullions.' I gave you in my last article such a late example of Early English that it really represents

Early Decorated (fig. 7, page 229).

This was really called Geometric Tracery (that is, patterns which could all be drawn with a compass) and it lasted well into the period, becoming more complicated, of course; then it gradually developed a more flowing character, very likely influenced by a style in use on the Continent, called Flamboyant Tracery, that is 'flame-like.' Fig. 7 is a sketch of a window in this style, and you will notice how, flowing or feather-like it was.

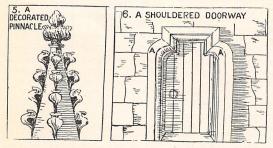


The roofs in many halls and churches were of wood, but stone vaulting was still being elaborated. In the Early English times you remember there was a rib that ran right down from end to end of the building (called a ridge-rib); all others sprang from the piers. Well, now a new set of ribs were introduced which did not spring from the piers but connected the ribs already in existence and made the spaces between much smaller. These new ribs were called 'liernes,' and were the means of complicating



the vaulting considerably, forming almost stars of ribs, and introducing more bosses. Fig. 8 is a plan of this vaulting showing the bosses and liernes.

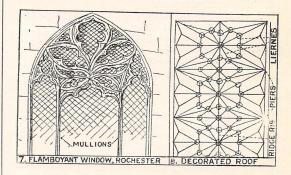
Columns were much like those of the last period, and the capitals when moulded were also like Early English, only not nearly so deeply undercut. When foliated (that is decorated with foliage) the leaves



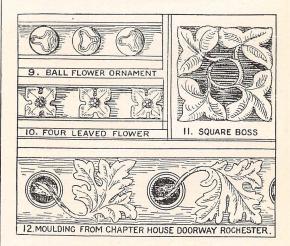
were much more true to nature and not nearly so undercut as the trefoil. The leaves were either oak, maple, ivy, or vine; sea-weed was also used.

As the tooth ornament was characteristic of Early English, so the ball-flower or the four-leaf flower marked the Decorated style (figs. 9 and 10). They were introduced in the hollows, but were generally placed further apart than the tooth ornament. Little square designs in leaves were much used, like tiny bosses (fig. 11). In Rochester Cathedral there is a most wonderful doorway to the Chapter House; it is pure Decorated, and I can always find some fresh beauty in it whenever I see it. There are figures in tabernacles, square bosses, elaborate crockets, and a finial on an ogee arch. I cannot draw it for you

because it is so very elaborate, but I want to show you one very beautiful moulding which runs all around the doorway (fig. 12). It is as though a hollow moulding had been cut with round holes at regular intervals. Then up the back a branch of a



tree has grown (but of course this is in stone) and at each hole a leaf has come through and arranged itself in a neat square, thus forming a most beautiful moulding. If ever you go to Rochester, be sure you look out for it. The carving never was so beau-



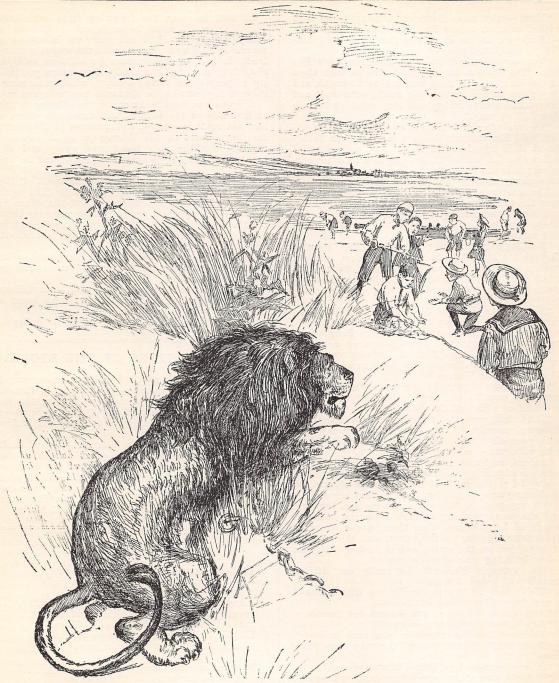
tiful as at this period, and the true appreciation of the natural forms greatly added to the success of the work. There is a very fine example of this work to be seen at the Chapter House, Westminster: especially at the entrance, also on the tomb of Queen Eleanor. At this time tombs of great beauty began to be placed in our cathedrals, and many of our finest remains are tombs (as, for example, in Winchelsea Church).

E. M. Barlow.

A WHOLE DAY WITH A REAL LOOSE LION!

A True Story.

'T is a lovely day! Just right for our trip to Exeter,' said Mr. Runcorn, one August morning, as he entered the sitting-room of the Exmouth lodgings, where his wife and two sons were already at breakfast.



"No one dreamed that a lion was so near."

Mrs. Runcorn looked up with a bright smile. 'Just the day for it,' she agreed. 'I shall enjoy seeing the cathedral, and so will the twins.' And she glanced across the table to where Ambrose and Austen were busily engaged with their porridge.

To her surprise, however, the usual ready response was lacking, though, as a rule, both boys were eager for trips of any sort. To-day, however, Ambrose looked at Austen, and, after a pause, Austen, always the spokesman, said, 'Must we go, Mother?'

'Must - why must, Austen? I thought you both wished so much to see Exeter and the cathedral?'

'Yes, yes, so we do, Mother,' said Austen, hurriedly; 'only to-day ——'
'You see, Mother,' broke in Ambrose, 'it's like this. The Watson boys asked us to go with them to the Warren. It's their last day at Exmouth, and they mean to build a very big castle, with moat and towers and a drawbridge, and they want us to help them, if we may.'

'We are plainly not to have the youngsters today, said Mr. Runcorn to his wife; 'they can hardly desert their friends on their last day, so you and I will make the best of it, and go to Exeter by ourselves; it is too fine a day to lose, and the boys will

have plenty of other chances of seeing the cathedral.'
The matter was settled. Directly breakfast was over the twins ran off to join their friends, and Mr. and Mrs. Runcorn caught the early train to Exeter, where they spent a very happy day, returning home

just as the sun was setting. 'No boys yet!' said

Mr. Runcorn, glancing through the open door of the sitting-room, where a good supper was laid out in readiness for them.

'Oh, sir!' gasped the landlady, following them up-'Have you heard anything of the young

gentlemen?

'No, nothing,' laughed Mr. Runcorn. 'What mischief have they been up to in my absence?

'Oh, sir, it's no laughing matter! Poor

gentlemen! What could they do against a lion?'
'A lion!' said Mrs. Runcorn, turning very pale.
'Where is a lion? How can my boys be with a lion? They are at the Warren.'

'Yes, I know!' panted the woman; 'and my husband has gone to the ferry. He went the minute

he heard of a lion at the Warren.'

'Don't talk nonsense, my good woman!' said Mr. Runcorn, angrily. 'You are frightening my wife with your silly talk. Some one has been having a joke with you - a stupid joke, too!

'Indeed, sir,' said the woman, earnestly, 'it's no joke. I wish it were. There is a lion at the Warren, and I said to my husband, "Go over at once and fetch our young gentlemen, if so be they are alive."

'Oh, my poor boys!' now broke in Mrs. Runcorn, and she was preparing to rush from the house in search of her darlings when there was a sound of uproarious laughter in the street, and the scuffling of boys' feet on the stairs, and in rushed the twins fairly bubbling over with excitement.

'Oh, Mother! Father! We really are African

travellers! ' began Austen.

'We've been all day at the Warren with a lion a real loose lion!' shouted Ambrose.

And we never knew it! ' interrupted Austen.

'But it was there, right enough!

'The men found it crouching in a sand hollow!' 'Dead beat! It had run all the way from Starcross.

'It was ever so long before it was missed.'

'It broke out of its cage before daybreak, and so it got to the Warren when no one was about."

The boys talked so fast, and interrupted each other so eagerly, that it was some time before any one could find out what had really happened, but that mattered little to their parents, as they had before them outward and visible signs that their darlings were safe and unharmed.

At last, however, the following facts came out. The Warren, it must be explained, looks like a sandy island; but it is not quite an island, as a narrow spit of land joins it on to the opposite mainland. It is a favourite resort for children, as it is absolutely safe, and the sandy shore offers possibility of play of all sorts; a ferry, which runs many times a day, carries the Exmouth people to and fro.

A circus had been going round the villages on the further side of the Warren, and from this circus a lion had made its escape, and managed to hide itself for many hours on the Warren before it was discovered; for the poor beast was weary and exhausted, and it only wanted to lie still and be un-

noticed.

It is wonderful that no one came across it all the day, as numerous bungalows, all well filled with summer visitors, are scattered about the Warren; but none ever dreamed that a lion was so near them till the keepers arrived in eager search, quite certain from the footprints that it was somewhere about, and then it was soon discovered.

'We had a glorious day!' said Ambrose, as he finished his story; 'and seeing the men catch the

lion was best of all.'

'Glorious!' said Austen. 'And won't our fellows be jealous when they hear that we have spent a whole day with a real loose lion!

E. A. Bulley.

THE MIGRATIONS OF THE STORK.

BOUT two years ago, a Polish gentleman caught A a stork on his estate near Lemberg, in Galicia, and put on its neck a metal ring bearing the inscription: 'Haec ciconia Polonia' ('This stork comes from Poland'). He then let it go free, and it flew

away in winter as usual.

In spring the stork came back and allowed itself to be caught again. To the great delight of the gentleman, he found on the neck of the bird, in place of the metal band, a fine gold circlet with these words engraved on it: 'India cum donis re-mittit ciconiam Poloniis' ('India sends the stork with a present to the Poles'). C. Morley.

WINGED SEEDS.

BORNE onward afar o'er the ocean, The wind bears the seed in its flight; It drops it in spots that are barren, And there springs up a bloom of delight. Sweet perfumes o'er deserts are wafted, And borne by the breeze as it blows; Till the wilderness, long years all barren, Doth blossom again as the rose.

So many a small seed of kindness Is borne far away in the heart; It blossoms in sweetness and beauty, In scenes that are now far apart. Like the seed to the desert that's wafted, It opens to beauty and grace, And the word that you thought was all wasted, May bear fruit in some far-away place. Frank Ellis,

BIRD CAY.

By H. de Vere Stacpoole.

(Continued from page 267.)

QUARTER of a mile off we could see a leads-A man casting the lead, and a little under a quarter of a mile the helm was shifted, the wind went out of her sails, and we heard the roar of the anchor-chains through the hawse-pipe.

A moment after a flag was run up; it broke out, and we saw the jack - it was flying wrong ways up,

then it was lowered to half-mast.

'Well,' said Blower, 'half-mast and upside down; but can it be she's got Yellow Jack aboard her?

The very name of yellow fever was worse than pirates in the West Indies just then, and is still for the matter of that, and the words of the bo'sun struck us all of a heap, as they say. That is, Jam and I and Blower. The Captain did not seem to mind.

'Look,' said he, 'there's a chap leaning over the starboard bow waving something to us. Come, out with the boat, and we'll go and see; I believe it's all a trick to lure us off and get us aboard. I wouldn't trust that crowd with two brass farthings. Yellow Jack! I don't believe Yellow Jack would trust himself aboard her. Anyhow, we'll row to

her and have a parley.'

We went to the boat and got her by the gunwales. Jam and I on one side, the Captain and Blower on the other. The sea was coming in as smooth as oil, but for the wind-ripples, and the waves falling on the sand weren't more than a foot high. Before she was fully water-borne Jam and I scrambled in and got a pair of oars out, then the Captain and Blower got her afloat and scrambled after us, and in a minute we were heading for the Sarah Cutter, or rather heading for a point a hundred yards astern of her, so that we might row round to windward and so keep free from any breath of yellow fever, if it was aboard her.

As we rowed I saw two forms on the barque, a man and a boy. The boy was Jack Cutter, and the man was evidently one of the crew; he wore a red cap, and was narrower in build than Jim Prentice, besides being darker. They were leaning over the larboard quarter, and when they saw our intention

they changed over to the starboard side.

A hundred feet, or may be less, to windward of them, we lay on our oars and hailed them.

'Barque, ahoy!'
'Ahoy!' came the reply in the boy's voice.
'Is that the Sarah Cutter?' The name was written on the taffrail clear enough for a blind man to read.

'What ails you?'

'Crew and captain poisoned by eating fish.'

'Poisoned? 'Ay, poisoned.'

'Poisoned?' said the Captain, turning to Blower. 'Did you ever hear the like of that? It's a yarn, that's what it is. They've got yellow fever aboard; but put her a few strokes closer, so's I may see the chap's face clearer.' We rowed a few strokes, and the Captain hailed the barque again. 'You've got

Yellow Jack aboard you! 'No, we haven't,' came the reply. 'It's fish poi-

soning, without a doubt.'

It was Jack who was speaking, and his voice came shrill across the water. There was truth in the tone of it, too, and I saw that the Captain was beginning to believe him.

'How many have you lost?' cried he.
'No one yet,' replied Jack, 'but they're all stricken down, and some of them like to die. Come on board and give us a hand to get 'em off to the land.'

Where's Jim Prentice? Is he struck down with

the rest?' asked the Captain.

'No, he's all right,' replied Jack.
'Where is he, then?'

'In the fo'c'sle, I believe.'
'Go fetch him, then.'

Jack turned away from the side and went forward to the fo'c'sle. He dived down the fo'c'sle hatch, and disappeared. The man who had been leaning with him over the side still continued in that position. He was a Spaniard, named Lopez, we afterwards

discovered, and spoke only a few words of English. After a minute or two we saw Jack's head rising above the fo'c'sle hatch; he was followed by Jim

Prentice.

Prentice came to the barque's side. 'Hallo!' cried he, 'why, if it ain't Cappen Horn! Why, Cappen, what in the name of wonder are you doing here,

and what's become of the old Albatross?

'I'll jolly well show you what I'm doing here when I clap hands on you!' cried the Captain. 'What did you mean by deserting from me, hey? What have you done with that chart you stole, you scoundrel? Never mind now; you'll be able to speak for yourself when I take you ashore and try you. You'll have justice. What I want to know now is, have you yellow fever aboard, or is the boy speaking truth?

I know nothing about no chart,' replied Prentice. 'Yes, the boy's speaking truth. Old man Cutter, and the whole ship's company, except me and Jack and the Spanish chap, is all laid on their backs. It's fish poisoning right enough; they ate some of those gropers Jack caught in Havana harbour, and every man that ate 'em is down; but you can come aboard and see for yourself. I guess you know the look of

yellow fever when you see it.'

'Right-ho,' replied the Captain; 'and if it's yellow fever, you'll hang.' We laid to the oars and got the boat alongside the

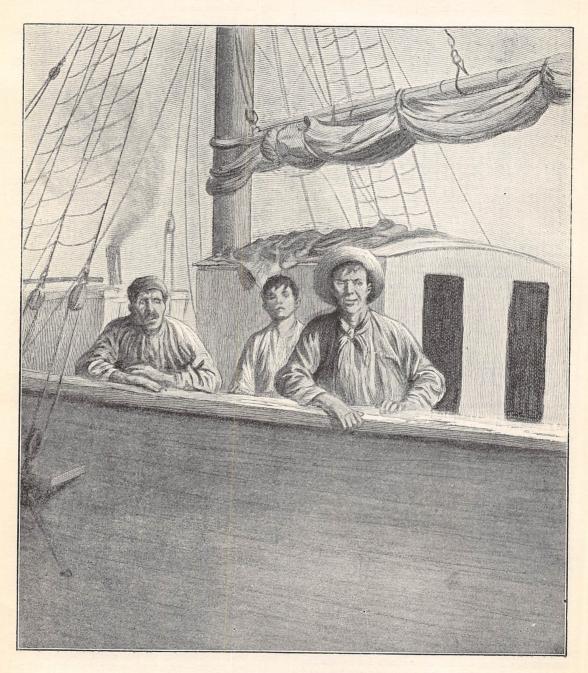
Sarah Cutter, Jam clawing on with the boat-hook, whilst we scrambled aboard, the pistols in our belts.

Prentice had never given me a word, and even now, when we were on the deck beside him, he quite ignored my presence. When I thought of the scene in the garden at Havana, and how the last I had known of him was his battering me senseless, I could have whipped one of the pistols from my belt and shot him for the dog he was. Heaven help me, I am no killer of men! but the face of this would-be murderer, with its narrow look and close-set eyes. still lives with me, and troubles my mind when I think of it.

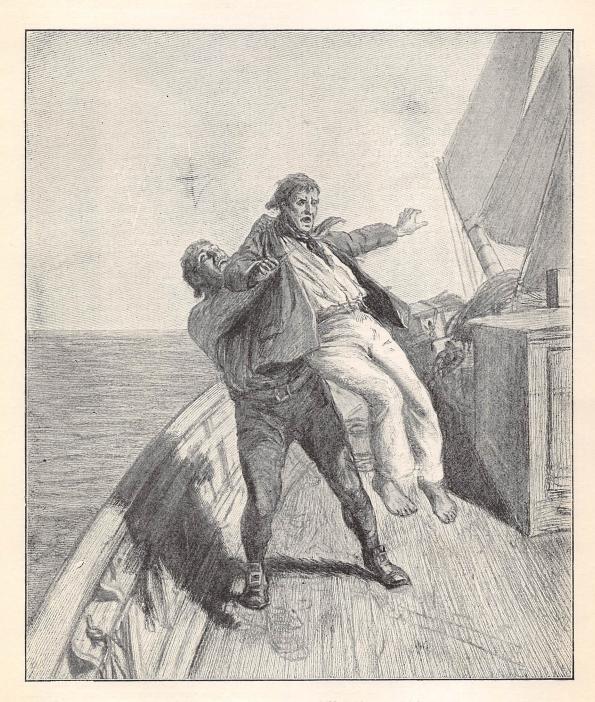
We went aft to the deck-house, and there, sure enough, was old man Cutter lying on his back in his bunk, and looking for all the world like death. He could not speak — or, at all events, he pretended not to be able to speak. The Captain, when he had examined him, shook his head, and leading the way out

went to the fo'c'sle.

(Continued on page 282.)



"Prentice came to the barque's side,"



"Prentice seemed no more than a child in that powerful grip."

BIRD CAY.

By H. de Vere Stacpoole.

(Continued from page 279.)

THE fo'c'sle of the Sarah Cutter was beyond words - more dingy and dark and bad-smelling than the fo's'cle of the Albatross, or any other ship I have known, and here in their bunks we found the two Spaniards, who with Lopez and Jack formed the crew of the barque. They were in just as bad a case as Captain Cutter, and having done all we could

for them we came on deck.

'They can't be moved,' said Captain Horn. 'How'd you ever get 'em over the side in this condition? You leave 'em where they are with this Spanish chap' (pointing to Lopez) 'to tend them, and I'll put Jam aboard to help, and you, Mr. Jim Prentice, able seaman, into the boat with you, for you're coming ashore to be tried, and maybe to be tried for your life; the boy goes too as witness - what's your name?

'Jack Cutter,' replied Jack, 'but I ain't going

ashore while Father is bad as he is.

'Oh, you ain't, ain't you?' replied Captain Horn. He laughed. 'And what'll you say if we bundle you into the boat and take you ashore?

'I'll say you're a mean lot of scoundrels,' said Jack, 'to take a chap away from his father, and

him lying dying maybe.'

'Upon my soul, but this chap's got grit in him,' said the Captain. 'Well, stay with your dad and look after him; you've everything you want on board, and give us a hail with the flag if you want us by any chance. Now then, Jim Prentice, into the boat with you.'

'I stick to the ship,' said Jim; 'you ain't got no

right to land me against my will.'

'Oh, you stick to the ship?' said Captain Horn. 'Yes.'

I have never seen anything done more suddenly or neatly. In a flash, seizing him by the collar of his coat and the slack of his trousers, the Captain had his man over the side; the strength used must have been tremendous, for Prentice seemed no more than a child in that powerful grip. Flung into the boat, and half-stunned, he gathered himself up and sat without speaking, whilst Captain Horn, grim, without a word, followed, and we pushed off.

When we had beached the boat Captain Horn bundled his prisoner out, and we ran her up on the

Then, taking the prisoner by the arm, the Captain led him up to the palm-trees, where the sail

was spread.

We sat down on the sand in the shelter of the sail; Prentice, who was wearing a white hat that protected him from the sun, was ordered to stand before us, and then began one of the quaintest trials in the world, the Captain acting both as prosecutor and judge.

CHAPTER XIX.

'Now, then,' said the Captain, 'you're here to be tried for being what you are, a white-livered hound and no man; you're here to be tried for deserting from my ship and stealing my chart, and you're here to be tried for trying to murder the boy, Dick Bannister, by throwing him down a well and knocking his brains out.'

'I'm here to be tried, am I?' replied Prentice, who seemed to have quite recovered himself. 'Well, then, all I ask is a fair trial and no favour, and all I will say is I can understand you talking about deserting, but as for the rest I don't know what you're driving at any more than Adam.'

'You shut up about Adam,' replied the Judge, you've no call to talk of your betters. Now then, what have you to say? Did you desert from my

ship, or did you not?

I did,' replied Jim as bold as brass. 'I'm here to speak the truth, the whole truth, and nothing but the truth; let's have everything fair and square; you ask me did I desert from the Albatross, and I tell you, fair and square, I did.'

Considering that by no possible means could be deny having deserted, the frank admission had small value as a test of honesty; but he did not give us time to meditate on this; he went straight ahead.

I didn't desert for a bad purpose; d'ye think I'd be such a fool to say I'd deserted if I'd anything to hide? Why, that'd be putting my head in the noose and kickin' away the bucket. I don't say I'm a I never set up to be a saint; I've done things often I've been ashamed of in quiet moments, but I've always tried to keep a clean sheet, ever since I was a boy at Wapping, left on my lone with no father and mother, nor sister nor brother, and nothin' to hope for but the workhouse—an orphan as you may say. Well then, I find myself on the Albatross, a good-enough ship and a good-enough captain, but with no chance for a sailorman

'Will you close your mouth?' cried Captain Horn; 'you admit deserting; well, that's settled. Now to the question of that chart. Did you steal my chart or did you not? - answer straight and no

sea-lawvering.'

'D'ye mean a chart of this here island, with a yarn of gold hid in a ship tacked on to it?

'I do.

'Ah, then, that's what I'm accused of,' said Prentice, heaving a deep breath. 'I see the whole thing

now.' Then he turned on me: -

'Dick Bannister, I'm in your hands. Own up to the business and tell the truth. Remember I've been your friend first and last ever since you joined the Albatross. Who was it taught you any seamanship you know if it wasn't Jim Prentice? Act fair now and own up. You told me of this here chart first; is that so or is it not? Answer up as man to man.

The scoundrel had caught me and all by my own fault. Long ago I ought to have made a clean breast of the whole business to the Captain, and this was the punishment of my cowardice. There was nothing to be done but make a clean breast now. 'What you say is right,' replied I. 'I told you

of the chart.'

'You what?' cried Captain Horn, turning on me. 'I told him of the chart,' replied I, 'but I did not mean to tell him. If you'll let me explain I'll tell you what occurred.'

'Explain!' cut in Prentice; 'you're sharp enough to explain anything away. But you've let out the truth this time, and there's no explaining that away. Just you wait till I go on with my story and tell the rest, then you can contradict me if you like. Answer me now, didn't you propose to me that we should hook it with the chart and go shares in the profits, and didn't I say I'd be hanged if I'd do any such thing?'

'Oh, you scoundrel!' I cried. I could say nothing more. I could not have believed that any one was capable of such base wickedness. Even the attack upon me in the garden at Havana seemed a small thing compared to this attack upon my honour.

'And when we landed for the liberty day ashore, didn't you go on with your arguments and suggestions, and didn't you say to me, "Jim Prentice, it's a safe thing, and we'll be rich men, rolling in our carriages," says you, "and glad I'll be to get even with my old swab of an uncle?" says you. Come, now, answer up.

Captain Horn had been listening to all this with his eyes fixed on Prentice. Before I could reply, the

Captain turned on me.

'Dick,' said he, 'give me the truth from the beginning, for I don't believe a word this rascal says. Out with it now, the whole thing, and give me the worst of the matter as against yourself. You'll have a lambasting anyway for hiding things from me, so just unstopper your tongue and give us the

'I'll tell you everything,' said I, 'and I should have told you before only I was a coward, and thought there would be no good talking and getting

myself into trouble.'

(Continued on page 290.)

EVERY DAY IN LONDON.

STATISTICS are usually considered 'dry' reading, but, at least to those of us who live in London, some figures, based on a reliable authority and relating to our city, may be interesting.

Every day one hundred and ninety persons leave

London for ever, snatched away from it by that 'reaper whose name is Death.' Amongst the number are thirty-four babies under one year old.

And every day three hundred and twenty-five new little citizens are born into London; some come to wealthy homes, some to wretched dens; some are joyfully welcomed, others - poor babies! - are un-

Every day there are one hundred and five marriages in London, which means, of course, that two

hundred and ten people get married.

Every day four millions of people travel on the tramcars, omnibuses, tubes, and local railways. With all this traffic it is no wonder that every day somebody is killed in the street, and that twentyfour persons are more or less seriously injured.

London is a city of struggle, suffering, failure, and distress. Every night five hundred and sixty men and women are taken into the casual ward. Every day six hundred and ten persons go to hospi-

tal, and ten become insane.

London — the city of contradictions — is also a place of pleasure, gaiety, and amusement. Every day Londoners spend thirty thousand pounds in theatres, music-halls, and picture-palaces. But we are glad to know that they spend a still larger sum - that of thirty-two thousand pounds - in 'charity.'

London is good and London is wicked (although not very wicked considering its size). Every day one hundred and thirty men and women—out of five millions, remember—are sent to prison.

Every day, we are told, there are ten fires in London; every day seventy umbrellas are lost and seventy stray dogs are seized by the police.

THE FOOLISH FROG.

A NIMBLE, lithe, and spruce young frog, Who gambolled by the river-side With many an eager hop and jump, A slow old tortoise there espied.

Puffed out with pride, the vain young frog Sneered at the slow one's crawling gait; 'It must be very hard,' he jeered, 'To be condemned to such a fate.'

'I don't suppose,' he then went on, You know how fine it is to leap. In fact,' he mocked, 'I half believe You merely crawl along asleep.

'Yet, if you'd only try to learn, It's simpler far than A B C. Why, mother said she did not spend A single moment teaching me.

'Now, watch me!' said the foolish frog, The tortoise tried to hide a smile. The young frog leapt too late he saw The slyly waiting crocodile! Stephen Southwold.

PUZZLERS FOR WISE HEADS.

9. — ENIGMA.

Without me orthography cannot have place, Yet I have no part in disgust or disgrace. In famine or misery, ruin or sin; I do not make peace, and I never help win. Though I aid revolution and riot and storm, To me you must come if you want a reform: You'll find me of use both for body and soul; You'll meet me at breakfast with coffee and roll. Though I am not for blessing, I'm always for good, And no one without me can have any food. (Answer on page 323.) C. J. R.

ANSWER TO DOUBLE ACROSTIC ON PAGE 251.

LemueL Itta LioneL AbanA CognaC

BLOSSOMS OF THE YEAR.

IX. — RAGWORT.

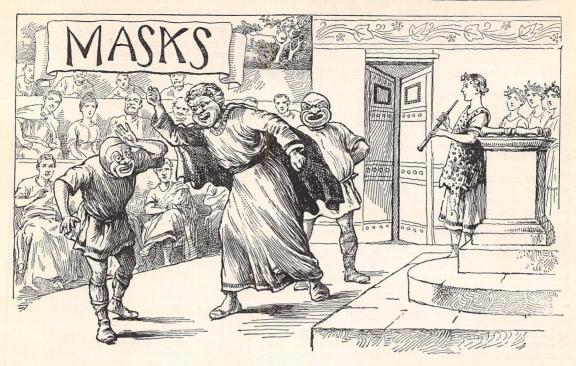
COME and stroll awhile with me, Down this valley near the sea, Where the ragwort's home should be.

All is rough, uncultured ground; See the rabbits as they bound To their burrows all around.

Golden ragwort, far and wide, Growing up the valley-side, Makes the place seem glorified.

Lovely 'Field of Cloth of Gold!' Did those lavish kings of old E'er possess such wealth untold?

E. M. H.



In country places we may still sometimes see a group of mummers going from house to house, and performing a kind of little outdoor play. Most of the players wear a pasteboard mask, or, as some of them call it, a 'false face.' Their attempts at acting are often very ludicrous, but they do not mind that so long as they reap a harvest of coppers. Few of them know how old a custom this mumming is. The mummers of a hundred years ago did their work much better, and it was then, perhaps, possible to see some purpose and some moral in the piece which they presented. And I have no doubt that the custom could be traced back for centuries, and would prove more interesting and instructive the further back we followed it.

But, leaving the mummery itself, let us turn our thoughts to the masks. It will, perhaps, surprise you to learn that savages all over the world make curious masks, and put them on upon special occasions. The medicine-man, who is the chief priest and adviser of a tribe, is rarely without a mask, and as a rule the more hideous it is in our eyes, the more important and awe-inspiring does it make him

in the eyes of his savage companions.

One of my friends possessed a mask of this kind, which had been brought from one of the Pacific Islands. It was as large as a bullock's head and somewhat like one in shape, but the features were carved to resemble a very distorted human face. When the wearer put his head inside it, the chin of the mask came down to his breast, and his whole head was buried to the shoulders. The crown was round and white, and while one side of it was smooth and bare, the other was struck all over with little, slender, wooden pins. There were peep-holes for the eyes, the long thin cheeks were smeared with

red, and the lips were parted in a most unpleasant grin. The native priest, when he wore the mask, would wrap himself up in skins in such a way as to hide the junction of the mask with his shoulders.

Ugly masks of this kind are not only used in all or nearly all the Pacific Islands, but they are possessed by many of the natives of North and South America, by the Eskimos, by the negroes of Africa, and by the natives of such better-civilised countries as China, Tibet, Ceylon, and India. They are made as a rule of light wood, and often decorated with bits of bright-coloured shell, or covered with tufts of dyed feathers and hair. In New Guinea a flexible kind of tortoise-shell was formerly used for masks, but in more recent times they have been made of tin. Some of the Indians of North-Western America make their masks of plaited bast, and a great many of the masks take the shape of the heads of different animals - wolves, bears, eagles, and others.

Savages frequently wear their masks when they are dancing. Their dances are, however, much more like our mummeries than our dances, and it is sometimes possible to make out that they are a kind of imitation of real life, of hunting, fighting, and similar occupations. It is curious to find that hundreds of years ago the Greek actors wore masks, when they were performing the clever plays of their great authors. These masks covered the whole of the actor's head and face, but they had usually a very large, wide-open mouth, which was given a trumpet-like shape in order to aid the actor's voice. There were various kinds of these masks to suit the part which the actor was playing, some wearing a sad expression, others a smilling one; but it must have been rather monotonous for the Greek play-goer to

gaze upon these motionless faces, while words of pathos, wit, and wisdom issued from their gaping mouths.

Returning to our own country, we know that five or six hundred years ago mummers frequently put on masks shaped like the heads of goats, rabbits,



Pacific Island Mask.

stags, bulls, and other animals. The mummeries continued very popular for a long time, and sometimes the mummers, having their faces hidden so that they could not be readily recognised, played rather rough pranks upon innocent people. In the



Ceylon Devil-dancer's Mask.

reign of Henry VIII. an attempt was made to restrain these rough merry-makings, and persons who went out mumming with masks on their faces were



Greek Tragic Mask.

liable to be imprisoned, and even those who kept masks in their houses for this purpose might be fined

In the reign of Queen Elizabeth it began to be fashionable for ladies to wear plain masks to hide their faces on some occasions when they appeared in public, especially when they went to the theatre. The earliest masks of this kind just covered the



Greek Comic Mask.

whole face, and they were held on by means of a button on the inside which was grasped between the teeth. The fashion did not last very long, though in the reign of Queen Anne ladies still wore a mask when they went out riding. This was done in order to protect their faces from the sun, and the mask, or vizard, as it was sometimes called, really served the purpose of a veil. But by this time people were

beginning to discourage the wearing of masks, because of the help which they gave to evil-doers in hiding their identity. If, for instance, a man wished to commit a highway robbery, he was sure to put on a mask, so that he might not be recognised. Pickpockets, both male and female, wore masks for the same purpose. Respectable people began, therefore, to lay aside their masks, and in a very short time the ordinary use of them was entirely given up.

W. A. Atkinson.

FROM OUR READERS.

A LETTER FROM BARBADOS.

MY dear Mr. Editor, — My idea is to tell you a little about our 'West Indian life.' I must admit that it is rather a difficult subject for me to take up, but 'something attempted is something done,' and, to my mind, is 'worth while' after all.

Well, as you may imagine, life in Barbados is quite different from that in England. To begin with, we have no winter, but a continual season of cool, sunny weather until about June or July, when the days begin to get warmer, and towards the end of July or August our regular 'hot weather' begins. This generally lasts until September or October.

This kind of weather is awfully trying, and especially to those who live in the middle of the town. Some days are so intensely hot that the working animals fall and sometimes die from exhaustion. It is just at this time of the year, too, that we

It is just at this time of the year, too, that we get our 'heavy weather,' that is, plenty of thunder and lightning and heavy rains. We cannot fix our rainy season to any definite period, for towards the end of the year we may have rain at any time. The rains out here are very heavy when the season sets in; it will sometimes pour incessantly for a couple of hours, and then continue cloudy and drizzly for days, with an occasional downpour between.

But towards the latter part of November the days are cooler, and in December the weather is just delightful. 'Cold' mornings, cool, windy days, and long evenings constitute our 'winter,' which is

rather a short one.

But I'm afraid I've said too much about our climate, and have not left room for anything else, but I will try now and tell you a little about our general

everyday life.

Well, the working people are generally up very early on mornings to be at their work by six or half-past. They take tea before going out, which consists of a cup of tea or something else to drink, with some bread, cakes, or biscuits. Then they have breakfast at nine or ten, which is either sent to them or they go to their homes for it. This is a much heavier meal in general; but some prefer a breakfast of fruit, eggs, bread, and tea, to the heartier dishes of rice, potato, and fish, &c., which are generally served.

At one or two we take lunch, which is very much like tea, being only a glass of lemonade, milk, or some other drinkable, with bread or cakes. Dinner is served at about five and is the most substantial meal of all. Those who take dinner earlier have tea again in the evening, but it is not a general rule.

The chief food of the negroes and lower class of Barbadians is sweet potatoes, whole-peas, and coucou, a gluey kind of porridge made of corn-meal

with okras in it. The sweet potato, which a great many of the negroes grow in their own 'ground,' is a favourite dish with nearly all Barbadians, and can be served in a great many ways: stewed, broiled, or made into a coucou, it is just as delicious, and is a favourite dish at both meals. The negroes eat them chiefly roasted, which is a very good way of preparing them.

The chief and almost only industry of Barbadoes is that of the sugar-cane estates, but lately they have started to grow the cotton-plant, which has been found to be of more profit, and now many places which before were employed for the growth of the sugar-cane have been given up to the cultivation of

cotton.

Many vegetables, such as potatoes, yams, pumpkins, cabbage, eddoes, plantains, &c., and also a variety of grain, such as beans, bonavis, green peas, &c., are grown on the estates; these are sold to the huckster-women, who then walk to town with them in trays on their heads and sell to the housekeepers. These coloured people seem to have been specially fitted for the hard work which they have to do: they will sometimes walk a distance of about sixteen or eighteen miles in coming to town, and then walk all about the hot, dusty town to sell their things. They are also capable of carrying very heavy loads, and are quite strong and hearty as long as their health remains good; but they very seldom pull through any severe illness.

The majority of negroes are very hot-blooded, their fights being rather frequent and severe. The chief weapons in a negro fight are knives, halfbricks, and glass bottles, their chief aim being to

draw each other's blood.

I would like to say some more about our general habits, but I am afraid to continue any longer, as I have already said so much.

Margaret Louise Emtage. (Age 14.)

STORIES FROM AFRICA.

[Second Series.]

V. — THE STORY OF A FAMINE.

IN the year 1856, when Sir George Grey was Governor of Cape Colony, and ruling white and black alike with wisdom and justice, a native girl in British Kaffraria, who had been for water to the Kei River, came back to her kraal with a strange tale to tell. On the banks of the river, she declared, she had been met by some majestic beings, who told her they were dead chiefs of her tribe come back from the spirit-world to counsel and to aid their descendants. She carried the story to her uncle, Umhalakaza, who hastened himself to the river, to see and talk with the mysterious guests. Very soon the story was flying from mouth to mouth; Umhalakaza had himself met the strangers, he had recognised among them the face of a long-dead brother, and through him and his niece the great ancestors were prepared to communicate with their people and tell them great and glorious news. From far and near the villagers gathered to hear the message from the spirit-world, promises 'of power and of plenty' never known before in their land.

The girl Nongauli related the visions which had come to her, and Umhalakaza became, for the time

being, the most powerful man in the country. The day was coming, he assured them, when the rule of the white strangers was to cease, and the Kaffir to be mighty as of old in his own land. The spirits of the great chiefs would sweep all the foreigners into the sea, and would bring to their people a new golden age. But those who would share in the coming prosperity must obey the commands of the spirits without question or hesitation. They must kill all their cattle without delay; they might feast and revel as they chose without fear for the future, all and more would be restored to them. Also they must destroy their crops, and no man must sow his fields; the spirits would take care that there was no lack of food. Then, on a given day, January 11th of the next year, would come a great resurrection. On that morning, not one but two suns would rise over the hills to set again in the east, not in the west, as of old. Herds of cattle, finer than any ever seen in the country, would come across the plains. The bare fields would suddenly be waving with corn, ripe and ready for harvesting, with no toil of preparing the ground or sowing seed beforehand. And at the same time the champion spirits would appear, and would drive the intruding white men out of the land for ever. All this good fortune was promised to the obedient, and to them only. Those who failed to carry out the instructions delivered by Umhalakaza would incur the wrath of the spirits, and would perish miserably, along with the white stran-

So the news spread from kraal to kraal, and the poor untaught Kaffir folk rejoiced at the thought of the good days coming, and carried out the commands without delay. Kreli, the chief, issued orders for the killing of the cattle throughout the district. Some there were who still hesitated for awhile. They had learnt under the Governor's just and kindly rule that the white people were not all foes to the native folk. Had he not set up a hospital, by the will, he told them, of the great white Queen Mother, who had sent him there, and were there not stories of cures wrought there upon the sick, more wonderful than any doings of the medicine men? And some had begun to learn a little about a purer Faith, and a God Who loved black men and white

But their hesitation was borne down by the general enthusiasm; they were looked upon as traitors to their nation, setting themselves to hinder the prosperity that was coming, and one by one they gave in to the majority. Kreli's chief adviser opposed the madness as long as he could, and then, overborne by numbers, and distracted at the thought of the ruin coming upon his people, he killed his cattle, destroyed all his property, and rushed away into the wilderness. One old man, Bukku, akin to the chief, did his lord's bidding faithfully, destroyed all he had, and died with his wife in his desolute hut before even the promised day of plenty dawned. Missionaries and Government officials did their utmost to overcome the terrible teaching, but all in vain; madness had possessed the whole race, and as they revelled and feasted on their slaughtered cattle there was ominous talk of the time so soon coming when the ways and the laws of the white man would be swept away for ever. The only thing the English residents could do was to make such preparation as was possible, to store corn against the surely coming famine, and to guard against a wholesale rising of the distracted,

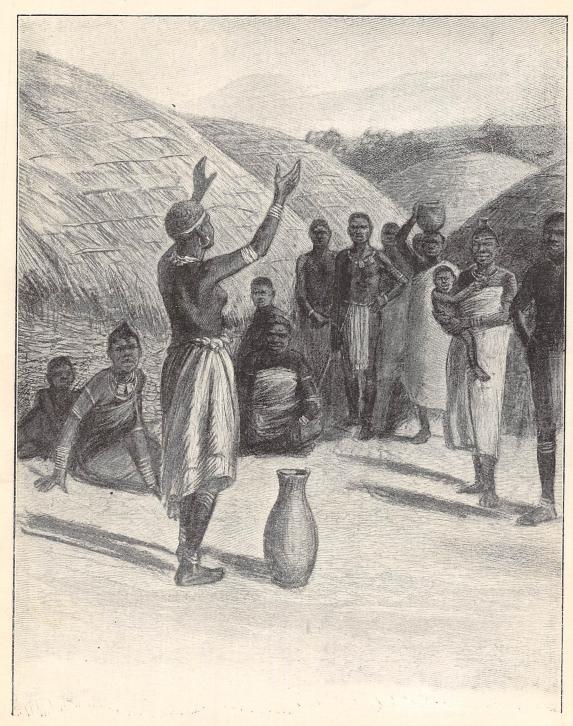
disappointed people. Was it for this that the whole evil project had been planned? We cannot tell, nor will it ever be known, whether those who set the story first affoat were themselves deceivers or deceived. Whether indeed they hoped to stir up a national rising when the Kaffirs found themselves starving we cannot tell; at any rate, the project failed, and brought nothing but ruin and desolation to their country. The great day, the 11th of January, came at last. All that night the people waited and watched for the rising of the double sun that was to herald the beginning of prosperity. It was time indeed for the day of deliverance to dawn. The days of feasting were all over; the cattle were eaten, the maize and millet were at an end. Hunger was pinching already, and only hope kept the people from complaint. But it was going to be over directly now: what a feast they would hold the next night, how beautiful the fields would be with the new, unsown crop! Some had made the hides of their cattle into great bags to hold the milk which would be flowing like water before the double sun should set in the east. So they waited, poor, hungry people, in their patience and their hope. But, alas! through the morning mist one sun rose as he had always done, and travelled, as he had always travelled - from east to west - and no warrior chiefs, no flocks and herds and waving fields of corn came to the help of the Kaffir people. One can hardly bear to think of the misery of the poor, simple folk, who had staked their all upon the promise and who found themselves betrayed, and left helpless in a barren land, with no prospect for themselves and their children but that of a slow, horrible death by starvation. They had no spirit or strength for a rising against the foreigners; they died in hundreds, eating roots and barks, even tearing to pieces and devouring the great bags of hide which they had made to hold the milk that never came.

The story would be too sad to tell but for the good that came at last out of the evil. The people's faith in their wizards had been shaken once for all. The white man who had been the intruder and the enemy became the one friend who could help. And all that they could do they did, though it was little enough in comparison with the need. Food was distributed as far as it would go. Hundreds of orphan children were taken into the Mission schools and brought up as happy, useful men and women, with a better Faith than the old dreary spirit-worship. It is good to read the message sent by a patient in the hospital to the great White Queen of England:

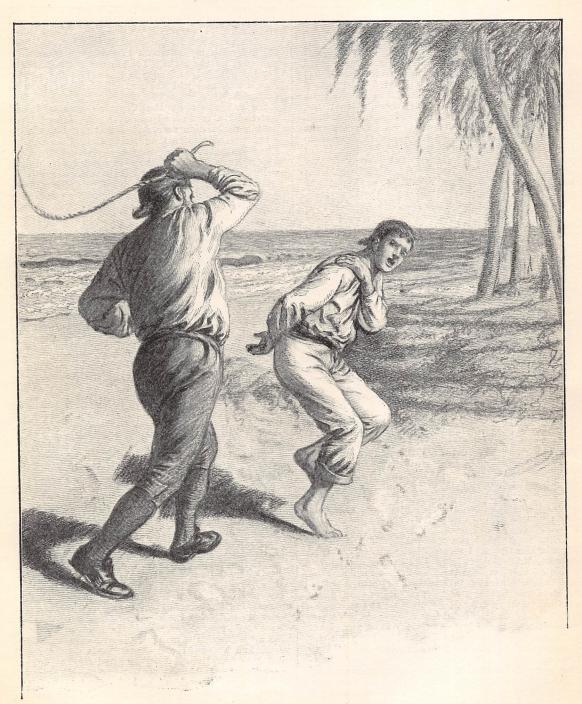
'I thank you, dearest Queen Victoria, because you have sent me a good doctor and a clever man. May God bless our Mother. Thou must not be wearied to bear our weaknesses, O Queen Victoria.'

So, through sore suffering and bitter disappointment, the Kaffir nation learnt to know their true friends. They saw the white strangers spending freely upon their hungry children, journeying from kraal to kraal with a waggon for bed by night, or dwelling in their own huts, and so learning to know them better. And the story of their self-destruction, half a century ago, is like an evil dream that led many of them to a wiser waking.

M. H. Debenham.



"A native girl came back to her kraal with a strange tale."



"He gave me a round two dozen."

BIRD CAY.

By H. De Vere Stacpoole.

(Continued from page 283.)

THEN I told all. How I had talked in my sleep; how Prentice had heard me and cross-questioned me, and got to know the whole matter; how I had landed with him, and he had suggested my going on board the Sarah Cutter with him, and how he had, on my trying to snatch the chart, chased me, knocked me senseless, and thrown me down the well. 'I know,' said I, 'that I ought to have told you everything from the beginning when I returned to the ship that night, but you had just discovered for yourself the loss of the chart, and you knew that Jim Prentice had taken it, so I just told you what had happened in the garden, without saying it was my fault he came to know about the chart.'

Well,' said Captain Horn, 'I don't know that it would have mattered a button my knowing that you had blabbed the matter in your sleep, and this scoundrel had wormed the rest out of you; but I do know you ought to have told everything from the very beginning. I'm here to do justice.' He took a knife from his pocket, and cut a good arm's-length from a piece of rope beside him. 'And justice shall be done, as sure as my name's Horn. First of all, Dick Bannister, you'll get a walloping; and, second of all, Jim Prentice, able seaman, you'll do such a bit of hard labour as you've never done in your life before, and then you'll be marooned here with vittles enough to keep you alive till a ship comes along."

He rose up with the rope's end in his hand, and next moment I was spinning like a top about the sand and shouting.

I couldn't help shouting, the rope's end cut so, and he gave me a round two dozen, the best dressing down I ever got in my life.

With the last blow, he flung the rope away, and

held out a big fist. We shook hands.

'And now,' said he, 'we've a clean slate, and no throwbacks. It's forgot from the minute, same as if it'd never been.' Then he turned to Prentice. 'If I thought you were a man,' said he, 'I'd treat you the same. Man! you ain't the shadow of a man; you're only a what's-its-name, and fit only for a what's-its-name's work; come, go before me.' He drove him along towards the wreck, the bo'sun and I following.

When we reached the sand-pit beside the wreck, Captain Horn pointed to one of the spades. 'Come, said he, 'in with you and dig; you'll dig up the whole of this here sand whilst honest men look on and take their ease. We've lots of time now the Sarah Cutter's here, and, if it takes you three

months, you'll do it.

'I'll be blowed if I do! 'said Jim; 'you've put yourself outside the law — wait till I get the courts on you. You take me to England and try me for deserting, if you like; but you ain't no right to turn me into a galley-slave. I tell you, you're put-

ting yourself outside the law, before witnesses too, 'Law!' cried Captain Horn. 'Hark at this murderer talking of the law! Law! Dick, run and fetch me that end of rope, and I'll teach him law.'

I ran for the rope with all the pleasure in the world. 'Now,' said the Captain, taking it in his hand, 'are you going to dig, or are you not? Down

with you and dig, or I'll give you this about your shoulders.'

Prentice did not wait for it. He seized the shovel

and started to work.

Now,' said the Captain, 'at it you are, and keep at it, for it's my intention to treat you same as if you were on the hulks. You've seen Dick Bannister get his punishment, and you know just the sort of man I am, and just the sort of man you have to deal with.'

We sat down at the Captain's command and watched the condemned one at work. I hope I am not an unchristian man, but I will say I never enjoyed anything more than seeing the villain digging

away in the hot sun.

Sometimes he would shovel up a bit of old iron with the sand, and the Captain would pounce on it and examine it; and so it went on for an hour, when he was given ten minutes' rest. As he was starting again, the bo'sun, who had cast his eyes towards the Sarah Cutter, drew our attention to the flag. It had been hauled down when we had boarded the barque; now it was up again, at half-mast.

'It's a signal,' said the Captain. 'Come; we'll go off to her and leave this chap at work. They want assistance for something - maybe old man Cutter

has pegged out.'

We left Jim Prentice at work under threats from the Captain of a rope-ending if he left off, and, going to the boat, pushed off. We made one mistake, however: we forgot that Prentice, though a scoundrel, was a very clever man - much too clever a man to be trusted alone, even on a desert island, as long as there was a chance of finding treasure.

CHAPTER XX.

As we approached the Sarah Cutter we saw Jam looking over the side. He helped us to secure the

'Old man Cutter's gone, sar,' said Jam, 'he de-

parted dis life.'

'Gone, is he?' said Captain Horn. 'Well, I'm sorry to hear it for the boy's sake. Where is he, Jam?

'He's in de deck-house, sar. He's been powerful bad, but he pretty well consolidated now.'

Consolidated?

'Yes, sar, he's left off crying and says dere's nothing to be done only bite on de bullet.

'Oh, consoled you mean; well, we'll go and see him.'

We found Jack Cutter in the deck-house, his grimy face all runnelled where tears had been running down it. The sight of him in his grief softened my heart to the Sarah Cutter and her crew, and I expect the Captain felt pretty much the same, for he spoke kindly to the boy and told him to bear up. He glanced at the dead man in the bunk, and covered the corpse with the blanket. Then he led us out on deck, and he and I and Blower went forward and had a consultation, leaving Jam and the boy by the deck-house door.

'We must bury him,' said the Captain. 'It's a question of stitching him up in a sail and sinking him in deep water a mile out, so you fetch an old sail and a needle and we'll do the thing shipshape and Bristol fashion. He was a sailorman, and he

shall have a sailor's burial.'

The business took an hour and a half, and when we returned to the barque we were greeted with the news that the two Spaniards were dead. We buried them then and there, the Captain repeating the same service which he had given Captain Cutter.

(Continued on page 303.)

THE LOST MATCH.

'MoM, dear,' said Mrs. Reynolds, entering the room where her two boys were sitting, and addressing the elder: 'Tom, dear, I'm very sorry, but I'm afraid you must go to the doctor's for more medicine for May. I have only enough to last till evening, and I dare not risk being without any through the night.'

Oh, Mother! It's too bad. This is the first fine holiday we have had for weeks, and we're playing a cricket match. I can't back out. Carter would be

'I think, Tom, when Carter knows the reason, he will make no trouble about it, but will find a sub-

'Why didn't you ask Father to bring it home with

him?

'Father is not returning to-night.'

'Well, send Mary, then!

'Mary has more to do than she can manage as it is. I think, Tom, you must know I should not send

you if it were not necessary.'

'It's too bad, Mother!' he repeated. 'It will take three-quarters of an hour to get there and threequarters to get back, and I may be kept waiting ever so long in the surgery. The whole afternoon will be wasted! ' and Tom's face looked like a thunder-cloud.

Mrs. Reynolds turned towards the door. Little May had kept her awake all night with a distressing cough, and want of sleep and anxiety were making

her feel very depressed.

Silence followed her departure. Tom sat swinging his leg with a scowl on his brow. 'She might have found out yesterday that she wanted more.'

Silence again.

'If you like, Tom — I will go — instead of you —

if Carter doesn't mind.'

The offer was made hesitatingly, with the hope at the bottom of Arthur's heart that his brother would

decline, but the hope was short-lived.

Tom's face cleared like magic. 'I say, old fellow, that's awfully decent of you. You see, old man, the fellows rely on me for batting, and you're not much good except for fielding, so perhaps it would be better if you went.

Arthur gulped once or twice before he suggested, 'The captain says good fielding is as important as good batting, and I caught the best man out in the

last match we played.

'I know you did, old man, and a very nice catch it was; but you can't expect to fluke like that every time, can you?'

Arthur opened his mouth to reply, and then shut

it again without a word.

'You had better run down to Carter's house and tell him you can't play, hadn't you?' went on Tom. 'He will have to get one of the reserves. Mother might have told us earlier, instead of waiting till the last minute. Oh, there he is! Run after him!'
Arthur rushed out. 'Carter! Carter!' he shouted.

'Stop a minute! Can you let me off this afternoon? My little sister is ill, and I have to go to the doctor's.

The captain of the team turned round. 'Oh, I say! I'm awfully sorry. Is she very bad? Can't any one else go?

There is no one else but me - or Tom.

'Oh, bother! Well, illness can't be helped, so I suppose one of you must be spared. It makes no difference to the team which it is. Tom certainly is better at batting, but you're getting to be a A-1 fielder, old man.

Arthur flushed wth pleasure at the praise, but felt surprised. Tom always considered himself so much superior that Arthur supposed every one else did so

'I can get Brown in your place,' went on Carter, 'and he will be only too glad of the chance, but I'm sorry to lose you. I'll run in at once and tell him. There's no time to spare.' And he hurried away.

'What's going to be done?' asked Tom as Arthur

re-entered the room.

'He says he can get Brown instead of me. He will be glad of the chance to play,' said Arthur,

slowly.

'That's all right, then.' Tom glanced at the clock. 'I say! I ought to be at the field in twenty minutes, and I just want to finish this chapter. It's awfully exciting! Do you mind running upstairs and getting my things together? It's no use starting for the doctor's yet, because he won't be in, so there's plenty of time.

Arthur left the room, but outside he waited a

moment to brush away a mist from his eyes.

A quarter of an hour later Tom walked gaily out of the house with a cheery 'Good-bye, old chap. It's going to be a grand afternoon!'

Arthur watched him down the lane, and then

turned to his mother's call.

'Where is Tom going, Arthur? Will he be back directly?

'It's all right, Mother. I'm going to the doctor's instead of him.'

'But, dear boy, Tom ought not to let you go. You have been the last three times.'

'Never mind, Mother; perhaps he will go next time. How is May? Can I come in?'

'I think a little better; but her cough is inces-

He followed into the room and to the cot, where a little girl of five lay, flushed and breathing heavily. 'Hallo, May! How are you?' he asked.

'I think I'm a little better, thank you, Arthur;

but my cough is so bad.'

'Is it? We will soon stop that! I'm just off to the doctor's to get some medicine for it. Hurry up and get well. You should see the daisies in the long meadow! They're simply asking to be made into chains, and I'm only waiting till you can come with

'I must make haste,' said the mite.

Mrs. Reynolds beckoned him out of the room. 'Arthur dear, if the doctor is not in I am afraid you must wait. Don't come back without it. Give him this note.'

'All right, Mother, dear. I'll wait, if it's till

twelve to-night! '

Mrs. Reynolds smiled. 'I hope it will not be so long as that! But if you are kept very long, get

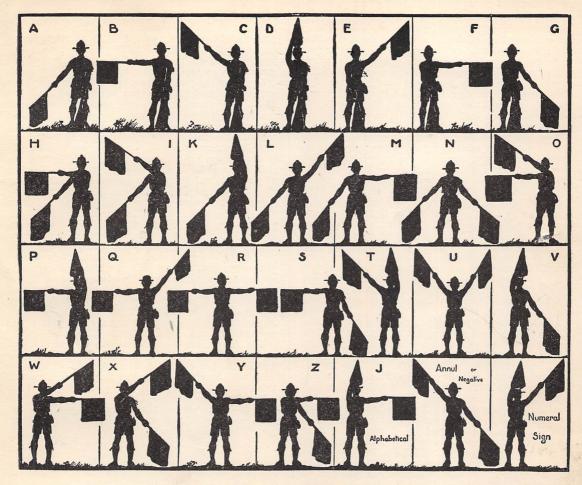


"'Carter, stop a minute! Can you let me off?""

some tea in town. Good-bye, dear! I am so sorry for you to miss the match.' She bent down and kissed him, while the boy put his arms round her neck and gave her a hug.

'Good-bye, Mother, don't bother about it!' and he van downstairs trying to whistle, to prove how slight was the disappointment.

(Concluded on page 309.)



THE SCOUTS' ALPHABET OF SIGNALLING.

THE LITTLE BOY TO HIS CAT.

A LL night and all day you wear the same

Black fur with a little white star;

It never comes off from your tail to your nose—Oh, Billy, how lucky you are!

I wish all my clothes would grow on to my skin — I should never need anything new;

If I needn't get out and I needn't get in! Oh, Billy, I wish I was you!

You never use soap, and you're always as clean As if you had used a whole bar;

Or if you are dirty, it never is seen — Oh, Billy, how lucky you are!

I wish that Nurse wouldn't put soap in my eyes, And wash me, whatever I do:

I wish I could just give a lick when I rise— Oh, Billy, I wish I was you! J. H. Macnair.

OUR LITTLE GARDENS: A YEAR'S WORK.

IX. — SEPTEMBER.

EPTEMBER brings us to a busy time in the garden. Some of you, I know, are good carpenters, and capable of putting together quite a workman-like frame. If you manage to do this, I would advise six feet by four feet as a useful size, three feet high at the back and two feet in front. Roughly, we may describe a frame as a large box without a bottom and with a movable glass lid. You will see by the figures I have quoted, that the sides are not square like a box, though, for its back is the highest part, the front the lowest, while the sides slope from back to front. A ready-made frame, with glass lights or lid, costs from fifteen shillings upwards—but this would be a small one.

And now to put it to good use! I should use it for growing double-flowered Neapolitan violets for autumn and winter flowering. I dare say you would

be able to pick a bunch on Christmas morning. Better than filling the frame with mould only, it may have a quantity of dead leaves put in first; then eight inches of soil on the top of them, after you have put in sufficient leaves to bring the whole pretty well to the top of the frame, and this, after leaves and soil have been well trodden down. If you leave it a few days it will settle somewhat, and you can add a little more soil, and tread again. It is a great point in frame cultivation of violets to

have a well-filled frame.

Now buy your plants, if you have none to lift from the garden, and carefully plant them from six to eight inches apart, according to their size. Plant firmly, but not too deeply, and water them to settle them well into the soil. Another secret in growing violets successfully in a frame is never to coddle them. They are hardy, they are sturdy, and they strongly object to having the glass lights over them, except in winter when it freezes hard, or heavy rains are alling. I should have impressed upon you that when the violets are planted they must only just escape touching the lights, if these were placed upon them. I have often grown a frame of lovely violets with no glass lights at all, and just covered them over with old sacking during frost, snow, or heavy winter rains. Place the frame in a sunny place facing due south.

I know many of you enjoy growing pots of bulbs. It is time to start the earliest batch. This might consist of a five-inch pot or two of Roman hyacinths. There is no need to grow them in flower-pots of soil if we prefer cocoa-fibre. For a shilling or less we can obtain a quantity of the fibre ready mixed with crushed shell. All we require besides is a pennyworth of charcoal to put in the bottom of the bowls. By the way, with fibre the bowls used need not have holes in the bottom for drainage. We must pick over the fibre and wet every portion of it as we arrange it over the bits of charcoal. On the fibre, when we have three parts filled the bowl, we place the bulbs, and cover them over with more fibre. The next process has to be carried out whether we grow our bulbs in soil or fibre. For the next month or more we either cover them over with inverted pots, or place them in a dark position. You will wonder greatly what is the reason for this. At the present time the bulb has neither root nor leaves. Which do you suppose we wish to encourage to grow first? Most certainly the roots, because the leaves are dependent on the nourishment and moisture which these take up. The darkness encourages this growth of roots. In time top-growth will also appear; when it does, you can bring your pots or bowls into the light. It will be advisable henceforth to keep them as near the window as possible. Almost the only thing to cause the least anxiety in growing bulbs in fibre is the watering. This must be carefully done. The fibre must never become dry. After you have given it as much water as it can take up, tip up the bowl, and let the remainder run off; this will keep it from being too wet. Only water when necessary.

I wonder if you would like a plant or two growing in a hanging basket in your schoolroom windows? Such a plant as Campanula isophylla is charming (You can buy one for a few pence.) There is a white and a blue sort, and it flowers during September. Another capital plant for the purpose is

one commonly known as 'Mother of Thousands.' Red, thread-like growths reach over the sides of the pots and hang down, with a little plantlet, like a tassel, at the end of each. If you want to do so, you can pull off these plantlets, pot them up, and grow them as separate plants. They quickly root.

If you moved your polyanthus and primrose plants out of your gardens after they had finished flowering, and planted them in some cool spot for the summer months, to give you more room for plants that would flower later, the time has come when you may bring them back — that is to say, at the end of the month. If it is hot, sunny weather, perhaps you will be able to shade them for a few days until they become settled in the soil. You must water them at the time of planting, and frequently afterwards if they show signs of distress. Should the soil be dry and powdery, it is an excellent plan to dig holes and fill them with water, a little while before planting, and this, you will see, provides nice moist soil below the roots, and probably, if you do this, the little things will not flag at all. If you have no primrose plants, perhaps you could procure some. There are lovely double primroses; red, mauve, yellow, white, and gay polyanthuses; and better still, lovely auriculas. plants are all very closely related to each other, and what is more, they belong to the same family of plants. They are all hardy Primulas. This is a very large family indeed, and you can see at a glance that our cowslips and oxlips belong to it also.

The Daisy family is another very large one, and so is the Campanula family, to which belongs the hanging basket plant I first mentioned, and also our little wild harebells, which you may find in flower at

this time.

The Primrose family will give you flowers for the spring—that is why I am advising you to plant them now, and a row of red daisies would also help you to look gay in April.

F. M. Wells.

AN APRIL FOOL.

'I'VE thought of a splendid April fool for Alec.'
Jack's head was bent over his fretwork as he made this announcement, and his sister and brother looked up in eager expectation.

'What is it?' asked Rex quickly.

'Well, you know how keen he is to go for a day's fishing with Uncle Jim. I'm going to typewrite a letter asking him to go, and post it to-night, so that he will get it first thing to-morrow morning.'

Rex tilted back in his chair and laughed gleefully. 'Won't he be wild when he finds it's a hoax!' he

exclaimed.

'I think it's a horribly unkind sort of joke,' broke in Isobel hotly, 'and — and it's very wicked to sign anybody else's name to a letter — I know it is.'

'It's going to be typed—not signed,' answered Jack scornfully. 'Don't be silly, Isobel; you don't understand April fools.'

'Let's go and write it now,' suggested Rex. 'Father will want the typewriter when he comes in.'

The door closed behind the two boys, and Isobel walked over to the window and looked sadly into the sunshine, her mind full of resentment at the thought of the trick that was to be played on Alec.

The little boy was younger than his brothers, and it seemed so unfair that he should be chosen as the victim of their plot; but she knew that to give him the slightest hint of what was going to happen would be breaking an unwritten law of honour.

Some time passed before the boys' clattering footsteps were heard on the stairs; then they burst

excitedly into the room.

'We only just did it in time,' began Rex. 'Father came in just as we were going to address the enve-

lope, and we had to dash into the garden.'

'So we gave it to Billy Masters to finish off,' put in Jack. 'He will do it on his father's typewriter and post it for us to-night. It was a good thing he came in just then, or we should never have got it done.'

'Luckier still that Father didn't see what we were doing,' added Rex. 'He simply hates fooling.'

Isobel was a little late for breakfast next morning, and, as she ran hurriedly downstairs, she was confronted by Jack, who held his fingers mysteriously over his lips.

'Sh—! Don't say anything about it,' he whispered. 'Father's having breakfast with us, as he's going to London by the late train. You must go out and get the letters when the postman comes, and throw away the one addressed to Alec. Don't bring it in, whatever you do; it would make him furious.'

Isobel nodded happily. 'All right,' she replied, 'I

won't bring it in; you needn't be afraid.'

The conversation at breakfast was a little strained that morning. The children were all rather in awe of their tall, stern father, who only addressed occasional remarks to them over the top of his paper, and Isobel's eyes were nervously fixed on the window. At last the welcome knock made her spring to her feet and dart into the hall. A minute later she had returned and laid a sheaf of letters on her father's plate; then, taking advantage of the fact that he was still engrossed in his paper, she ventured to whisper to Jack, 'It hasn't come.'

Jack looked at her in blank surprise; then something seemed to catch his attention, and he leaned across to his father's plate, screened by the outspread pages of the Morning Post. On the top of the pile of letters was a large grey envelope, addressed in purple type to 'A. Davis, Esq.' In a flash he realised what must have happened. Billy had forgotten that his father's initial and Alec's were the same, and this was the letter intended for his little

brother!

There was a moment before Mr. Davis folded up the paper, in which Jack was able to nudge Rex furtively and explain by a series of gestures what had happened. Then in a daring whisper he said, 'We must stop him reading it somehow.'

Their father threw the paper on one side, helped himself to a poached egg, then turned his attention to his letters. There was a moment's pause, then Jack looked up nervously. 'Father, are you going out hunting to-morrow?' he asked.

For a moment Mr. Davis raised his eyes from his correspondence, and they rested rather curiously on the freckled face turned eagerly towards him.

'No more hunting this year,' he replied shortly. This was a failure. He had again turned his attention to his letters, and Rex was despairingly trying to think of some topic that would distract

him, when Alec's shrill voice caused a welcome diversion. 'Look, there's Sambo trampling all over the flower-beds.'

Mr. Davis jumped to his feet, and seeing the pony in front of the window, walked hastily to the door. Isobel and Alec ran to watch the chase, while Jack stretched across to the heap of letters that still lay untouched on his father's plate. Seizing the grey envelope in his hand, he tore it in half and flung the pieces into the fire; then, as the flames caught in a blaze of light, he joined the little group at the window, and watched his father leading the truant pony back to the stable.

The rest of the meal passed uneventfully, and to Jack's relief his father evidently did not notice that one of the letters had disappeared from his plate. He had started to the station, and the boys were getting ready to go out on their bicycles, when Billy

rushed in like a whirlwind.

'I say, I'm awfully sorry,' he began, 'I quite forgot to post that letter last night! I addressed the envelope and stuck it in my pocket, and it went

clean out of my mind.'

He held out a crumpled-looking letter, but Jack hardly noticed it. He was staring fixedly before him, as the full meaning of what had happened rushed to his mind. The envelope that he had destroyed at breakfast did not contain the 'April fool' for Alec, but a private letter — perhaps an important one — for his father.

Suddenly Rex laid a hand on his arm. 'We will go and meet him at the station to-night and own up at once,' he said. 'It's been as much my fault

as yours.'

Neither Jack nor Rex ever forgot the misery and suspense of that day, and though they felt a very small and frightened couple as they awaited their father's train in the evening, they were quite glad when at last he arrived, and they could unburden their minds by telling him all that had happened.

'Your folly has brought its own punishment,' he said when Jack's explanation was finished, 'so no more need be said about it. Uncle Jim telephoned to me at the office to day to ask me why I had not wired a reply to the letter he posted to me last night. It was to ask you boys to go and spend the day with him, as he wanted to take you for some fishing expedition. That letter never reached me, so the day is lost.'

He paused, and Jack and Rex exchanged glances. Both were thinking of Alec, and what he had missed

through their blunder.

'Your uncle is only having one more fishing party before he leaves,' continued their father. 'It is on Thursday, but he has only room for one of you in his car.'

'Then Alec can go!' exclaimed Jack joyfully. 'Oh, I'm so glad he won't be punished too!'

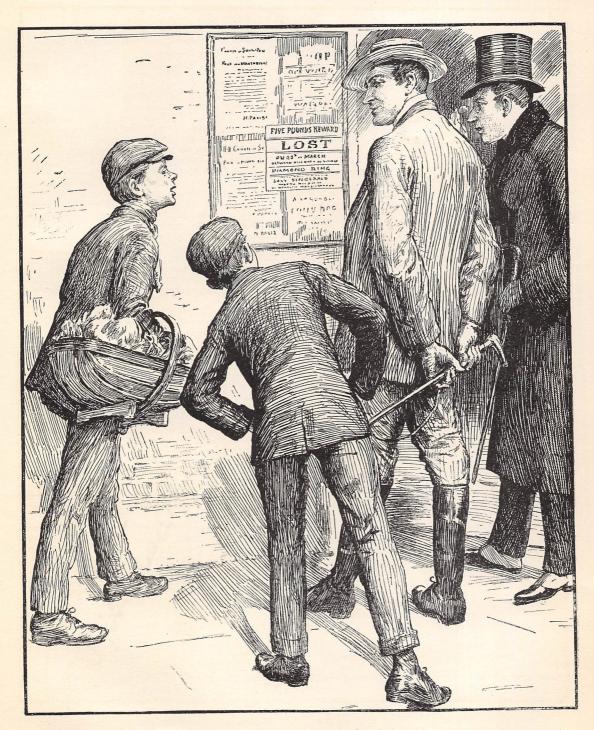
And so it was arranged, and the next day Jack and Rex saw Alee's radiant face smiling a good-bye as he drove off for his day's outing. They turned away rather silently, neither liking to own what a bitter disappointment it was to have missed the expedition.

'I'm jolly sorry, Rex,' said Jack suddenly. 'You've been paid out too for my silly joke—but there's only one April fool this year—and that's me.'

Viola Vivian.



"He flung the pieces into the fire,"



"He read the notice outside the police-station."

STUCK IN THE MUD.

RTHUR GRANT leaned over the bridge and A Stared down at the black mud which the tide had left behind it. This mud was not usually populate the behind it. lated, except by flocks of grub-hunting gulls. day the gulls had all moved further off, and their hunting-ground had been taken by a big, heavylooking boy, dressed in a faded blue jersey and rough trousers, rolled up above the knee. Below these only about three inches of black-spattered leg could be seen, the rest being lost in mud. The boy moved about slowly. Like the gulls, he seemed to be looking for grubs, but, unlike them, he never seemed to find any.
'Bill Gubbins!' said Arthur, suddenly, 'have you

gone off your head?'

The boy raised a hot and muddy face and said, "Hullo!

'If you think you're catching eels,' said Arthur, you are going the wrong way about it - and your legs will look awful at the procession!

Bill ploughed on three steps further. 'I'm looking for something that will be better worth seeing than the procession,' he replied, stolidly, 'and it ain't

'You'll catch nothing there unless it is a cold!' said Arthur, sniggering at his own wit; 'and as for

your breeches — '
'If I was to catch Lady Fitzgerald's ring,' said Bill, thoughtfully, 'it would buy me more than breeches.'

'What?' cried Arthur.

He saw once more in his mind's eye the notice he had read outside the police station that morning: five pounds reward offered to the finder of Lady Fitzgerald's diamond ring.

'She was flinging bread to the gulls,' said Bill,

slowly.

'Yes? Go on!' Arthur nearly fell over the para-

Pet.
'And I thought I saw something glitter.' Arthur paused to consider. He was wearing his best clothes in honour of the procession, which was to start in a quarter of an hour. Of course he could go home and change; but, meanwhile, that stupid Bill Gubbins might, by the merest chance, come across the ring. With such a prize in view down there, he must not risk this!

'I'll come down and help you, Bill,' he remarked carelessly, beginning to pull off his boots.

"It'll mess you up,' replied Bill, looking doubtfully at the neat Sunday trousers which Arthur was rolling up as far as they would go.
'I suppose I can buy new clothes too if we find

the ring.

'I didn't say we should find it.'

'You wouldn't stand paddling about in that slush if you didn't think there was a good chance.

The fisherboy's apparent unwillingness for his company spurred Arthur on.

'I thought you were going to see the procession?'

'Well, I'm not.'

Arthur lowered himself, not without an inward

shudder, feet foremost into the mud.

He was a very particular, fastidious boy, and he did not feel at all at home there. It was uncomfortably damp and cold round the legs, his best suit was getting splashed and his trousers soaked, he was hampered by the difficulty of moving without falling on his face, and haunted by the fear of being seen by an acquaintance on the bridge - possibly even by his father, who kept the biggest grocer's shop in the town, and was so particular!

None of these unpleasant sensations troubled Bill Gubbins in the least. He had rolled up the sleeves of his blue jersey, and now the colour of his arms rivalled that of his legs. Arthur imitated him, and then remembered with a shiver that he would have to go home through the town. However, with the ring in his hand, he felt he could brave anything.

An hour passed by without anything being discovered except a solitary boot, which Bill carried to the bank with an air of quiet satisfaction. Arthur's hopes were beginning to flag, when he was startled

by a voice from above:

Hullo, Arthur! you've missed the procession; and what on earth are you doing?

Two girls, in Sunday hats and be-ribboned pigtails, were looking over the parapet. Arthur recognised his sister and her chief friend.

'Oh, nothing,' he answered, weakly.

Both the girls giggled.

Arthur realised that only the truth could save him from looking utterly ridiculous. If she knew that he was earning five pounds, that odious Florrie Banks would not make jokes at his expense all over

He explained carefully what he was doing, while Bill turned his back and searched with extra diligence. To Arthur's disgust, no sooner was the explanation made than Florrie giggled more idiotically than before, while Emma, who felt the credit of her family at stake, looked decidedly annoyed.

'Well, you are a stupid! It will take a year to

get those clothes cleaned.'

'I won't ask you to clean them,' said Arthur, trying to look dignified, which under the circumstances was difficult. 'If I find the ring — '
'Find your grandmother!' said Emma rudely.

'Why, you great silly, the ring's found!'

What?' gasped Arthur.

'Lady Fitzgerald found it herself in the garden. Jenny Gubbins, who is kitchen-maid up at her place,

told me; so now you see how clever——,
But Arthur had turned upon Bill. 'What about the thing you saw glitter when Lady Fitzgerald was feeding the gulls?'

Bill drew a black and dripping hand slowly across his mouth. 'It must have been the other ring on her hand,' he suggested.

Arthur abused him violently. 'I believe you knew

the whole time!

'His sister told me, and she was home this morning,' put in Emma.

"I never said we should find the ring," said Bill, beginning to move towards the bank. 'And it was you who offered to help me - I didn't ask you.

'But what were you looking for?' demanded the wretched Arthur, ploughing vainly after Bill, who ignored the question, and made a sudden dive into the mud.

'Here's the other!' he cried joyfully. 'I've found 'em both now; Jenny threw 'em in by mistake for the oldest ones that are worn through, and Mother said if I'd get 'em out she'd give me-

'What are you talking about?' roared Arthur. 'Father's boots,' said Bill with modest pride.

D. Percy Smith.

PLANTS THAT FIGHT.

THERE is nothing more striking in nature than the means which certain plants possess for de-

fence against their natural enemies.

Death-dealing in its powers of self-protection is the vulture lily of the East Indies, that for a long time was considered to be a traveller's myth, till in recent years its existence was verified in Borneo and Sumatra. The French explorer who discovered the plant in Sumatra had been told by the natives of a lily of immense size, to be found in the forests of the interior, that sent forth death-dealing fumes, and after a long search he discovered several. The largest covered an area of sixty feet with its evilsmelling growth. Its spadix was over six feet high, and the spike-shaped leaves were from ten to twelve feet long. At sunset and about an hour before sunrise its poisonous fumes were found to be most powerful. A dog, a goat, and other small animals tethered near the plant were picked up dead in the morning. The Frenchman himself was taken so violently ill while examining this vulture lily, that he had to return hurriedly to the coast.

The so-called deadly properties of the upas-tree of Java and of the spider-plant of Madagascar, which also is reputed to entice its human prey, have not been verified as realities; but, in the vast stretches of wilderness that lie between the headwaters of the Orinoco and the Andes, there has been discovered a growth of the orchid genus, the flowers of which give out a musky odour, which is so stupefying and poisonous in its effects that, as yet, no human beings, natives or white men, have approached near enough even to pick any of the huge, clustered, many-hued flowers gleaming enticingly through the

jungle trees, or to attack its roots.

Some plants protect themselves by presenting attitudes that scare the enemy, just as certain insects do. One of the most common instances is that of the sensitive plant and its movements when touched. A creature, on coming near during its browsing, is afraid to nibble a plant that moves so mysteriously. The squirting cucumber of the Mediterranean also alarms goats and other animals, when they touch it, by discharging its ripe seeds into their faces. It also contains a very pungent juice which it spits on to the skin or face of its opponent, and the smarting pain that results is very difficult to endure for some minutes.

In the dry regions of South Africa, where all green things are nibbled down during the rainless season, certain ice-plants and milk-weeds have the trick of forming tubers, or stems, exactly similar in appearance to the pebbles or soil around them, so that when the leaves of these plants die down during the dry season, the tubers remain undetected by animals.

In South Africa there is a species of acacia much resembling the sensitive plant in general appearance, which maintains a standing army of ants for defensive purposes, and provides them with food and lodging. In this singular growth there are two large thorns at the base inhabited by colonies of the ants, which bore into the thorns and make a home for themselves by eating out the soft inner tissue. On the leaf-stalks there are honey glands, and at the tip of each leaf there is a sausage-shaped body, about as large as a pin's head, consisting of albuminous food. The ants sip the honey and eat the solid food-bodies, and being content with their lot, remain

on the acacia without doing it any injury. When the plant is threatened by an invasion of the leafcutting ants that would destroy it, the ants forming the acacia's army rush out and repel the invaders.

Many other similar arrangements are to be ob-N. Tourneur. served in tropical vegetation.

STONES AND THEIR STORIES.

IX. — PERPENDICULAR GOTHIC.

WHEN I originally set out to write these articles on Gothic Architecture, I divided the whole period into lesser periods, the last two being Perpendicular (fifteenth century) and Tudor (sixteenth century). But it will be a good thing to take the last two together, because they are so closely related that their 'stories' are difficult to separate: in fact, some of the writers on the subject do not separate them. It comes to this, that the early part of the period is 'Perpendicular' and the latter part 'Tudor,' and you only have to remember that the finest example we have of pure Tudor is Henry the

Seventh's Chapel in Westminster Abbey.

Now, the title 'Perpendicular' really explains itself: it is the style in which appear many perpendicular or upward straight lines: it is chiefly noticed in the tracery which, up to this period, has appeared in the windows only, to carry the glass; but from now it began to be used as a form of decoration for walls either inside or outside a building, so that the number of the straight upright lines was greatly increased—hence the name of the period. You will remember I told you that the change from Decorated to Perpendicular was going on from 1350-1400, so that by Henry the Seventh's reign the style was pure. The Tudor part of the style may be said to have lasted through the reigns of Henry VIII., Henry VIII., Edward VI., and Mary. The style became more and more elaborate through those reigns, much as the style of dress at that time also increased in richness. These things generally go together. You can see it as you go through life to-day. If you meet a very elaborately-dressed woman, you may be pretty sure that her drawing-room would also be elaborate; the lives and habits of people always influence their surroundings.

Now let us consider this style according to our

usual custom, taking its details in order.

You know for a very long time there had been a vast quantity of building done, and by this time most of the great Cathedrals that were required were built, or, anyway, partly, so that (except a few buildings like St. George's, Windsor, and Manchester Cathedral, which are purely Perpendicular) most of the work of the period was in alterations, finishing, or re-roofing, and as far as ground-plan or shape was concerned, it remained much the same as in the Decorated period. Of course there are plenty of Perpendicular churches, but they are practically on the same plan as was used in the previous style.

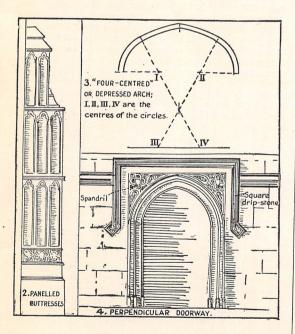
The walls remained fairly thin, and were elaborately decorated with panelling, much being just like the window tracery of the period; series of square panels were also used, their chief ornament being a shield (fig. 1). The buttresses were still very large and bold, having much strain to carry; they, too, were panelled (fig. 2), and sometimes the

arms of the flying buttresses were pierced in patterns and crocketed, which made them even more ornamental. Some of the finest I know of are around Henry the Seventh's Chapel, Westminster Abbey. Be sure you walk around outside and look for them when next you are there: it is the part of the Abbey nearest to the Victoria Tower of the Houses of Parliament. In some parts of our country, where the soil is chalky, and therefore flints are numerous, flints were used as a background for the tracery on the walls, and added much to the ornament by their colour.

Early in the period the arches were much like those used in the previous style, but later they

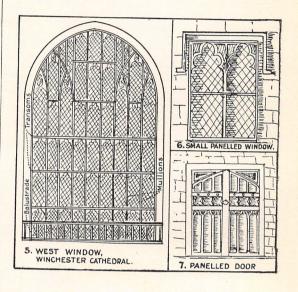


became very depressed, that is, as though pushed down in the middle and made to spread; they were what are called 'Four-centred arches,' because, to draw one correctly, you used the parts of four circles, which were drawn from four different centres. Fig. 3 will show you exactly what I mean. During this period of flatter arches in doorways, a square



dripstone was added, and the spaces between (called 'spandrils') filled with tracery or foliage (fig. 4). I think the flatter form of arch must have become popular because it allowed of much larger openings

for windows—and they were so keen on big windows at the time. The west window of St. George's Chapel, Windsor, occupies nearly the whole of the west end, and its arch is nearly flat, making the opening almost a square! It is in these big windows that the Perpendicular character comes out so clearly. I give just a diagram of the great window in the west front of Winchester Cathedral (fig. 5). Here you see the mullions run right to the top of



the window, to the arch in fact. You can also observe a new feature which was introduced in this period to give strength, that is, the horizontal crosspieces of masonry, which were called 'transoms.' The transoms were also used in many smaller windows of the period, and should always be noted as characteristic. Fig. 6 is a drawing of a small one, such as may be found in many churches of the period.

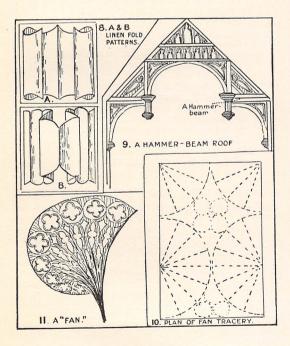
While I am speaking on the subject of openings, I must mention that the doors themselves were panelled (fig. 7), in fact panels were everywhere! One of the favourite decorations for door panels was what is called a 'linen fold panel' (fig. 8, A and B); it is like a piece of material folded; you can see many examples on the doors of the official residences which lie near the Victoria Tower of the Houses of Parliament. This part of the building is modern, of course, but in the Perpendicular style.

As the arches had flattened, naturally the roofs were less steep (you will remember the diagram I gave to show that a pointed arch must have a steep roof—see page 228). In many buildings, even large ones, they now use what were called 'open-timber roofs'—roofs where you can see all the beams and rafters and the actual shape of the outer roof. Some were very wonderful; a fine and early example of a form of open roof called 'hammer-beam' is to be seen in Westminster Hall; the marvel is its great span, for it is a huge hall. In fig. 9, I give just ar

idea of what a hammer-beam roof is like; this is one beam from Eltham Palace (now in ruins, but the roof remains and can be seen by visitors). The end of the hammer-beam is often decorated with a

shield or an angel carrying a shield.

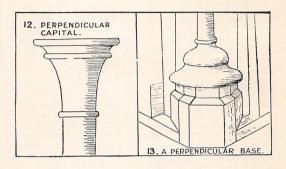
Then there was the most wonderful of all, and a style which is purely English - the 'fan-vaulting.' This is difficult to describe, but you must be sure to see the marvellous example in the roof of Henry the Seventh's Chapel, Westminster Abbey. To stand in that chapel and look up at that wonder is an experience I hope you will all have; its richness is past all imagination, and of course is shown to great advantage, roofing as it does so elaborate an apartment, for every available space in that chapel is enriched with the most wonderful carvings of both stone and wood, the stalls on either side being of the finest carving, surmounted each by a huge canopy of lacy carving. The term 'fan tracery' is given to this form of vaulting because a number of ribs all spring from one pier and spread much like the sticks of a fan when open; the spaces between the ribs are filled with panels. In fig. 10 I show a diagram or plan of some fan tracery, and in fig. 11 I have tried to show you one 'fan,' which will give you some idea of it, I hope; but this style must be seen to be appreciated. It not only spreads, but hangs in 'drops,' so to speak; these, however, I cannot well illustrate.



The columns and piers were, I think, very poor and ugly. The columns were so very slender that they seem useless, and the capitals (when there were any; often the moulding ran on round an arch without capitals) were thin, poor imitations of Early

English bell-capitals (fig. 12), and the bases were lumpy and stood on deep masses of masonry. Fig. 13 is part of the base of a pier in St. Peter's Chapel in the Tower of London. The piers were composed of several of these thin columns with shallow mouldings between.

I do not believe you will have any difficulty in recognising buildings of the Perpendicular period, because, early, they were inclined to be plainer than



the last period, and always make me think of a person with a long, serious face, without a smile; the many upright straight lines have this effect—for all panels and window-spaces have straight sides, however much the heads are crisped and trefoiled. Of course, later, the long-faced idea is lost in decoration, but the style can then always be detected by the ornaments, which I shall show you in my next article.

E. M. Barlow.

SAVAGE MEN AND SAVAGE CUSTOMS.

V. — FEET AND FINGERS.

It is strange how few of us who call ourselves civilised, cultured people, realise the full truth of that statement, made for our enlightenment ages ago, 'And God made man in His own image.' The wonderful beauty and symmetry of our own bodies not one in a thousand among us ever realises, even in the course of a long lifetime. And this being so, can we marvel that savages are no less blind? By some strange, distorted notion of beauty, they deface that image in the most grievous fashion, as we shall presently show; though, before we blame them, let us remember that we ourselves are not entirely blameless in this matter.

We have seen how savage races file away, or even knock out their beautiful teeth, or stain them black; and we have seen how they disfigure themselves by so-called ornamental patterns tattooed or even cut into the skin, or by hideous hues of red and black smeared over the face and body in lines of paint, or even of coloured earth. We are now to discuss

still more remarkable disfigurations.

The Chinese, who have claimed for themselves a high state of civilisation, extending back for hundreds of years beyond the civilisation of Europe, practised until lately, at any rate, a mutilation of

the feet which absolutely makes one's blood run cold to think of. This was practised generally, but by no means always, on little girls of the wealthy classes, for the same dreadful custom is, or was, usual, in some districts, in all grades of society alike. The custom was to apply a tight bandage round the feet of the girls when they were about five years old. It was so fastened as to bend the foot backwards, on itself, so that the sole was arched. After a month, the foot was put in hot water to soak, when the bandage was removed. In spite of precautions, such as the application of powdered alum to the foot before the bandage is applied, the surface of the foot is commonly found to be ulcerated, so that much of the skin, and sometimes of the flesh, comes away with the bandage.

Each time the bandage is taken off, the poor foot is kneaded, and the new strappings are drawn yet more tightly. During the first year, the pain is so intense that the poor little sufferer can only lie and moan and cry. For about two years the feet ache terribly and continually, but at last the nerves lose their sensibility and the muscles waste, and the bones cease to grow, leaving a tiny misshapen caricature of a foot of which the victim, in her later years, is immensely proud, as may be gathered from the fact that the Chinese lady calls her foot, thus distorted, the 'golden lily.' In appearance it is hideous, and as a support for the body it is almost useless, for such victims of 'fashion' can never do more than hobble, and even that insecurely. This is readily understood when we reflect that the foot of a woman of middle age thus distorted does not exceed five inches in length, and the fashionable length is between three and four inches, though comparatively few parents succeed in cramping their poor children's feet to this limit.

But we in this country are not without blame in this matter, for there are hundreds of people who force their feet, and, what is worse, their children's feet, into shoes that are far too small, and nearly always badly shaped, so that a well-shaped foot is exceedingly rare. In nine cases out of ten, perhaps, the toes are crowded one against the other, or one or two have been so forced out of place as to lie under their neighbours. To such lengths has the craze for small feet, and boots and shoes with

pointed toes, led us.

But disfigurement of the person is not confined to the feet among the Chinese and neighbouring people. They also allow their finger-nails to grow to a monstrous length, to show that they do no manual The Siamese women sheath the nails in long silver cases to protect them; though often it would seem that the case only is worn - when convenient — as if to protect a nail that isn't there! Sometimes, however, long finger-nails have a different meaning, since they are meant to show that the wearer leads a religious life and does no worldly

Throughout the East women commonly dye the nails and finger-tips a bright orange colour, and this, of course, also for fashion's sake. But this, it is interesting to note, is a custom of extreme antiquity, as is shown by the fact that the fingers of Egyptian mummies have been thus stained, so that the use of henna extends back in time for some thousands of years — and it is still fashionable! W. P. Pycraft, F.Z.S., A.L.S., &c.

PRIZE DAY.

'MIS Prize Day in the school of flowers, And all are gaily drest, To see the prizes given away To those who've done the best. The garden flowers are gathered here, As well as blossoms wild -The daisy, clover, buttercup, Loved by each little child.

Here's a prize for little Daisy, Who's always in her place; She came the opening day of school, With her old simple grace. Not once has she been absent From meadow or from lea: 'Twere well if every blossom Were regular as she.

And here's one for Miss Violet, For sweet and modest rule; She is a pattern unto all Within the flowers' school. Her gentleness and lovely grace Do ever her become: How sweet she looks in April days In her secluded home!

A prize for young Miss Rosebud That has been so truly earned: So many praise her to her face, 'Tis well her head's not turned. But though she blushes rosy red Before so many eyes, Yet is she quite unspoilt by praise, And well deserves her prize.

And so the prizes all are given Before the school breaks up; Each flower receives its own reward, May, Lily, Buttercup. And when the Spring comes back once more, And school begins again, May each sweet flower show that its prize Has not been given in vain.

Frank Ellis.

A WORD WITH FIVE PARENTS.

LEARNED professor has pointed out that the A rather long word, 'remacadamising,' is derived from no less than five languages: Latin, Gaelic, Hebrew, Greek, and English.

Re is a Latin prefix, signifying a repetition or

doing again.

Mac is the Gaelic word for 'son.' Adam, of course, is the Hebrew name of the first

Ise (or ize) comes (through the French iser) from the Greek verbal ending, izein.

Ing we all are familiar with, as the English suffix

of the present participle.

Macadam is simply the surname — or family name — of the man, John Macadam, who in 1819 invented a new method of paving roads. To remacadamise is to repave by this process.

BIRD CAY.

By H. de Vere Stacpoole (Continued from page 291.)

IT was now sundown, nearly, and we determined to go back to the island, leaving Lopez in charge of the barque. Jack Cutter went with us without question or resistance. When we landed, we found Prentice had knocked off work digging and was lighting the fire.

Prentice's manner had quite changed. It was now a queer mixture of respectfulness and jauntiness.

'I thought I'd be getting the fire alight, Cappin,' said Prentice. 'I've turned over a mortal sight of sand since here you left me, and nought to find but a ring-bolt and the brace of a locking bar.

'Oh, you thought you'd get the fire alight, did you,' replied Captain Horn, 'and who told you to set your hand to any job that you weren't ordered to do? And you found only a ring-bolt and a locking bar, did you? Well, I'll tell you this, you'll work to-morrow till you find something better, and if you don't you'll get a rope's end round your ribs. Away with you and mess by yourself; you ain't fit company for honest sailormen.

Prentice went off and walked along the beach. He didn't seem in the least cast down. He took his seat by the sea-edge and waited whilst we cooked supper, and then Jam took Jim his food, which he ate sitting by himself. It was ridiculously like a naughty boy who has been put in a corner, to see him sitting there at his supper, and we round the fire, most of us with our backs to him. I could have pitied him, only that I knew him for what he was

a traitor and a murderer at heart. It wasn't till after supper that we got the story from Jack Cutter of all that had happened since

the sailing of the barque from Havana.

'It was all along of the fish,' said he, 'and that tomfool Spaniard who did the cooking; d'ye think I don't know a poison fish when I see one? I'd 'a flung 'em back into the water if they hadn't been right, but they were right enough. It was the cook. I told him how to clean 'em and cut 'em up, but he was a Spaniard new to these waters, and I reckon he didn't follow what I told him, or he let 'em get tainted or something; anyhow, there you are, every man who ate 'em has died, and there were we shorthanded and trying to work the barque, and not one of us knowing anything about navigation. Dad would drag himself out and take a sight and give us directions as well as he could, but it was more by accident, I reckon, than anything else that we fetched the island.' He had asked us earlier in the day as to the fate of the Albatross, and in exchange for his news we gave him further particulars now. Captain Horn had never questioned him about Jim Prentice, nor did he question him now, looking on Jack, I suppose, as only a boy who would have no knowledge of the matter, or, perhaps, not troubling now about details, convinced as he was that Prentice was a rascal. But presently Jack and I, leaving the men to smoke over the fire, wandered along the sand towards the wreck.

So you've found no treasure?' said Jack.

'What treasure?' said I.

He laughed. 'There's no use pretending with me, aid he. 'I know all about it. The night we sailed, I heard Dad and Prentice yarning together, and I climbed on top of the deck-house, and every blessed word they said I heard through the scuttle. about the wreck and the gold aboard her, and how he'd got to the windward of all your crowd - I say, don't you think that chap's a fraud?

Who?

'Why, Jim Prentice.'

'Why?

'Why? - look at us - poor old Dad gone and two of the crew, and look at the Albatross, sunk clear by a derelick.

'But he wasn't aboard the Albatross.'

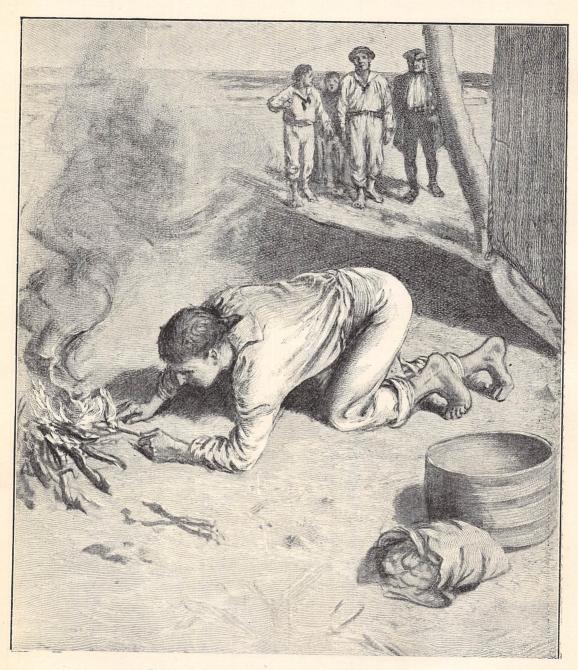
No, but he had been. I reckon he's a Jonah — I don't like him, anyway, though I'm chummy

enough with him.'

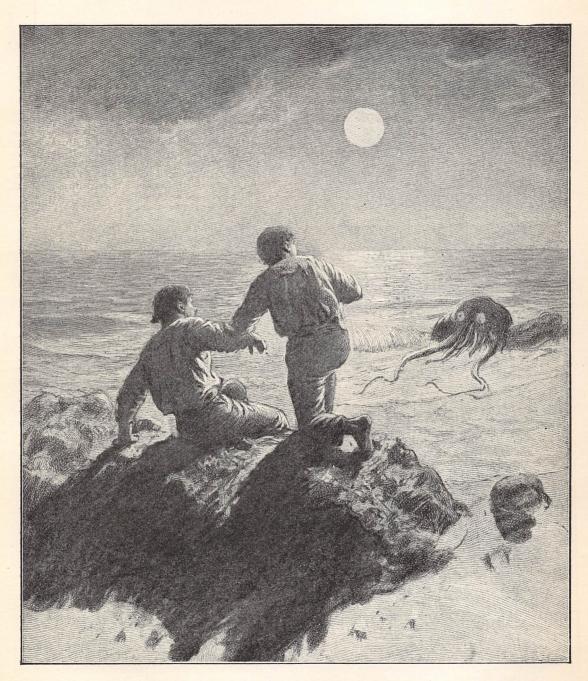
We took cur seats on a lump of the reef coral and fell to yarning. Jack, however sorry he may have been for the loss of his father — and I believe he was grieved to the heart - showed nothing of it. He had learned to keep a stiff upper lip and hide his feelings, and the chances and changes of life had less effect on him than on another, for he had been born at sea and bred at sea, and though only fifteen or so had seen men die violent deaths and had escaped times out of number from all sorts of disasters. He had helped to run contraband cargoes and he had helped his father in the slavery business, for the Sarah Cutter had gone in for it in a small way. He pitied the slaves, but he said he reckoned they were born to be sold. He had the deepest contempt for a cheat, yet he thought nothing of cheating a government, because, he said, governments were cheats anyhow and it was only meeting them at their own game. He was the queerest mixture of simplicity and guile it has ever been my lot to meet.

'Î reckon Cappen Horn's a straight man,' said he; 'the way he took all that trouble over Dad. Yes, I reckon he's straight, and I ain't going to forget it, but he's losing his time here, digging up all that sand. Treasure there ain't none. Dad was always against treasure-hunting - he said niggers and trading tobacco was good enough treasure for him, not but what we haven't picked many a ship. Why, look here: there was a big ship wrecked on the Dry Tortugas this time last year, a full-rigged ship, and there she was lying burst open, as you may say, and not a soul aboard her. We reckoned the crew had been taken off, anyway we came nosing round and Dad says, "Let's go and overhaul her." We got the long-boat out and made a landing in a little creek, and then we crawled over the rocks to her, and such a sight you never did see, for she hadn't been wrecked more'n a week and everything was fresh and nothing spoiled. We got into the captain's cabin and there we found the ship's papers; and the minute Dad lit eyes on them he said, "There's been no rescue of the crew — she's been swept by the sea and every soul drowned, else the ship's papers wouldn't have been left;" and sure enough in a tin box we found all the ship's money, two hundred and fifty golden guineas, and there was tobacco enough to stock a shop, and clothes — why, these old pants I'm wearing now came off her - there was enough clothes to stock us for a hundred years, and we got oned we'd make five hundred guineas on the whole us two days to get all the stuff off, and Dad reckoned we'd make five hundred guineas on the whole business.'

(Continued on page 306.)



"Prentice had knocked off work and was lighting the fire."



"I saw something heaving itself out of the sea."

BIRD CAY.

By H. de Vere Stacpoole.

(Continued from page 303.)

Jack, said I, for we were now as familiar as though we had known each other for years, 'who does the Sarah Cutter belong to now that your

father is gone?

'Why, who but me?' replied Jack. 'Ain't I the only one of the family left? I reckon I ought to be rich. Dad has tons of money in the bank at Havana, and that's mine, too. Why, look here, he's been trading a matter of forty years and never a cent to pay for living; the old Sarah has been our house and home, and as for vittles, leave Dad alone to get 'em for nothing. He told me he had upwards of forty thousand pounds in the Havana bank. Maybe he was boasting, and maybe not, but you can reckon it out for yourself, for he was a saving man, and the quickest man to make money in all these seas.'

I could scarcely credit him. Yet, thinking it over,

I saw the likelihood of it.

'What will you do with your money when you get

it?' said I.

'I dunno,' said Jack. 'I reckon it's not much use to me. I'm so used to the sea I can't abide the land not for more than a week. I don't smoke, and I have a terror of drink. Drink is the ruin of these parts, and I reckon it does for more men than the fever. There's nothing I care much for but fishing. I expect I'll rig out the old Sarah and go fishing. I never could get decent fishing when Dad was around, except in the harbours and places. Now I can get as much fishing as I want, now Dad's gone,' and he began to cry.

Poor Jack! He was feeling what many a grown man has come to feel, that money and freedom to do what you like, and everything in the whole wide world, is only trash if you are alone with no one to

love or care for.

I clapped him on the back and told him to cheer up, and when he had dried his eyes, I joked him about his money and made him savage, so that we were near fighting, which was the best way to get

his mind off his troubles.

We had been sitting talking a good while; the tide was going out, and the sound of the water slob-bering round the reef was the only sound we could hear, for though we could see the spark of the campfire on the beach, it was too far to hear the voices of the men round us. We were sitting for a moment in silence, when all at once a slight splashing sound caught our ears.

Jack glanced up, and then he caught my arm. I followed the direction of his gaze, and I saw something heaving itself out of the sea on to the reef to southward, and about twenty yards distant or less.

Something large and dark and formless, something the very sight of which caused me to gulp and clutch at Jack. Like a great black slug the creature, whatever it was, had now freed itself from the water.

It was as big as a barrel, and against the blackness of it we could see two discs of light, big as coach-lamps, dimly shining as phosphorus shines in the dark. Jack rose to his feet, and still with his grip on my arm, whipped me away from where we were sitting.

'It's a cuttle-fish,' said he. 'If it hadn't splashed

we'd have been done for. It's come up with the low tide after crabs and such-like; look at its feelers.'

The brute was shooting its feelers across the sand; they looked like two black snakes, thirty or forty feet long if an inch, and tapering from a foot thick at the base to maybe half an inch at the tip.

'Do you mean to say it would have seized us?'

said I.

'I do,' said Jack. 'That chap would seize an ox and drown it, too; it's the worst sort. Look at it!'

As I learned afterwards, the creature was of the order of barrel-shaped cuttle-fish, possessing ten arms, eight comparatively short, and two immense, sometimes reaching to a length of thirty feet from the body. Had we not seen it in time, there is no doubt that it would have seized us, and once caught in the grip of those terrible tentacles, all would have been over with us except, as Jack said, for the squealing. We ran back to the fire to tell the others, who came promptly enough, armed with the pistols to have a shot at the monster.

But when they arrived on the scene, the thing was gone. It had scuttled back into the water, alarmed perhaps by some instinct that told it of danger; at all events it was gone, and the only satisfaction we got was to be discredited and jeered at by the bo'-

sun

CHAPTER XXI.

Next morning after breakfast, Prentice, who still kept apart from us and had to camp by himself, was set to digging again. It was arranged that the workers should be divided into two shifts, the Captain and Jam in one, Prentice and Blower in the other. Much as the Captain would have liked to make Prentice do the job single-handed, time was a consideration; but he made up for having to help him by giving him the hardest part of the work. Jack and I were let off. The job wanted a full man's strength, and we were only in the way - so the Captain said. Having nothing to do, we rowed off to the barque and Jack got his fishing-lines. Then we landed and beached the boat, and made for the northern extremity of the island, where a spur of coral ran out into six-fathom water, and Jack said the fishing was sure to be good. The northern part of the island was the nesting-place of the gulls. In the nesting season it would be alive with birds, but now there was nothing but a few broken eggs and some whole ones and the places where the nests had been.

The bay-cedar bushes stopped short a few yards from the nesting-place, just as if a line had been drawn across the island, marking off the gulls' territory from the rest, and a few feet from the bay-cedar bushes grew a palm-tree, the tallest tree on the

island and the most northerly.

We were just stepping from the bushes on to the sand, when Jack stopped dead. His quick eye had caught sight of something that I should have passed without notice. Driven into the palm-tree bole on its northern face, and about a foot from the ground, was a rusty nail, and round the nail was a bit of string. He got down on his knees and unfastened the string, then examined the nail. Then he rose up with the string in his hand. It was only two inches long, good white cord, smaller than lanyard cord, and evidently new.

(Continued on page 314.)

THE TEST OF COURAGE.

ODFREY HAMILTON, one of the younger of the thirty-five day-boys at Weston College, was an-

gry and rebellious.

An old Westonian, the Rev. R. S. Winnington, who had returned to England after three years' missionary work in New Guinea, was spending a few days as the guest of the head master at his old school, and on Tuesday night he was to give a lecture on the native people and their customs. In order to illustrate his lecture, Mr. Winnington had persuaded the Head to let four of the boys stand with him on the platform with stained skins and dressed in feathers and coloured cloth, from his collection of New Guinea curios. Black-haired boys were needed, and Hamilton, at first, had been one of the chosen four, but when fully dressed as a native warrior he had been found playing dangerously with a barbed and poisoned spear, and Mr. Winnington, at the last moment, had insisted on his giving up his place, and sitting, browned as he was, but in ordinary clothes, among the audience.

Here he was regarded as an object of ridicule, and under cover of the cheering, which was given as a vote of thanks at the end of the lecture, he confided

his annoyance to his chum, Richards.

A lot of silly talk, I call it,' he said. 'I don't believe he did half the wonderful things he talks about. It's just side, you know.'

'Pretty plucky, though,' said Richards.

'No, he isn't,' answered Hamilton. 'He puts that I could give him a good fright.'

You couldn't,' said his chum.

'All right, I'll do it to-morrow. You see if I

don't.

Hamilton spent the next afternoon, a half-holiday, walking alone across the fields that lay to the north of the town. He took with him a large glass picklejar with a screw lid and a handle of twisted string. On reaching a marshy spot by the side of a small brook, he grovelled with his hands for some time on the ground, and at last stood up, and put into his

jar a vigorous grass-snake.

He was not absolutely certain that his attempt to scare Mr. Winnington would be successful, but he was at any rate hopeful. At half-past six, therefore, when the masters and all the boarders were at tea, Hamilton, instead of going home, went silently into the quadrangle and looked through the window of the small study that had been given up as a sitting-room to Mr. Winnington. As he expected, the room was empty, but he waited noiselessly until he saw Mr. Winnington return, and then, under cover of the curtain, gently dropped his harmless grass-snake through the open window into the room.

Mr. Winnington looked up suddenly. Starting to his feet, and, snatching a book from the table, h; threw it with all his force at the snake. But the target was small, and the book went wide of the mark. The grass-snake glided across the room, and Mr. Winnington leant hurriedly over the table for Then suddenly he stopped, and another missile. as the snake again glided towards him, he looked round, hesitated for a second, and then hurried from

For a minute Hamilton stood spellbound at his success. He had not only frightened Mr. Winnington, but had actually driven him out of the room! Here was a tale to give him prestige in the school for ever! Then remembering the danger of discovery, he darted across the quadrangle to safety.

The next morning Hamilton stood on the cricketfield surrounded by an admiring crowd. 'I never saw a fellow so jolly-well scared,' he was saying. 'He simply gave one look at the snake and then skedaddled for all he was worth. He didn't stay a minute. I'd like to see him shooting niggers.

He was in the midst of repeating the story with sundry additions, when Richards came running across the field to fetch him at once to Mr. Winnington's study. Feeling rather sheepish in the fear that his success was to have an unpleasant sequel, Hamilton entered the room.

'Sit down, Hamilton,' said Mr. Winnington genially. 'I believe,' he added, 'that you are an author-

ity on - er - snakes?

With an uncomfortable cold feeling down his spine,

Hamilton protested his ignorance.

'At least,' suggested Mr. Winnington, 'you can tell me quite a lot about this one,' and he took from a drawer the dead body of Hamilton's snake.

'It — it was quite harmless,' confessed Hamilton. 'Why, yes,' said the traveller, 'of course I knew that as soon as I saw it in my room last night; and when, a moment later, I saw you watching me through the open window, I guessed it was some kind of joke. Now, suppose you explain what you were trying to do?'

Hamilton's confidence in his own success was se-

verely shaken, and he said nothing.

'Perhaps,' continued Mr. Winnington, 'this was a pet of yours that wanted exercise. Was that it? Come, answer me!' he added sternly.

'Not exactly,' said Hamilton.

'Then what was it?'

'You ran away,' suggested Hamilton, boldly giving words to all that remained of his faith in what he

For a minute Mr. Winnington was silent. mean,' he said, 'that you were simply trying to scare me? And I suppose when you saw me leave the room, you imagined I had run away?

Hamilton made no reply. 'My dear boy,' said Mr. Winnington, with slow severity, 'of course, I did nothing of the sort. When I saw you peeping through the window, and knew this was some prank, I merely tried to kill the creature as quickly as possible, because — well, a grasssnake is not a pleasant companion. And then suddenly I heard a footstep outside the door. It was the head master. I had asked him to come in that evening, as soon as he was free, to talk about old times; but I didn't want him to see the snake. I preferred to settle that - and you - myself. So I went out into the passage and suggested that, as it was a fine night, we should have our talk out of doors, in the quadrangle. Luckily he agreed, and about an hour later I got back alone to settle the snake.'

'It — it was awfully decent of you,' said Hamilton. 'I suppose you've been spreading terrible tales about my cowardice?' said Mr. Winnington.

Hamilton's silence was his only answer.

'The fact of the matter is,' continued the other, 'I always like to fight my own battles. And school-



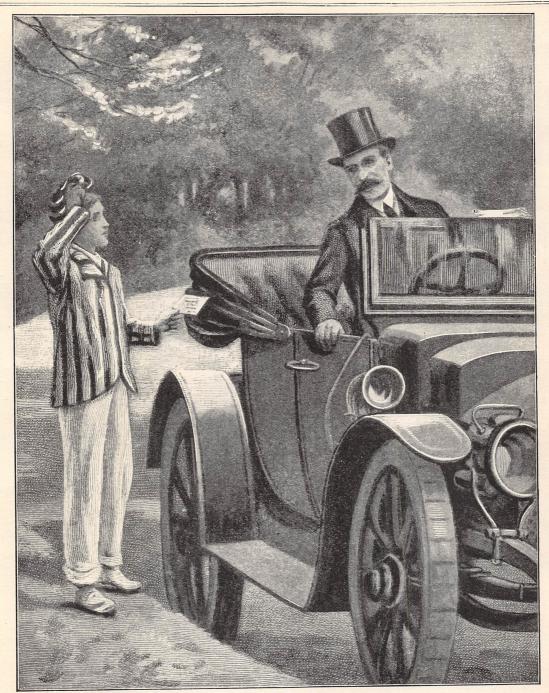
"The grass-snake glided across the room."

masters are apt to be rather hasty when they catch people red-handed. So that, as this only concerns you and me, I am going to enforce my own penalty. I think you had better stay in on the next half-holiday.'

Hamilton assented meekly.

I shall want you to help me make a list of all the things I brought back from New Guinea,' said Mr.

Winnington. There are a lot of spear-heads and native coins and other things, and I'm not sure that hative coins and other things, and I'm not sure that I haven't got the skin of an African snake, somewhere. I think they will interest you. We'll go through them together, and then I shall want you to help me write out a catalogue. Now,' he added, before Hamilton could answer, 'be off at once, or you will be late for chapel.'



"' Mother has sent this note."

THE LOST MATCH.

(Concluded from page 292.)

ONCE out in the country lane, Arthur started off at a good pace, resolutely keeping his eyes away

from the field where the match would be in full swing, and looking straight along the road which stretched before him. Not a soul was in sight, and no sound to be heard but that of birds and insects. Bravely he tramped along till he heard in the dis-

tance the throb of a motor, and, a few minutes later, a cheerful voice called out, 'Hallo! Isn't that Arthur Reynolds? Where are you going this glorious day?'

Arthur turned, and faced the doctor himself. He whipped off his cap, saying, 'I'm going to the surgery, sir. Mother has sent this note, and she wants more medicine for May.'

The doctor read it, then glanced at his watch. 'Well, my boy, I shall not be back at the surgery for some time. I have a long round this afternoon.'

Arthur's heart sank at the prospect of sitting in the waiting-room through the summer afternoon with nothing to do but look at magazines; but he had come too far to make it worth while to go back.

'Suppose,' suggested Doctor Barton, 'suppose you hop in and come on the rounds with me?

Arthur looked delighted. 'Oh, I've only been in a motor once. It would be splendid!

'Come along, then,' and half a minute later they were flying along the sunlit road at a glorious pace.

'How is it you are not playing in the grand cricket match I have just passed?' asked the doctor.

'I was going to, but May must have some medicine, so I said I would come for it.'

'Why did not Master Tom come this time?' 'Well, you see, he's awfully keen on cricket. He would have been so very disappointed to miss it.'

'What about you? Aren't you keen too?' said the doctor sharply. 'I thought you were rather a big man at it. My boy came home the other week full of a "magnificent catch" on the boundary by Reynolds junior!

Arthur looked pleased. 'Oh, well, one can't expect a fluke like that to happen every time,' unconsciously

quoting his brother's words.

'A fluke!' said the doctor. 'My good sir, a boundary catch is no fluke. One may fluke a catch close to the wicket, where the ball is in your hand or out of it before you realise if it has been hit, but on the boundary - it needs nerve, judgment, a cool head, a correct eye, and a hide like a hippopotamus! Why, man! one has time to realise all it may mean! The honour of the club at stake - a match won or lost! One has time to shake at the knees and remember that every eye in the field is on you, and to tumble to pieces — or to gather oneself together and clench one's teeth and determine that you'll stick to that bit of flying leather if you perish in the attempt! Don't talk to me about a fluke! ' and the good doctor fairly snorted.

Both man and boy were hot with excitement, and the car was rushing along the lonely country road at

far over the regulation speed.

'Shall I ever forget a catch I made as a young-ster!' he went on. 'Our school had been beaten time after time by the same opponents, and finally we determined to make a terrific effort to win. I was fielding on the boundary, and the last two men on the other side were batting. They wanted two to get equal and three to win, when one hit a tremendous swipe! I saw the ball coming straight for me, and in a flash I knew that if I missed it the match was lost for another season. I tell you I heard the silence as that ball whistled through the air. I broke out in a cold perspiration, and determined that nothing - nothing should make me miss! The next second I was clinging to what felt like a piece of live coal, and the fellows were yelling themselves hoarse. They carried me shoulder high to the pavilion. I

kept my hands in my pocket as much as possible, but every one wanted to shake hands, and, my word, they felt like jelly! But it was worth it! it was worth it! ' finished the doctor.

'I should think so!' cried Arthur enthusiastically.
'Ah, my boy, you know! You've been through it!
Bob told me all about it.' And the doctor started off with memories of school life while Arthur listened with delight and interest till they turned in at a gate and drew up before a large house.

A lady and a boy of his own age were standing on

the steps.

'Good afternoon, Doctor. Whom have you brought with you?

'This is a friend of mine — Arthur Reynolds.' 'Suppose Alec takes him to the garden for some fruit while you come upstairs and see my husband.'

'I say, where have I met you before?' began Alec with a puzzled look, as the two boys went off

together.
'I don't know; but I remember you, too,' replied

'Where do you go to school?'

Arthur told him.

'I've got it! You're the fellow that caught Sellers out when our school played yours. Our captain said it was the best catch he'd seen for a long time, and he wished he had a few like you in the team.'

Over the picking of strawberries and talking of

cricket the boys soon made friends.

'Do you play often? Have you many matches on?' asked Alec.

'I should have been playing to-day, but I had to go to the doctor's for some medicine for my little sister who is ill.

'Poor chap! Do you think she'd like some strawberries? This is my own little garden. I can do what I like with the fruit.'

'Oh, thank you! She'd love some! She's such a jolly little thing, and so merry when she's well.'

A basket was found and filled just as a voice was heard calling, 'Alec!

'Hullo! that's Mother. We must run.'

The doctor was seated in the motor. jumped in, and Alec handed in the strawberries.

Good-bye! I hope we shall meet again.

'Good-bye, and thank you very much! I hope we shall!' Arthur waved his cap until they were out

The rest of the drive was one long delight, and finally they drew up at the surgery door.

'Now, my boy, come along to Mrs. Barton, and she will give you something to eat, while I make up the medicine.'

Half an hour later Arthur was shaking hands with the doctor, and trying to thank him for all his kindness. 'It's been a glorious day! I have never enjoyed anything so much for a long time. Thank you ever so much!'

'Tut, tut! I have enjoyed your company. You must come again! It's pleasant to meet one who knows the joy of a boundary catch. But don't you talk to me about flukes any more! ' And Dr. Barton

shook his fist at him menacingly

Full of excitement, Arthur fairly flew over the long road homewards, and found his mother standing at the gate watching for him.

'Here you are, dear boy! I'm afraid you had a

long time to wait.'

'Mother, look here!' cried the boy as he handed her the fruit; and in a few minutes he had poured

out the history of the last few hours.

'Oh, Arthur, how lovely! What a grand drive! I'm so glad, darling! I pictured you sitting in the waiting-room all the afternoon. Come and tell May about it.'

Later in the evening Tom entered with a gloomy

'Well, how did the match go?' inquired his brother.

'Lost!'

'How did Brown do?'

'Pretty fair, but Carter said he'd rather have had

'How many runs did you make?'

'Bowled first 'None!' growled Tom savagely. ball! It's been a horrid day! I haven't enjoyed it a bit! How long had you to wait at the surgery?

'I didn't have to wait. Dr. Barton overtook me in his motor, and I've been with him on his rounds,'

replied Arthur, trying to hide his delight.

That night, when the boys were in bed, Mrs. Reynolds went to the room to bid them good-night. 'Good-night, Tom dear,' she said, bending over

him and kissing him. Then she walked over to the

other bed.

'Good-night, Arthur dear.'

'Good-night, Mother,' replied the boy, with his arm round her neck. 'I don't feel a bit sleepy. I can see the hedges flying past, and hear the wind whistling even now. Oh, it's been grand!'

His mother bent down, whispering, 'You deserved

it, laddie. Good-night, my boy, sleep well! 'She left the room, and silence reigned; then, 'I say, Arthur, old chap, are you asleep?

'I'm awfully sorry I'm so beastly selfish! I'll try not to be. I'm glad you got the ride to make up.

'It's all right, Tom, old man! Don't bother! It was hard luck being bowled so soon! Good-night! C. E. Thonger.

A HUNDRED YEARS AGO.

True Episodes of 1813.

III. - THE SMUGGLERS.

THERE is little or no temptation to engage in smuggling in the present day as most things smuggling in the present day, as most things may enter this country entirely free of duty. There it is true, a few commodities - such as tea, spirits, tobacco, &c. - on which duty is levied; but the fines for smuggling are very heavy and are always enforced, so that smuggling, as a trade, may

be said to be a thing of the past.

In 1813, however, smuggling was quite common amongst all classes of society, for, though the actual smuggling was mostly done by sailors, there were always plenty of landsmen ready and eager to buy the goods, and even rich ladies would beast of the silks and laces in their possession on which the King had had no chance of collecting his dues, and their husbands were no less proud of their excellent casks of brandy or port which also had never paid any

Of course there was great risk in this smuggling, but it was an exciting life, and possessed great fascination for adventurous individuals, especially as the smugglers were often able to outwit the Custom House officials, in spite of the sharp look-out that was kept all round our coasts.

In the spring of 1813 some smugglers had managed to land some valuable goods at Dungeness, but somehow the Customs got wind of the matter, and a party of dragoons was about to start from Hastings to seize the smugglers and secure their cargo.

The smugglers, however, seemed to be thoroughly alarmed, and sent word to the officer in command of the dragoons that they would resign half their goods if they might keep the other half; and, to propitiate him, they further mentioned that they had left one hundred and eighty tubs of gin in a chalk-pit just half-way between Hastings and Dun-

The dragoon officer was much pleased at this message. 'We have frightened these gentry to some purpose,' he said gaily. 'I know that chalk-pit: we will go straight there; a hundred and eighty tubs will be no bad haul, and we can settle the other

matter later on.'

So the soldiers walked off to the chalk-pit in the best of spirits, duly found the tubs of gin, took them to the Custom House, where they were opened, and found to contain - water!

Meanwhile, of course, the smugglers had utilised the time in removing and hiding their cargo; and when the soldiers visited the place, it was only to find that they had been once more outwitted.

E. A. B.

AN INCIDENT AT SEA.

A True Anecdote.

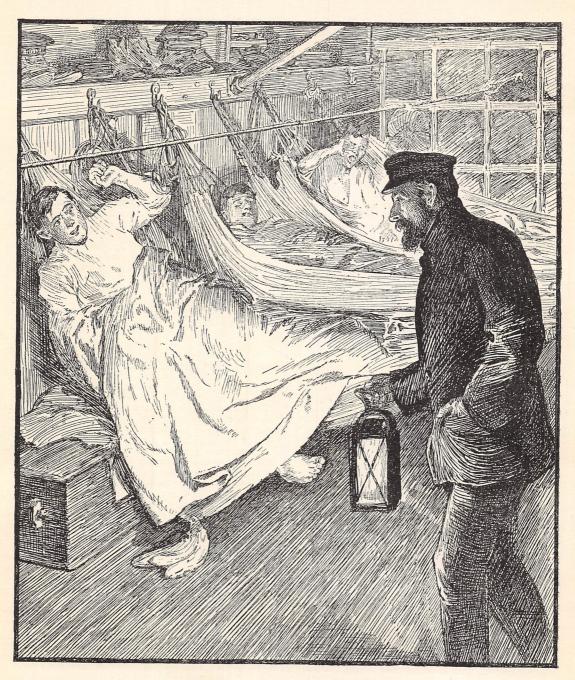
THRILLING episodes at sea are by no means confined to the pages of Della to fined to the pages of Ballantyne and Marryat, and in real life adventurous deeds fall to the lot of heroes as youthful as those in any book.

Some years ago the apprentices on board a certain sailing ship were abruptly wakened by the entrance of the quartermaster with his lantern, with the usual cry of 'Show a leg!' As a rule, the lads rose reluctantly, but discipline on board ship being strict, however sleepy they felt, the boys knew they must turn out as soon as they were called. On this occasion, however, sleep was forgotten instantly, even though it was not yet time for their next 'watch.' The quartermaster brought news of a vessel in distress, with which the captain of their clipper had been in communication. This in itself was interesting; but when it became known that the captain had sent in haste for the senior apprentice, excitement prevailed.

Those on the helpless vessel had begged for some one who understood navigation to be sent to them, for the crew were quite unable to get their ship into port. To this responsible position the captain, being short of officers himself, assigned the senior apprentice. That capable youth, nothing daunted by the magnitude of his task, calmly took command of the distressed vessel, and so efficiently did he carry out his duty that he actually brought the vessel into harbour before his own ship reached that

shelter.

J. A. D.



". Show a leg!"



"Punchinello" (Polichinelle). After the painting by Meissonier.

'BRAVO, PUNCHINELLO!'

MEISSONIER'S famous picture 'Polichinelle shows us, not a puppet, like our old friend, Punch, or Punchinello, but an actor with the odd clothes, hunch-back, protruding chest, and long hooked nose of the hero of the nursery drama; for once on a time, Punch, or 'Polichinelle,' as the French call him, was a living person, like Harlequin or Pantaloon. Some say the original Punchinello was an Italian buffoon, Puccio d'Aniello, once the delight of Naples. He had a grotesque appearance, and a huge hooked nose; but the old Roman mime, or comic actor, Maccus, also possessed many of Punch's characteristics—goggle eyes, long nose and chin, and a hump on back and chest. A little statue of him was discovered in 1727, which strongly resembles Punch.

Others derive the name from the Italian 'Pulicinello,' or 'Policinello'—the former means a 'little child,' or 'chicken,' the latter comes from 'pollice,' 'a thumb,' and seems to indicate that the play was performed by little puppets, or 'Tom Thumb' fig-

Another theory is that 'Punch-and-Judy' may be traced to the old Mystery or Miracle Plays, in which religious and comic subjects were mixed in what seems to us a very irreverent way. According to this, the name comes from 'Pontius-cum-Judaeis,' or 'Pontius Pilate and the Jews,' or from 'Pontius and Judas,' but it is much more probable that the

true derivation is from 'Pulicinello.' Dr. Brewer says Punch-and-Judy in its more recent forms is attributed to an Italian comedian of the seventeenth century. In his drama, Pulichinello in a jealous rage kills his baby, and is caught and beaten by his wife. Then Punch gets a stick too, and beats Judy, finally throwing her and the baby out of the window. A policeman (or officer of the Inquisition, as it is in the Italian version) passes by sees the bodies, and enters the house. Punch by, sees the bodies, and enters the house. runs away, but is arrested, and shut up in prison, from which he escapes by means of a golden key. The rest of the Italian drama of this Silvio Fiorillo is an allegory, showing how the hero triumphs over various ills—'Disease,' represented by the doctor; 'Ennui,' or 'Weariness' by the dog, 'Toby'—the only live member of the troupe nowadays; and 'Death,' or the 'Devil,' in the shape of the hangman, whom he executes on the gallows intended for himself.

In the old mystery plays, characters something like Punch were known as 'Iniquity' or 'Vice,' or sometimes by the name of some wicked person in the Bible — 'Judas,' or 'Cain.' They played gro-tesque tricks, and at the end were often carried off

by 'Death' or 'The Devil.'

Some say puppet-shows did not appear in England till the beginning of the eighteenth century, when Robert Powel had a very famous one; but judging from Strutt's Sports and Pastimes of the People of England, they were known some years earlier, for he speaks of a noted 'Merry Andrew' in the reign of James II., who was 'some time fiddler to a puppetshow, in which capacity he held many a dialogue with Punch in much the same strain as he afterwards did with the mountebank doctor, his master on the stage.' Part of the fun of the old puppetshows consisted in comic dialogues between Punch

and the musicians. Sometimes these were merely absurd, but they were often coarse and vulgar, so it was a relief when Powel introduced his show in the reign of Queen Anne, setting it up under the Piazza at Covent Garden, where it attracted huge crowds, as we see from the writings of Swift, Steele. and other famous men of the day. The Spectator (No. 14) contains a letter, supposed to come from the sexton of St. Paul's Covent Garden, in which he complains that when he rang his bell for service, find my congregation take the warning of my bell morning and evening to go to a puppet-show, set

forth by one Powel, under the Piazzas!'
The Tatler, of May 15th, 1809, describes a performance of Powel's at Bath, where the fashionable folks flocked to see 'Punch and his Wife,' who in one scene were represented in 'Noah's Flood.' A critic was supposed to have objected to their appearing in the Deluge, but 'Madam Prudentia' approved, and 'Old Mrs. Petulant' desired both her daughters to 'mind the moral,' and whispered Mrs. Mayoress, 'This is very proper for young people to see!' 'At the end of the play Punch made these ladies a compliment, and was very civil to the whole company, making bows till his buttons touched the ground.' In fact, he was 'as pleased as Punch!' Swift, too, tells how the hero's appearance was greeted with delight: -

> 'Observe, the audience is in pain, While Punch is hid behind the scene; But when they hear his rusty voice, With what impatience they rejoice!'

Punch played many parts in Powel's plays, from dancing with a pig to 'sitting in the Queen of Sheba's lap,' and getting the better of St. George: -

> 'St. George himself he plays the wag on, And mounts astride upon the dragon!

In Chambers' Book of Days we see a reproduction of an old print, showing Punch on the stage, with his wife (then called Joan, not Judy), while Powel, wand in hand, stands in front, to point them out. The showman is represented as hunch-backed, like his hero. Maud E. Sargent.

BIRD CAY.

By H. de Vere Stacpoole. (Continued from page 306.)

Now what's the meaning of this?' said Jack, staring at the bit of cord in his hand.

'What?' said I.

'What? - why, here's an old rusty nail that has been in the tree for years, maybe, and here's a bit of cord that's been round the nail only a day or two and has been cut off. Look at that end cut off clean with a knife. And that's not all - it's my cord.'

Yours?

'I gave Prentice a fathom of that same cord only a day or two ago, just after Dad was taken ill. He wanted it for something, and I saw him put it in his pocket, and then there was so much trouble aboard that he must have forgot it, and now look what's he been doing here? And that's not all. Last night I woke up and saw him - you know

from them trees where the camp is you can see right over here nearly — well, I saw him down here, and I didn't trouble to think about it, but just turned over on the other side and went asleep.

He stopped speaking, put the bit of cord in his pocket, and stood for a moment staring at the nail in the tree. Then he turned away and walked to

the spur of coral; I following.

Here we sat down with our legs overhanging the water, so that the swell slobbered sometimes over our feet. We had taken our shoes off when we sat down and placed them beside us, also the piece of pork Jack had brought for bait.

'Aren't you going to fish?' said I.

'I reckon I am fishing,' replied Jack. 'I'm fishing for the meaning of the thing. Look here, Dick Bannister, that nail has been in the tree maybe a year, maybe two; well, then, how did Prentice know it was there? He must have known it was there, else he wouldn't have come and tied the string to it.

'That's true,' said I. 'I never thought of that

before. Some one must have told him.

'Then again,' said Jack, 'who put that nail there? People don't drive nails into trees for fun, 'specially that distance from the ground. No, it's been put there for a purpose.' He slapped his knee with his hand and his face flushed up suddenly, 'I've got it!'

'What?' said I.
'There's a cache.' 'What's that?'

'You, with all your book-learning, not to know what a cache is! It's a hiding-hole where they bury stuff that's valuable - can't you see?'

'No,' said I, 'I can't.'

'Well then, you're blind. It's as plain as day: what did he tie that string to the nail for, if it weren't to measure from the nail - see?'

'To measure!'

'Why, o' course. He's got some direction to go by. How he got it I don't know, but there you are; but putting the nail and the string together, I'm as certain as day that he's found some paper or summat in the sand that's given him directions where to strike this treasure, and I'm as certain as certain that this paper said to him, "Go to the most northerly tree on the island, and hunt for a nail sticking in the bark, and then measure from the nail so many feet, this way or that way, and you'll hit the stuff." I'm certain of that, as certain as can be, and if you'll turn it over in your head you'll be certain too.

He was right. A very little reflection made me not absolutely certain, but pretty sure that Jack was on the right scent, and the thing that struck me most was his sagacity. You see he had been always used to putting two and two together, and as I found, he had the gift of imagination.

Jack lit on the main point at once - How did Prentice know of the presence of this old nail stick-

ing in the tree?

The person who put the nail there, and who left evidence of the fact in writing or by word of mouth, must have had a strong reason to do so: and he must have left the evidence, else Prentice wouldn't have found the nail. We knew he had found it by the fact of the string being tied round it, and the only possible explanation of the string being there was that it had been used for measuring a given distance in some given direction.

When I put all these things together in my mind, I saw at once the high probability of the idea that the treasure, instead of being in the sand by the wreck, was here, safely cached and somewhere near the tree. I remembered the shovels we had found in the sand by the wreck and the human bones, all helping to testify that the gold had been found and re-buried. I can tell you, I was excited!

'Look here,' said Jack, breaking from a long silence during which he had been staring into the depths of the water beneath us, 'he had no com-

'How do you mean?' said I.

'I mean that if Prentice had been measuring he must have been measuring to some point of the compass, to north, or nor'-nor'-east, or east, or west, for the matter of that. He must 'a done it last night by moonlight and he must 'a done it without a compass, which he couldn't.'

'But surely,' said I, 'one can tell the north or

northeast without a compass?'
Jack laughed. 'You try and lay a course direct north, or direct nor'-nor'-east, without a compass, and see where you'll be. No, it ain't possible; you can make it towards the north, but that ain't fine enough. But that doesn't trouble me. Most likely the chaps that hid the stuff hadn't a compass, either; so what would they do? They'd lay their line right out from the tree in the direction the nail was pointing. Nothing easier than that.'

'It's probable,' said I.

'It's the nearest thing to it,' said Jack; 'at least, the nearest I can think of.'

It's wonderful! 'said I in a fit of enthusiasm. 'How did you ever think it all out the way you've

done? I'd never even have seen the nail.'

'I reckon, if you'd had a dad like mine, you would,' he replied; 'he never gave a copper coin for book-learning, but if a chap didn't use his eyes he was down on him like a hundredweight of pig-iron. He'd learn you so that you'd see a needle inside a black bottle, and know who put it there, and why he put it there, and his name and the name of his grandmother. That's how Dad made his fortune by keeping his eyes about him. Well, then, the thing is, we've got a hold of the stuff, I believe. between us, and what makes me more certain than anything is Prentice himself.'

How do you mean?

'Didn't you leave him digging when you came aboard to help me with Dad, and didn't he dig all day, and wouldn't any man who was set to such a job look glum as your boot? Well, when we landed, there he was, lighting the fire as jolly as a sandboy.'

'So he was.'

'He must have found the indication of where the stuff was when he was digging. You see, that chap has eyes all round his head, and every eye is worth two of another man's. You told me there were bones found where you found the spades.'

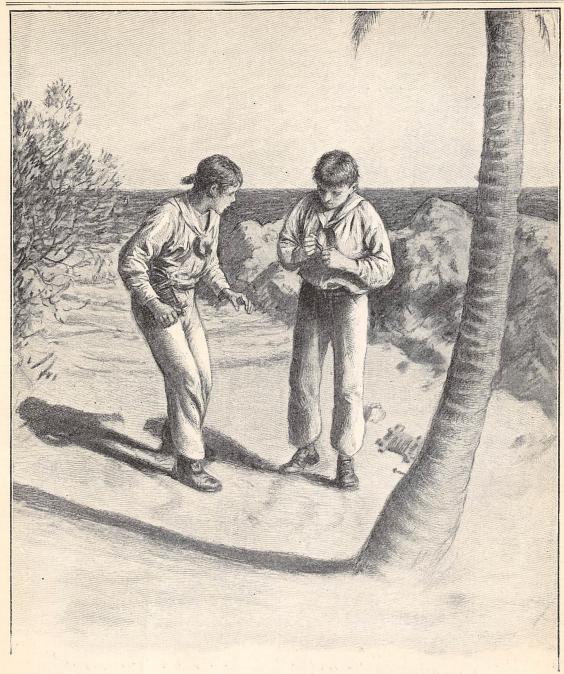
'Yes, and an old tobacco-box, with the name of

a Spaniard on it.'

'What was the name?'

'I forget.'

'Well, it doesn't matter, but the thing's clear enough to my mind. Some one's been here and found the gold and cached it, and then died before they could get away. Died of hunger, maybe, wait-



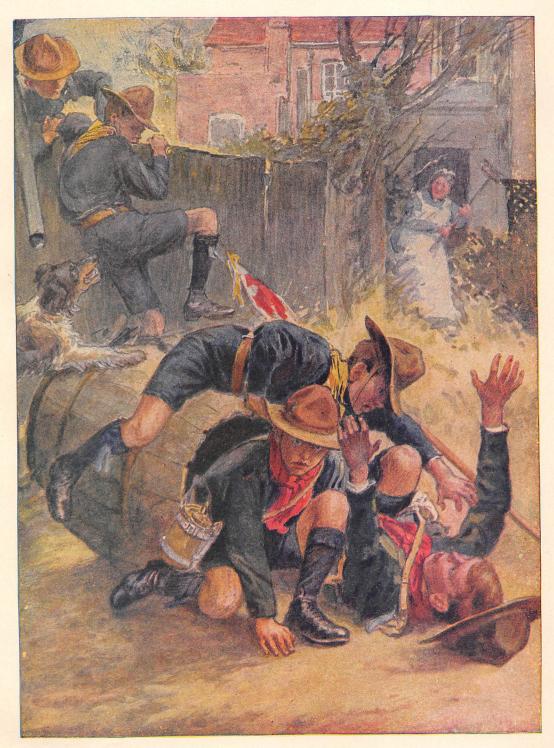
"'Now, what's the meaning of this?' said Jack, staring at the cord."

ing for a ship that never came to take them off, and, feeling they were dying, wrote the whereabouts of the cache on a bit of paper or something. Prentice found it, and that's the whole story.'

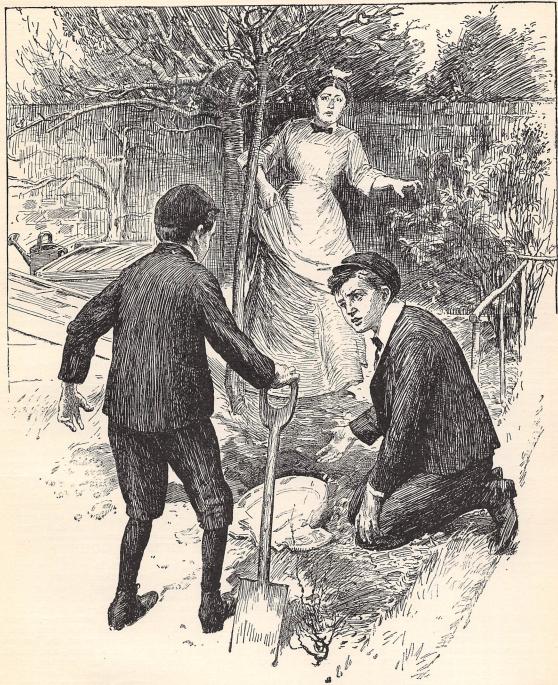
It seemed probable enough, and my imagination

pictured the lonely wretch dying of hunger with the wealth of kings at his elbow, the seagulls crying above him, and the waves washing the sands at his feet.

(Continued on page 327.)



AN INTERRUPTED HIKE.



"Anne came running out to see what we were doing."

THE 'COMET' HINT.

PEOPLE who have never lived at the top of a hill — or half-way up it — have no idea what a lot of disappointments it causes. It is most annoying

when you see a parcel-delivery van stop just outside your door (especially if it happens to be your birthday, or Christmas-time), and you are just wondering if Uncle Harry or Aunt Mary has sent you an interesting parcel, to remember suddenly that it is only waiting, like the coal-carts, to give the horses

a rest after their steep climb!

Daryl and I are always having disappointments of this sort. We have not lived in our present house long enough to get used to the habit drivers have

of drawing up just outside our gate.

Still, we do remember sometimes, and when a railway van stopped at the door one day last week, we smiled at each other and shook our heads. The next minute we were all excitement and glued our faces to the window-pane, while our hearts beat anxiously lest after all there should be a mistake!

But no! the man was actually inside our gate with a big, flat parcel in his hand, and Daryl and I left the window and rushed to the front door, coming into violent collision with Anne, who was on her way to the dining-room to clear the breakfast table. While we were disentangling ourselves from her arms, the front-door bell rang, and she exclaimed, 'So that's what all the hurry's about! Go back, both of you - you know your mother doesn't allow you to answer the door.'

'But it's a parcel, Anne!' we cried. 'It will be something for us from Father and Mother!

(Father and Mother were away from home, and

Anne was in charge of us.)

'Then you can wait and see!' declared Anne, bundling us back into the dining-room, and going to answer the door herself.

She really looked quite sorry for us when she came back, and our faces fell when we saw that her

hands were empty.

'Was it the wrong address?' I inquired dismally. Anne hastened to reassure us. 'No, the parcel's for here right enough, but it's not for you, it's for the mistress. But I am going to open it to see if it's all right, because it's china, and if it's broken we must claim for damages at once. You can come and watch if you like.'

Daryl and I, nothing loth, followed Anne into the hall, where she proceeded to remove from its wrappings the present that had arrived for Mother.

It proved to be a large china dish, brown and dis-

coloured with age.

Daryl and I did not think much of it, but Anne assured us that it was very valuable, and would be much prized by Mother for her collection.

She put it carefully away in the china pantry, and there this story would have ended - or perhaps it would never have been written - had it not been

for the evening paper!

Our evening newspaper is called the Comet, and every night there is a little paragraph called 'The Comet Hint,' which tells you how to do all sorts of useful things. Mother cuts out those she likes of these hints and pastes them into her 'Household Recipe Book,' and when she is away, Daryl and I collect them for her. On this particular night the 'Hint' was as follows:

'To Clean Discoloured China. - A cheap and effective way of removing the brown discolourations from old china is to bury the dish in earth, covering it completely. This method will not injure the most delicate china.'

'Dick!' exclaimed Daryl. 'The very thing!'

I nodded. I knew he was thinking of Mother's present that had arrived in the morning.

She would like it ever so much better if we get all those horrid brown stains off it,' went on Daryl.

'What a remarkable thing that this hint should have been in to-night of all nights! imagine the editor knew about Mother's dish!'

We studied the hint carefully, wishing it said how long the dish required to be buried, but decided to take the first opportunity of putting it in the earth, and to leave it there till Friday, the day before Mother's return.

Our chance came next morning, when Anne went out to do her marketing, leaving us with our books before the dining-room fire. We knew she would be away nearly half-an-hour, and lost no time when we had watched her safely down the hill.

We put on our boots and hurried into the back garden, Daryl carrying the precious dish and I a

spade.

The ground was moist from recent rain, and we had no difficulty in digging a hole, in which we carefully laid the dish, Daryl observing:

'It is a dirty-looking old thing! It'll certainly be heaps more valuable, and nicer altogether, when

we've made it white.'

Anne was so busy getting the house 'spick and span' for Mother's return that she never had time to think about the china dish, and nothing had been said, when Daryl and I went into the garden, spade in hand, on Friday morning to dig up the dish. There had been a frost, and the ground was rather hard, but we went to work with a will to loosen the earth about the china dish, taking no notice of our numbed fingers, and very eager to see if the Comet Hint had been a true prophet.

A little nearer this way, Daryl,' I directed, and down went the spade, and crack! went the dish.

Daryl and I gazed at each other in sick horror, and we were still gazing, when Anne came running out to see what we were doing, and the whole story had to come out!

She was terribly upset, and even shed tears over the broken china.

Daryl and I were miserable until Mother came home and we had told her everything. Of course she forgave us — mothers always do — and she thanked us for all the Comet Hints we had saved up, and said she knew we had acted for the best, but that, in future, it would please her much more, if we gave all the hints to her, instead of trying to practise one ourselves. A. C. Vernon.

CAN ANIMALS COUNT?

THAT animals, up to a certain point, can count is undoubted. Bisset, the famous animaltrainer, a native of Perth, brought several animals up to this point, and succeeded, in the course of twelve months, in making a pig - an animal supposed to be very obstinate and perverse - become most tractable, and able to count simple numbers.

Poor Sally, the famous chimpanzee at the London Zoo, could count clearly up to a dozen, and would bring straws to her keeper to any number under that. With the utmost regret, too, the keeper tells how quickly Jack, an ourang-outang, was advancing in his training, and how docile he had become, when he died of that plague of those creatures in our climate - consumption.

Of course, dogs - clever dogs, at all events - can count a little, as is proved by the anecdote of that dog which could carry three halfpence, or more, to the baker's shop, and get for them his exact number of rolls, declining to go away till he had a roll for each halfpenny. That cats can sometimes count is shown by the following case. A litter of three kit-tens was thrown into a pond. The cat, by chance, went to the water's edge while they were still making their half-blind efforts to keep themselves afloat. Overcoming her dislike to the water, she got out one and laid it on the bank, and then another; and, though she could see nothing of the thirdfor it had been carried down in the freshet and drowned — she went round and round the borders of the pond, looking intently and anxiously for it.

Certain species of squirrels must be able to count - by steps, probably - else they would hardly be able to find, on awakening at intervals in their winter sleep, the little hoard of nuts which they may have laid up. The beaver certainly could not do what he does in the way of architecture and engineering if he had no powers of calculation; nor, indeed, could the little water-vole, which can run a tunnel right through the dark earth to the exact point it wants.

Yet some birds, it would seem, have no notion whatever of numbers, else it would not be possible for the cuckoo to play on them such tricks with respect to leaving its own eggs in the nests of other birds. There is excellent proof, however, that rooks can count, up to a certain number, in the following

anecdote.

A large field had been sown with wheat, and rooks thronged around it in great numbers. A gentleman, wishing to shoot some to hang up on his own land, went into a small hut in the middle of the field, together with a boy. The rooks, however, divined the plot, and would not come within gunshot of the hut. For some time the gentleman waited in vain, and then sent the boy away. But the ruse did not succeed, for the rooks still refused to enter the field. However, as soon as the gentleman left the field, they at once descended, and began their attack upon the wheat. The sportsman soon returned with two persons, and entered the hut. After a short time he sent away one of the persons, and after another interval, the second, expecting that the rooks would now return. 'Beware!' cawed the sentinel rook, now return. and thus he was again doomed to disappointment. Again he left the hut, and returned with three persons, and sent them out of the hut as before. This time the plan succeeded, and the rooks, unable to count further than three, flew back to the spoil, but only to leave some of their number dead on the field.

Before bringing this most interesting subject to a close, mention ought to be made of the power of some dogs to know the days of the week. A famous French writer, who was a great lover of animals, told of a dog that, disliking the dinners of fish and potatoes which were given him every Friday, used regularly on Thursdays to go looking about for bones, to hide them for his meals next day. Another dog, however, bred in a family where the same routine was followed, would not touch meat on a Friday under any circumstances. Wagers were made, and the greatest temptations used to overcome his scruples, but always in vain. He was shut up in a room during a whole Friday, with meat within his reach, but preferred to suffer hunger rather than L. H. Bromley. touch it.

FOR EVERY CHILD.

IN the gardens of the great, Roses grow in royal state; Lilies tall and beautiful We may see, but must not cull. But along the hedgerow ways, Modest violets greet our gaze, And within the meadows wild Daisies grow for every child.

There are noble deeds and great We may never emulate: Heroes' fame that travels wide, While at home we needs must bide. But about us, close to view, There are kind acts we may do; And in gentle hearts and mild, Graces grow for every child.

DOG HEROES.

I. - 'DUKE.'

A T 'Cruft's Show,' held in February, 1913, in the Agricultural Hall, London, in a section organized by 'Spratt's Canine Heroes' League,' 'Duke,' a beautiful Scotch collie, won great admiration, and was presented with a silver shield and medal for saving life. He is the property of Mr. Henry C. Aitken, Priory Lane, Dunfermline, who is justly proud of

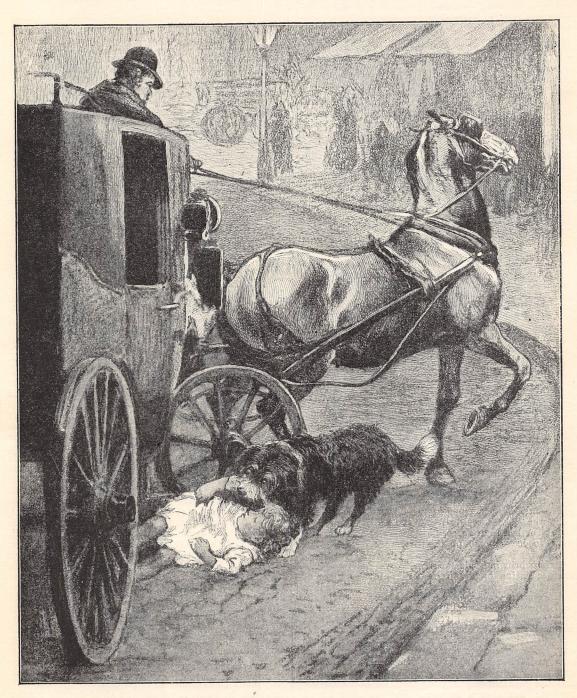
his handsome and sagacious pet.

In August, 1911, a horse drawing a four-wheeled cab came at a pretty fast trot along the street in front of Mr. Aitken's house, when suddenly a tiny girl, under three years of age, stepped off the pavement right in front of the horse, which, in spite of the driver's efforts to pull him up, knocked the child down. Fortunately, she fell clear of his hoofs, as the driver dragged him upon his haunches, so that the restive animal slid along on his hind legs, plunging from side to side. Thus the mite escaped the front wheels, but lay on her back under the cab, and it seemed as if in an instant the back wheels must pass over her little body. Mr. Aitken rushed out to try and save her; but before he could reach her, Duke dashed forward, ran under the cab, and emerged in a very clever fashion, backwards, between the front and back wheels, dragging the child, whom he had seized gently by the arm near the shoulder. He drew her carefully to his master's feet, and Mr. Aitken picked the little one up. A doctor, who hastened to the scene of the accident, found the little girl frightened but quite unhurt, and though her sleeve was wet from the dog's mouth, there was not the least trace of tooth-marks on her arm: Duke had taken hold of it so gently, pulling the child in the direction in which the cab was going, and out of the way of the back wheels.

Several persons, beside Mr. Aitken, who saw the occurrence, declared that but for the dog the wheels

must undoubtedly have crushed the child.

Mr. Aitken is not sure if Duke saw him try to rush forward to save the little girl, as the accident happened so suddenly that he scarcely saw the animal till he had drawn out the child for his master to pick up. Mr. Aitken kindly gave our artist a a photograph of the dog and furnished us with the M.S. exact facts of the incident.



"Duke emerged, dragging the child."



The Bloodhound, "Sheba Queen,"

DOG HEROES.

II. — 'SHEBA QUEEN.'

A MONG the many brave and attractive dog heroes and heroines appearing at 'Cruft's Show' in 1913, to receive the shields and medals awarded to them for their services in saving life, 'Sheba Queen' won much attention. She is a splendid bloodhound, and her owner, Mr. J. W. Stephenson, of Metheringham, Lincolnshire, may well be proud of the beautiful creature.

On July 11th, 1912, the daughter of the Rev. W. Thorpe Goodrich, the Rector of Potter Hanworth, who was staying at Nocton, near Lincoln, escaped from her nurse, and no trace could be discovered of her till five days later, when, after the services of 'Sheba Queen' had been sought, the sagacious animal gave most invaluable assistance in tracking her, and the missing girl was discovered lying in a terribly exhausted condition on a shelf in a disused cellar in her father's house.

It is quite a mistake to imagine that bloodhounds are fierce and unsuitable for pets. They are really among the gentlest of dogs and by no means quarrelsome. They are very sensitive.

M. S.

A BLACK QUARREL.

A BLACK rook sat on a cedar-tree,
A black cat lay on the ground;
'Which is the blacker of you and me?
Said the rook, with raucous sound,
'Caw-caw!'

'I am jet from tail to paws, Your beak is a rusty grey; So are your ugly legs and claws,' Said Puss, in her languid way, 'Miaow!'

'Black as a crow,' said the rook,
'Is a proverb all the same;
You can read in a poet's book
That "crow" is my other name.
Caw-caw!'

'I am the blackest,' Puss still said,
And sprang at a sparrow close.
'Right!' said the rook, as he cocked his head,
'Your heart is as black as your nose.'
'Miaow!' 'Caw-caw!' 'Miaow!'

M. Ernuin.

STONE-FOWLHUNTING INDALMATIA.

MANY otherwise defenceless animals are of a colour which blends with their surroundings in such a way as to render them almost invisible to the human eye. This is to be seen in the plumage of the 'stone-fowl,' which is found along the rocky range of mountains called the Dinaric Alps, in Dalmatia and Istria.

These two provinces of Austria lie on the coast of the Adriatic Sea, and their inhabitants are tall, wellbuilt men who wear a picturesque costume, and are of a swarthy, sunburnt complexion which gives them a half-Asiatic appearance.

The stone-fowl is much more plentiful in Dal-

matia than in Istria. In the latter province it is hunted in autumn — when the birds form into long rows preparatory to choosing their winter quarters in some sheltered spot — with the aid of the shaggy Istrian pointers. These dogs are ungainly in their gait and outward appearance, but they are perfectly at home among the sharp edges of the rocks.

at home among the sharp edges of the rocks.

The back of the stone-fowl is of a bluish-green shade, exactly like the general tint of the jagged rocks among which it loves to hide; and its black, red, and brown striped feathers, its tawny body, its crimson beak and reddish feet cannot be detected even by the sharp eye of the falcon when the stone-fowl ducks into a cleft of the rock. It is rather larger than the partridge, and as its flesh is excellent eating it is much sought after by sportsmen.

Cautious and wary as is the stone-fowl, the Dalmatian knows how to approach it. Several sportsmen join hands and stand in a line, at each end of which an experienced huntsman is stationed on higher ground. The duty of these men is to mark the direction taken by the birds as they fly before the line of sportsmen, who then follow up their prey. These expeditions are very tiring, especially for town-bred visitors, unaccustomed to the sharp stones. But the Dalmatian walks comfortably and safely in his supple 'Opanken'—heelless boots made of interwoven strips of leather—and although his gun is generally an old muzzle-loader, his skill makes up for the up-to-date equipment of the town sportsman.

The stone-fowl is known to have been found on the mountains near the Rhine in the sixteenth century, but the 'Karst' or stony ridges of the Dinaric Alps are the true haunts of the bird, although it has, from time to time, migrated northward as well as southward.

MY SHIP.

WHAT would you do if your ship came home,
If your ship came home from the sea:
A galleon trim bestriding the foam
Like a war-horse fierce and free?
What would you do when she rode into port
With the gold and the silver and diamonds she brought?

I'd sail away with the captain bold
Far under the sun and the stars
To wonderful lands where the sea, I'm told,
Is frozen in icy bars;
Where hungry wolves patter and howl and fight
'Neath the moon hung aloft like a lantern at night.

I'd sail afar with captain and crew
To islands in tropical seas;
Where never a rain-storm nor tempest blew,
Where ripe fruits dropped from the trees;
And all day long the little waves sighed
As they scampered away at the call of the tide.

That's what I'd do if my ship came home,
If my ship came home from the sea;
For, oh, I would love to voyage and roam
With my good ship's company;
And the gold and the silver, and diatonds too,
I would pack them all up in a bundle for you!
R. B. Ince.

PUZZLERS FOR WISE HEADS.

10. - Buried Rivers.

- 1. The skewer went through the bone.
- 2. A very showy, elegant young woman.
- 3. Catarrh in every case is a serious disease.
- 4. The camera arrived safely. 5. Come, come, use me well.
- 6. Be sure to make accurate measurements.
- 7. Hold the tag, using it to lace the boot.
- 8. You, above, are dangerously exalted: I, beneath, am established in safety. C. J. B. (Answer on page 355.)

Answer to Enigma on page 283.
The letter O.

THE MODEL-MAKER.

VIII. - AN ELECTRIC LAUNCH.

THOUGH excellent wooden hulls for model electric launches in various sizes are sold ready-made by most toy- and model-makers, shaped and prepared for receiving the electric mechanism, there is no reason why we should not do this part of the work The electric accumulators and motor ourselves. must be bought, but there is more than one way of constructing the hull to hold them. The dimensions should not be less than thirty inches in length, five inches in breadth, and two and a half inches in depth, all inside measurements. If smaller than this, the boat will not afford sufficient space for the driving mechanism. The shape most recommended for this style of craft can best be indicated by a drawing (fig. 1). It will be noticed that the keelor bottom is broad and flat, while the outline, in proportion to its length, is decidedly shallow.

A block of American poplar (or white wood) is excellent material from which to carve the hull, and as most boys are skilful in this kind of boat-building, it will be scarcely necessary to say how the work should be carried out in order to get both sides alike. A paper template or pattern formed by being folded down the centre is a great help in tracing the

If wood is not used, a serviceable craft may be fashioned out of Willesden waterproof paper (or similar material) stretched neatly over a skeleton of wood. This method is comparatively simple if a series of bulkheads or cross-partitions are employed.

For the lengthwise 'timbers' of the skeleton, split cane of the ordinary thickness will do. We will assume that the dimensions already set down are to be adopted. Our template is cut from a strip of brown paper, thirty inches from stem to stern and five inches wide. This is folded exactly down a central line lengthwise. At seven and a half inches from the bows (i. e., halfway towards amidships) a mark is made, and from this mark the paper is cut away in a curving line to the bows. A similar mark is made at the same distance from the stern, but this curved cut is so tapered as to leave two inches of width at the stern, which when unfolded will of course measure four inches. Fig. 2 shows the template.

We will now prepare the bulkheads—simply flat pieces of thin wood cut to shape with a fret-saw. The number used is a matter of judgment, but the

more there are (within reason) the better. The two principal ones will be at the curve points, seven and a half inches from each end of the boat. The bulkheads here and at other places between them will of course be five inches long and two and a half inches deep, while any inserted fore or aft will vary in size according to the position they take up. Of these latter bulkheads, two for each end should be sufficient.

Let us now lay down the keel. Cut a thin straight stick of any fairly hard wood, about twenty-eight inches long and quarter of an inch square. On to this the bulkheads are neatly fitted — a quarter of an inch slot being cut in them for this purpose at their lowest point. Fig. 3 shows this operation completed, with the bowpost also in its place. Before, however, fixing the bulkheads (by means of small slender screws through the quarter-inch keel strip), stretch a long thread from stem to stern, and mark on the sides of each bulkhead the place at which the thread touches. At these points cut, with a fretsaw or sharp knife, small notches into which the cane ribs can fit. Nos. 4 and 5 (fig. 3) should also be pierced with large holes to admit the easy passage of the propeller shaft. There should be a sufficient number of ribs to form a good foundation for the Willesden paper when this is fastened on.

Having split your cane ribs to a size which fits into the bulkhead notches, fix them in place with small pins, since the outside cover will give additional security. Fig. 4 shows the skeleton completed thus far.

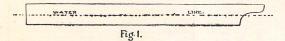
The fastening on of the paper, which can be obtained for a few pence per sheet of various thicknesses (one sheet is enough), requires some manipulation because the curves can only be followed smoothly by judicious cutting. A simple mode of procedure, however, is to cut a strip of paper just wide enough to wrap the framework right round without letting the paper edges overlap one another. These edges should meet along the centre from end to end. Having stretched it firmly in this position, disregarding the two tapering ends, make two short cuts at each edge where the middle bulkheads lie beneath. The narrow 'tongues' of paper thus formed may be gummed down to the top of the bulkheads, while the fifteen inches of paper-lap between them can be folded over the uppermost cane

rib and securely glued beneath (see fig. 5).

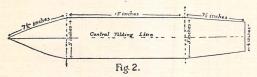
Having made all taut amidship, mould the paper fore and aft by taking long cuts which will allow of the necessary overlapping till all lies smooth against the ribs. At that portion of the stern which is under-cut, overlapping the paper in rays will give the most satisfactory folding (see fig. 6.) The best manner, however, of dealing with this part of the work will be easier seen in practice than described. A little patching is unavoidable, but if the paper is not too thick it lends itself to this, while any waterproof adhesive, such as Prout's glue, will give good results.

The hull completed, we proceed to installing the driving-power or motor. This weighs, complete, about four pounds, and should be fitted in the hull to rest at as low a position as possible. To ascertain the exact points, lengthwise and crosswise, at which to place the weights, put the boat in water, and shift the machinery (of course, in the space between the two middle bulkheads) till you find

they 'balance.' The motor—fig. 7 shows a good type of motor with propeller—will, of course, have to be sufficiently astern to allow of the propeller shaft 'reaching water.' Now mark the positions on the boat-sides, and remove the machinery. At that point forward where the accumulators are to rest,



insert two bulkheads, wide enough apart to admit of the accumulators between them. The accumulators are of course the little dynamos which drive the motor. Perhaps one of the bulkheads already in position can be used for one of these; but if not, they must be secured by a stay from the keel to the side ribs. Two additional strips from bulkhead to bulkhead will prevent the accumulators from shifting sideways.

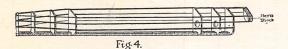


To secure the motor, it is only necessary to fix a short, flat piece of wood, like the seat of a rowboat, from side to side at the point marked. You will notice that the motor itself (if not possessing a flat bed-plate) has two metal ears, or lugs, one on each side, pierced with a round hole about one-eighth of an inch in diameter. These are for passing over two upright standards, generally of metal, serewed into



a metal bed-plate; but wooden pegs fixed into the 'seat' we have just described will serve the purpose equally well.

Near the base of bulkhead No. 6 (see figs. 3 and 4), bore a hole sufficiently large to receive tightly the short length of brass tube supplied with the propeller. Fit this tube in place, and pass the propeller shaft through it from the inside. It should be in

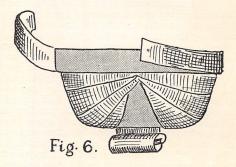


a line with that part of the motor to which the other end of the shaft is eventually coupled, but any slight inaccuracy in this particular is provided for by the spring connection. If measurements have been correctly followed, the shaft will protrude enough under the stern to receive the screw, and leave room beyond it for the rudder. To fit this latter, a hole is bored through the deck and another short tube inserted, in which the rudder standard turns. But as this is a minor point in construction, we need not go into details. Many model-makers may prefer to fashion and fit their own rudder instead of resorting to the bought article,



Fig. 5.

When ready for action, it is only necessary to connect the motor with the accumulators by two short lengths of copper wire. One end of each wire is 'pinched' beneath each of the two small fingerscrews so conspicuous on the motor—the other ends of the wires being wound round the terminals on the accumulators and held in place by similar screwdown caps. It matters not in this instance which wire goes to which terminal, though for neatness of



appearance they should run parallel with each other. Once this link is made the motive-power comes into action, and can only be stopped by slackening one of the screws on the motor, to break the current; but there is no difficulty in contriving a switch. This may consist of a small bar of metal, say one inch long, pivoted between the motor and the accumulators at any convenient point. At the chosen place cut one of the wires in two, and fix the severed ends so that the pivoted bar can touch both

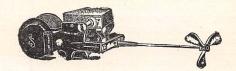


Fig. 7.—A Motor and Propeller for a Model Launch (from Messrs. Hamley Bros.' List).

of them at once when turned for that purpose. The bar should not swing too freely, or the current may be switched off unintentionally. Of course, if preferred, one end of the bar may be always in contact, the switching on and off being done with the other end.

Such a model launch as we have described (by no means a large one) will run uninterruptedly for half an hour, and travel a good two miles in that time. Its total cost could be covered by half a guinea, but if the hull is not home-made we must add another seven shillings and sixpence,

John Lea,



"'Do put this on quickly."

RUPERT'S PUNISHMENT.

RUPERT flung a battered copy of Lays of Ancient Rome on to the schoolroom table and, walking across to the window, gazed gloomily out.

across to the window, gazed gloomily out.
Saturday afternoon—the one half-holiday in the week—and he was condemned to spend its sunshiny hours learning 'Horatius' in this dingy little room,

instead of joining in the cricket match that would be starting a few minutes hence in the neighbouring field. His sense of justice rebelled as he thought of it. It could be nothing but spite on Miss Parkin's part to deprive him of the half-holiday for so slight an offence as forgetting to write out a list of spelling mistakes.

Footsteps on the garden-path caused a break in

these dismal reflections, and, looking out, Rupert saw his sister cautiously creeping towards the win-

'Help me up,' she whispered, as she put a knee against the ledge.

He held out both hands, and a minute later Nancy

was safely landed on the schoolroom floor.

'I simply had to come,' she began breathlessly.
'I couldn't enjoy playing by myself when all the time I was thinking of you shut up here. And now I have thought of a plan for you to escape. Look! She began unbuttoning her holland overall as she spoke. 'You put on this and my sun-bonnet, and tear out of the gate. Miss Parkin's sitting on the lawn, sewing, so she's certain to see you, but she'll never guess it isn't me. You must fly past down the drive. Oh! don't say you won't do it. It is such a shame for you to miss the cricket, and it isn't as if you deserved -

'But the poetry,' interrupted Rupert; 'I've got

heaps to learn.'

'That's easy enough. You can do it after tea. Miss Parkin never hears it till Monday. Do put this on quickly. It's nearly half-past two, and they'll be starting without you.'

There was some struggling before the overall could be induced to meet across Rupert's back, but when this feat was accomplished, and the pink sun-bonnet covered his head, and hid most of his face from view, the effect was all that could be desired.

'Take them off outside the gate,' Nancy said, 'and

hide them in the hedge till you get back.'

A minute later she was standing at the window alone, watching the queer little figure flying along

the path towards the drive.

As she turned away she caught sight of the poetry-book on the table, and remembered that she herself had some lines to learn before Monday as a punishment for a badly-prepared lesson. She held the book hesitatingly in her hand as she looked out at the sunny garden, then decided to get it over there and then, and enjoy playing out of doors afterwards.

In a moment she was absorbed in the task, and so intent was she on getting it finished in the shortest possible time that she did not hear the door open some minutes later. Her father's voice made her

jump. 'Nancy, my dear, where's Rupert?'
Nancy jumped to her feet delightedly. Father, I thought you weren't coming home till Monday.

Oh, how lovely!

'But where's Rupert?' her father repeated as he bent to kiss the eager little face.

'He's — he's out,' stammered Nancy.

'Out? How's that? I particularly wrote and told Miss Parkin to keep him at home this afternoon. I have got a punt for some good fishing on the lake, and I came home to-day especially to take him.'

'But - but Miss Parkin never told him,' Nancy

faltered.

'I didn't wish him to know till I told him myself,' her father replied. 'I asked her to give him some trifling imposition that would keep him indoors till I returned. I wanted it to be a pleasant sur-

'She did keep him in. It's my fault - I made him escape.' Nancy's words stumbled out in nervous confusion, and it was some time before the whole

story was clearly explained.

'Well, you've had your punishment,' her father

remarked gruffly, 'both of you. I shall now go and get one of the Watson boys to come with me this afternoon instead.

The door shut behind him, and Nancy heard his slow footsteps retreating down the passage; then she laid her head on the table beside the shabby poetry-book, and watered its grimy, dog-eared pages with a storm of tears.

She had dried her eyes and finished learning the lesson when the door burst open, and Rupert rushed into the room. 'Is it too late? Has he gone?' he

asked breathlessly.

'How did you know?' began Nancy. 'Yes; Father

went off on his bicycle ten minutes ago.'

Rupert dropped into a chair. 'Miss Parkin's a brick,' he said. 'She knew it was me - thought so, anyhow; and then she found your sun-bonnet and things in the ditch outside. I was in such a hurry that I didn't hide them properly. Of course, she saw what I'd done then, and she knew that I'd lose the fishing; so she got straight on her bike, and came hard after me to get me home.'

'How sporting of her!' exclaimed Nancy.
'Jolly decent!' continued Rupert. 'And she said Father needn't know anything about it if we got back in time.'

'If only it hadn't been for me you'd have stayed here, and could have gone,' said Nancy in a miser-

'It was as much my fault as yours,' Rupert replied awkwardly; 'and it served me jolly well right, because it was a sneaky thing to cut off like that; and I'll never call Miss Parkin spiteful again. Chuck the "Horatius" across, Nancy; I'll see if I can't get it perfect by tea-time.' Viola Vivian.

THE VALUE OF FAILURE.

AILURE, though an unpleasant experience, is a necessary and useful one. It is in the school of failure that we learn how to succeed, for success is seldom achieved except after and by means of re-peated failures and mistakes. It has been said that the person who never makes a mistake probably lacks the courage to be useful. The famous surgeon, John Hunter, used to say that the art of surgery would not advance until professional men had the pluck to publish their failures as well as their successes. Sir Humphrey Davy told some one that his most important discoveries had been suggested to him by failures. Watt, the engineer, thought that a history of failures was one of the things most needed in mechanical engineering. 'We want,' he said, 'a book of blots.'

And not only is failure the road to success, but often apparent failure is success of the truest kind. Ages ago, a grand tree, growing in that part of the world which now we call Arizona, was hurled down in a terrific storm. Poor tree, thus to perish in its prime, never again to bear leaf! What a failure it seemed! But one day, many centuries later, a man who was 'prospecting' in those regions found, spanning a deep canyon (or gorge) forty-five feet wide, a remarkable natural bridge. This was the ancient tree, which so long ago had fallen across the canyon, and which, by the action of the water and effect of time, had been gradually transformed into a wonderful bridge of agate, enabling men to pass from side to side of the chasm. And is not that the best kind of success — to be of use?

BIRD CAY.

By H. de Vere Stacpoole. (Continued from page 316.)

WELL, said I, 'what are you going to do now?'
'Fish!' replied Jack.

'Aren't you going to dig for the stuff?'

'You wait,' he replied, baiting a hook, 'and don't be in such a hurry.' Suppose I was to go now and ask for a shovel to dig with, what would they do but ask me what I wanted it for? And then I'd tell them my yarn, and what would they do but laugh at me? Besides, I don't know where to dig yet. I've got to do a lot of thinking yet.'

'But you know it's right out from the nail.'

'Yes; but how far? A fathom or a foot — or five fathoms — how do I know?'

'Ah!' said I, 'we ought to have searched.'

'Searched what?

'The sand — to find if there was any indication

where he was digging.'

'Why, you butter-headed booby, d'you think Prentice would leave traces like that, and do you think if he left traces I wouldn't have seen them? And don't you know that on this exposed bit of beach the sand's always shifting on the surface with the wind and wiping out any traces—see? Well, then, shut up and let me fish.'

He flung the line, with the sinker and hook at-

tached, into the deep water.

There was great fishing to be had here, and before the line had been down two minutes the first tug came. It nearly had Jack into the water, and then, fighting against its fate, the great fish was hauled on to the rock. It was a small tuna; I have seen tuna thrice and four times its size, yet it gave us trouble enough to land; a larger fish would have beaten us, for we had no gaff.

Several more fish of different sorts were hauled up, so that at the end of half an hour or so we had enough. Jack pulled in his line and wound it up, and then, carrying the fish by the gills, we returned

to the camping-place.

The men had knocked off work, a fire was lit, and we cooked the fish for dinner. Prentice still had to live and have his food by himself, but he did not seem to mind. I watched him closely, and with the remembrance of Jack's words in my mind, it seemed to me that Jack was right. The man seemed absorbed by some thought which kept his spirits up, despite the galley-slave labour to which he was condemned and the way he was isolated.

After dinner the men turned in for a rest. No one could work in the heat of the day. Mid-day on the island was terrific, the sands flinging back the sunlight like a white sheet of flame and the sea beyond the sands blinding one with its dazzle. Sufficient sailcloth had been brought from the Sarah Cutter to make an awning big enough to shelter all of us; Prentice being given the boat-sail, which was rigged for him between two trees, twenty yards from the encampment.

At four o'clock work was resumed, Jack and I being set to tidy up things at the camp and cut some dry brushwood for the fire. When the others were out of sight, Jack turned to me. 'I've got it,'

said he. 'What?' said I.

'What I've been trying to find all day; and that's the distance from the tree where the stuff is hid.'

'How did you find it out?'

'I haven't found it yet; but I've as good as found it. See here: if Prentice made his measurements, say ten feet out, or fifteen feet, or whatever it might be—he had no measuring-tape to do it with, but a sailor don't want a measuring-tape to guess a foot's length of rope or cord, and so he'd have just guessed his ten or fifteen feet on the cord and made a knot, or cut it off—do you see?'

'Yes.'

'Well, he's got the cord still in the pocket of his coat, and if we get hold of the cord, it will tell us everything.'

'But how are we to get hold of it?'

'Blest if I ever met a chap like you for asking questions. I'm going to get hold of it. Don't he take his coat off when he's working? Well, I'm going to put my hand in his pocket and take it, that's how. And I'm going to do it now. Come, you get on and be cutting brushwood, or they'll say we've done no work. I'll be back in five minutes.'

Off he went towards the wreck, and off I went amid the bay cedars, cutting dead bushes and carrying the sticks to the camp. It was back-breaking work, for the wood was tough and the knife not over-sharp, but I had no thought for anything but the business Jack had gone on. It was ten minutes before he returned, and then I could not tell by his face whether he had been successful or not.

He looked with a nod of approval at the pile of brushwood I had made; then he helped me to put the stores in order. I was dying to know the result of his attempt, but as he said nothing I said nothing, for the fact of the matter is my pride was beginning to kick. Here was a boy younger than myself, if anything, and without education or decent schooling, a boy I had looked down upon and pitied only a few days ago in Havana Harbour; yet this boy had proved himself immeasurably my superior in enterprise and brain-power. Unable to read a book, he had read all the indications that might yet give us the treasure, and whether he was right or wrong, I had to admit that his reasoning on the question was mastery and much above what I could have done.

You see he had been taught to use his brain and to think for himself, and to keep his eyes open and notice everything, and to put two and two together. When we had finished and everything was tidy,

When we had finished and everything was tidy, Jack glanced towards the wreck, then turning on his heel he walked off amidst the bushes, calling on me to follow.

By the water-course there was a clearing among the bushes; he sat down here and I did the same—so that we were completely hidden, should any of the others return to the camp.

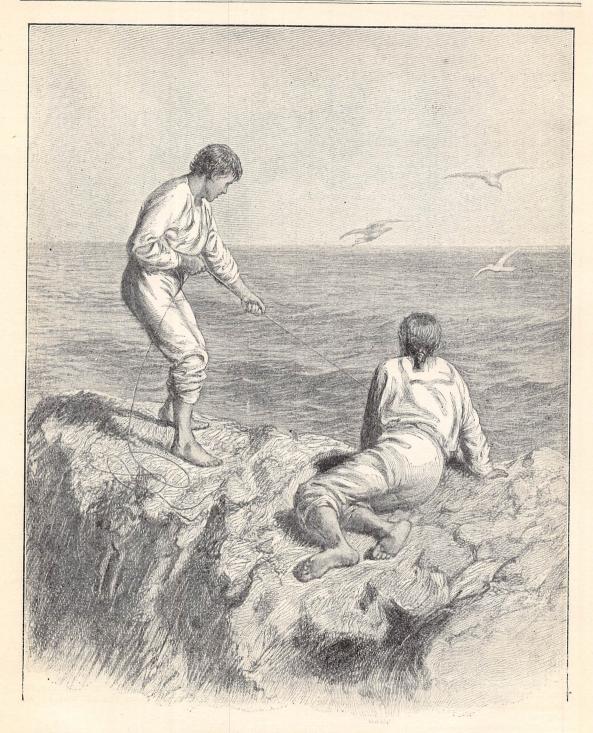
'Look here,' said Jack. He produced about twenty yards of white cord wound upon a piece of stick.

'You've got it!' cried I.
'Looks like it,' said he.

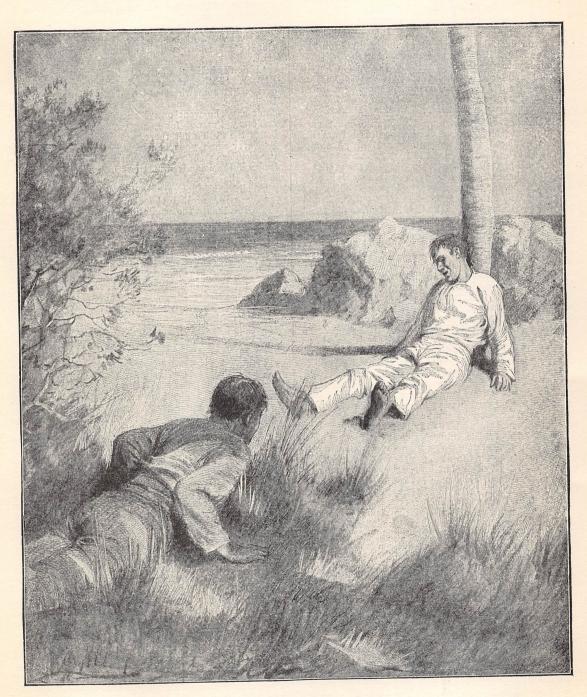
Without a word he began to unwind the cord. About eleven feet or so from the cut end he came on a knot.

'That's what I was looking for,' said he, 'and if I ain't mistaken that's the measurement from the tree.'

(Continued on page 330.)



"There was great fishing to be had here."



"'Sitting with his back to the tree, asleep."

BIRD CAY.

By H. de Vere Stacpoole. (Continued from page 327.)

I T seemed like magic; just by the power of his reason Jack had expected to find a knot on the cord, and here it was sure enough. But he was not satisfied yet. He had to unwind the whole length of cord and search for more knots before he was certain. He did so. There were no more knots, and with a sigh of contentment he began to wind the cord on the stick again.

'Well,' he said, 'that's pretty clear, almost sure certain, but that's not all.' He produced from his pocket a piece of paper, yellow and dirty-looking,

with characters inscribed on it in ink.

'I made a good rummage in his pockets whilst I ad the chance,' said he. 'His coat was lying on had the chance,' said he. 'His coat was lying on the sand, so I sat down beside it; pretending my foot was bad I took off my shoe with one hand and hunted in the pockets with the other. I found this.'
He handed it to me. 'Looks as if it had been

buried in the sand a long time,' said he, 'and it's all chances it's the indication which he must have found when he was digging. I can't read; you can - what

does it mean?

I spread out the paper feeling pretty cocky, for here, at least, I had the weather gauge on Jack. To my bitter disappointment, however, I could make neither head nor tail of it. It was written in a foreign language, probably Spanish.
'I can't read it,' said I.
'Why, you told me you could read!'

'Yes, I can read English, but this isn't English.

It's Spanish, I should think.'
'Bother!' said he. 'Well, it don't matter much, we have the thing clear enough as it is, and the old writing can't tell us much more. Prentice knows Spanish, for I heard him yarning with the chaps on board, and I reckon he can read it as well as speak it. There's nothing much that chap can't do. Now I'm going to put the things back in his pocket, for there's no use in letting him know our game till we have our hands on the stuff; not that he could do much against all of us, but he's a rum customer, and the more we keep his suspicions off us the better.' 'I say,' said I, 'wouldn't it be a good thing to

tell Captain Horn about this?

'Yes, when we've got hold of the stuff. We must do that by our own two selves, else there'll be no fun in the thing; all the fun in fishing is landing the fish yourself. Just think of their faces if we pull

it through without any one's help! 'Well,' said I, 'why not let us go at once and search? We could dig up the sand with our hands.'

Mighty lot of digging you'd do with your hands; besides, ten to one we'd be seen. No. You wait till to-night, when every one is asleep, that's the time for us; we can get hold of the shovels to help us, too, and if we've any luck we ought to have the whole of the stuff out by morning and ready for breakfast. Can't you see Prentice's face when he finds we've done him, and Captain Horn's when he sees the stuff lying on the sand only waiting to be

I could, or imagined I could. It seemed a good idea to do the business by night, and I fell in with it.

Then we set to to make and light the fire for supper, and half an hour later, when the workers had returned, we were all sitting round it with the exception of Prentice, who was eating his supper by himself and out of earshot.

The men were dispirited, for the whole day's digging had brought nothing to light, with the exception of some scraps of iron, and useless truck like

that.

'I don't believe we're on the right track,' said Blower. 'Either the stuff's been took off the island, or it's hid somewhere else.' Jack, who was sitting beside me, gave me a nudge with his elbow. 'I don't say,' he went on, 'I wasn't for digging, and I don't say I'm not for going on, but I feel it in my bones the stuff ain't there.

'Never mind your bones,' said Captain Horn. 'If the stuff isn't there, it's nowhere. It may have been took off the island; but what I says is, if it's here,

it's by the wreck.'

'Well,' said Blower, 'we'll see.'

'We will,' replied the Captain, 'and if it ain't there I'll dig up the whole blessed island, not in any hopes of finding anything, but just to give Prentice exercise. I believe that fellow is laughing at us all the time, and I know jolly well every spadeful of sand he turns up without finding anything is nuts to him. I saw him grinning to-day to himself when you struck that lump of coal and yelled out that you'd hit the stuff.'

'Did he?' said Blower. 'Well, I reckon I'll make him grin on the other side of his head before I've

done with him.'

And so the talk went on, Jack and I hugging ourselves to think of what was going to happen that night, and of the faces of Captain Horn and the bo'sun when they saw the results of our work.

We finished supper, and the digging was resumed for an hour till after sundown. We turned in before moonrise, and ten minutes later the whole camp was asleep, so sound that I don't doubt the Spaniard on board the Sarah Cutter could have heard the snoring of Jam and Blower and the Captain.

Jack was lying by my side, and after ten minutes

or so I nudged him.

'It ain't time yet,' he whispered. 'Give Prentice a chance to get well asleep. You just lie still for

another hour.

I did, and it was the longest hour I have ever spent. I saw the moonlight strike the sea and the spars of the Sarah Cutter, and I heard the turn of the tide. I listened to the snoring of my companions, and I was on the point of dropping off to sleep myself when Jack's elbow touched me on the ribs. 'Now's our time,' whispered he.

We slid out from under the shelter of the canvas like eels, and next moment were standing in the

moonlight.

The island lay dead asleep under the moon, the sea glassing round it in a dead calm except for the long heave of the swell that broke at minute-long intervals on the reef. The Sarah Cutter looked further off than by daylight, and we could see the spark of the lantern which the Spaniard had rigged as an anchor-light, more for something to do than any other reason, seeing that there was little chance of a collision with another ship in that desolate anchor-

We could see Prentice's tent-cloth in the distance, and concluded that he was asleep under it, as there

was no sign of him in the open.

Jack led the way to the wreck. Very desolate and grim it looked in the moonlight, with the hole in the sand beside it like a great grave.

The shovels were lying by the hole, and taking one each we started back again, Jack leading. We passed along the sands by the tent, and then dived amidst the bay cedars so as to give Prentice a wide berth.

Jack was leading still, and as we approached the tree upon which all our hopes were fixed he suddenly stopped dead, and waved me back with his hand. I saw him creeping forward cautiously for half-adozen paces, then he turned and came as cautiously

He didn't say a word, but I guessed by his face lit full by the moonlight that something had happened.

Motioning me to follow him, he led the way back till we reached the clear space surrounding the watercourse. Here we sat down.

'Prentice is there,' said Jack. 'He's sitting with his back to the tree, asleep; he's found out we know about the stuff, and he's on guard, and it's all my

Your fault! How is it your fault?' asked I.

'How? Why, I ought to have tied that tag o' cord round the nail again. Can't you see? He's been there, and the first thing he'd have noticed was that the cord was gone. Of course he wouldn't have known who took it, but he'd have got suspicious. Anyhow, there he is asleep, and we can't disturb him.'

'Bother!' said I.

'You may well say it. Dad would have kicked me for forgetting to put back that cord. Anyhow, there's nothing to be done to-night, that's certain. Come, let's put the shovels back in their places and get to bed. I'll have to think of some dodge to-morrow. I'll be even with him yet, or my name's not Jack Cutter.

We rose up and took our way back to the wreck, where we put the shovels down exactly as we had found them. Then we came to the tent and crawled under the shelter of it, but we need not have taken so many precautions, for a trumpet would have scarcely awakened our companions from their sleep, even if they could have heard it through their snoring.

I was bitterly disappointed, and even the fact that it was Jack's fault, not mine, gave me little comfort.

You can't think what it is to be thwarted in a game like this, just when you fancy you have all the cards and nothing to do but to put them on the table

However, even disappointment could not fight against the tiredness which was now weighing on my eyes, and presently, following Jack's example, I was snoring as loudly as any of the others. (Continued on page 341.)

A HUNDRED YEARS AGO

True Episode of 1813.

IV. — THE BATTLE OF VITTORIA.

THE year 1813 will be long remembered by the British nation as the year of the Battle of Vittoria, a little town in the north of Spain, almost under the shadow of the Pyrenees. This town had once before been the scene of a British victory, when, in 1367, the Black Prince won a battle for Pedro the Cruel; but that was a small affair compared to the later battle, when our gallant Wellington concluded his series of great Peninsular victories by utterly routing the French under King Joseph and Marshal Jourdain.

Jourdain's marshal's baton was taken, and sent by Wellington to the Prince Regent, who acknowledged it by conferring on the victor the title of Field Mar-

'Richly was the title deserved,' says Rose. 'After four years of battling with superior numbers, the British leader at last revealed the full majesty of his power. In six weeks he marched more than five hundred miles, crossed six rivers, and dealt the hammer stroke of Vittoria.' It was a hardly-contested battle—but what a victory! 'The French,' says Gazan, a General who commanded the French centre, 'lost all their equipages, all their treasure, all their stores, all their papers; no man could even prove how much pay was due to him. Generals and subordinate officers alike were reduced to the clothes on their back, and most of them were barefooted. Carriages, ammunition, treasure—everything fell into the hands of the victors; the spoil was immense, yet so plundered by the followers and noncombatants that, though the fighting troops may be said to have literally marched upon gold and silver without stooping to pick it up, yet, of the five million and a half dollars indicated by French accounts as lying in their money-chests, not one dollar came to the British.

The rout of the enemy was, however, complete. King Joseph left his carriage and fled on horseback towards France, reaching St. Jean de Luz with but one gold piece in his pocket, and the rest of the French army surged helplessly to and fro, and at last broke away eastward. 'The narrow causeway, leading through marshes, was soon blocked, and panic seized on all. Artillerymen cut their traces and fled; carriages, crowded with women, frantic with terror; waggons, laden with ammunition, treasurechests, amassed by generals and favourites during five years of warfare and extortion, were all left pell-mell.

Such was the Battle of Vittoria, which cost Napoleon (says Rose) 'one hundred and fifty-one pieces of cannon, nearly all the stores piled up for his Peninsular campaign, and Spain itself.'

THE SNAIL WHO LAUGHED LAST.

HULLO! slowcoach, laughed a gadfly, To a snail who climbed a wall, 'You'll be old before you've finished (If you reach the top at all!)'

'What a life!' the gadfly chuckled; 'Don't you ever long to roam Through the sunny air, unburdened By your heavy, clumsy home?'

'As for me, I'm always moving, Light as air. as you may see; I can ever find a lodging, Anywhere I chance to be.'

All at once it started raining . . . Drenched the gadfly through and through; 'Maybe, gadfly,' said old slowcoach, 'I am better off than you!'

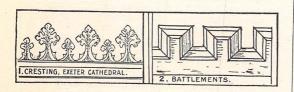
Stephen Southwold.

STONES AND THEIR STORIES.

X. - TUDOR.

POLLOWING immediately upon the Perpendicular (fifteenth century) period, as I have said, comes the Tudor (sixteenth century) period. To proceed with our investigation, we come now to the mouldings of the period. These were very shallow and uninteresting; in fact, in many cases, they were not much more than what we might call 'ripples,' so shallow that they hardly cast any shadows; all the deep undercutting of the past styles was gone, and mouldings as we have known them right from Greek and Roman times, may be said to be a thing of the past.

Ornaments were very numerous and characteristic of the period. An ornament which now became very general was what was called a cresting; this was a 'finish' used at the top of elaborate canopied monuments in cathedrals and churches; or on the top of the screens which were so very numerous and wonderful at this time; or even at times on the parapet of a building. It generally consisted of alternate large and small diamond-shaped leaves standing on end, and connected by sort of conventional stems. Fig. 1 is a cresting from a tomb in Exeter Cathedral; the designs of these crestings vary much in detail, but the general outline is nearly always the same. 'Battlements' were also often used on parapets (fig. 2) in this style, slightly moulded on their edges. The term 'battlement' really belongs to buildings of defence, the spaces being intended for soldiers' outlooks, and the raised piece for 'cover.' Of course, when used on other buildings, they are only ornaments, and are there because the general outline they give is pleasing to the eye. Sometimes these battlemented parapets were pierced with open panels like little windows (fig. 3). I remember, years ago, when visiting Taunton, in Somersetshire, I went over a large church, and finally we got up on to the roof of the tower; that tower was parapeted something

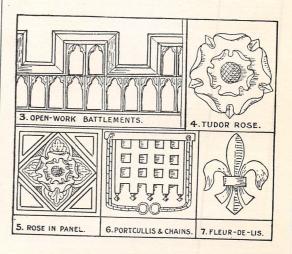


like fig. 3, and, looking out through one of the window-like openings, I saw Somerset playing Notts at cricket on the county ground, which adjoins the churchyard.

Now we come to the smaller features. First of all there is the Tudor rose (fig. 4), the badge of Henry VII. and his family; this was a stiff flower, composed of rows of generally five petals, sometimes many rows, sometimes only two, with a curious cross-barred sort of cushion in the middle, which no doubt was meant to represent the stamens of the flower. Fig. 5 shows a Tudor rose in a square panel; this is from Henry the Seventh's Chapel, Westminster Abbey, where, I think I may safely say, are hundreds of the badges! Another ornament, which is generally to be found not far from the rose, is the

porteullis and chains (fig. 6). Both these ornaments (rose and portcullis) were badges of the Tudor family. A portcullis was an iron grating which was let down by chains at the main entrance of a castle in the time of invasion, or at the approach of an enemy; the grooves where they slid are often pointed out now to visitors to ruined castles (I mentioned them when writing about Norman castles). Yet another ornament is the Fleur-de-lis (fig. 7). This is a French symbol, and also a Tudor badge—it is a familiar decoration to all of us, I am sure. All these badges appear as ornaments on mouldings, in panels: in fact anywhere where ornament could be placed.

Crockets and finials (see page 276 for the meaning of these terms) were still used, but they had become stiffer in form than in earlier styles. The crockets stood up straighter, as though they felt the perpendicular tendency (fig. 8). Compare fig. 8 with the crockets I have given before (on page 276). The

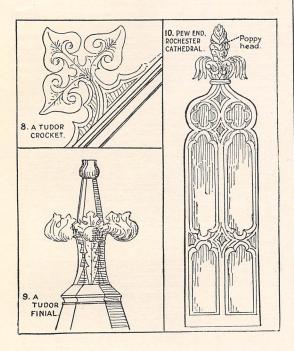


finials are more cross-shaped, and not so flowing as in the past (fig. 9). As I have said before, carving was everywhere at this time, and the pew-ends were now ornamented. In fig. 10 you have a typical one from Rochester Cathedral. The top of these pewends has rather a curious name; it is called a 'poppy-head,' but I cannot think why, for anything more unlike a popy-head I never saw! This one I illustrate is of leaves, but often they are simply a plain fleur-de-lis, though still called a poppy-head.

This completes all I have to say about these Perpendicular and Tudor times, and I hope you will soon be able to go to Westminster Abbey, and hunt it all up for yourselves.

Now, before I start the next style, viz., Renaissance, I want to add a few details I have hitherto left out, and also to speak of other 'stones' besides the cathedrals and churches; I refer to mansions and private dwellings generally. First of all, I have not mentioned spires in these later periods (I have spoken of towers from time to time). Spires, like all other features, altered with the changes of style. They were first used in Early English times (thirteenth century), and were what was called broached;

the tower was square, but an octagonal (eight-sided) spire was placed on it—as if it were a spit (French broche) thrust through from underneath—and to do this they put queer little angular pieces at each corner (fig. 11). In later times parapets covered the join of the octagonal spire to the square tower, and pinnacles appeared at the corners (fig. 12). These pinnacles were, of course, elaborately crocketed, and were sometimes attached to the spire by little flying buttresses as in fig. 13.

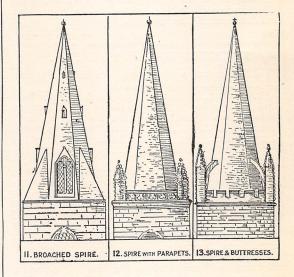


Before I leave the subject of cathedrals and churches I want to tell you of a quaint arrangement you may often find in the south walls of old churches or cathedrals. It is what is called a 'mason's clock.' I have seen one on a church in Sussex, and I am told they are generally to be found in the buttresses.

Now, you may be sure that when watches were first used they were only possessed by the richer people of the land; a workman could not afford such a thing, so this mason's clock was a simple arrangement by which the stone-masons working on a building could tell when the hours had arrived for their meals and for knocking off work. It was really a very primitive sundial; simply a small circle roughly chipped on a stone, on the south side of the building; in the middle he made a hole, in which he could fasten a nail to stand out well. As the sun took its daily course the shadow of that nail would be cast on different parts of the circle, and having once found out where the shadow was at breakfast-time, the workman cut a dash on the circle, another for dinner, and also for knocking-off time. So, if he wanted to know how the time was going, he just fixed in his nail, and he could then judge by the position of the shadow how much longer he must work before dinner-time, or whether it was nearly knocking-off time!

Of course, in these days, nearly every one has a watch, so it is unnecessary to make these mason's clocks; but I think they are very interesting and worth looking for; there are sometimes several on one building, at different heights, because, you see, as the building got higher, it would not have done for the workman to come down to see his 'clock,' so he made new ones as the building grew. They are mostly on the south side of a building, because that is the side that has the most sun.

Now, to finish up the whole Gothic period, let us just glance, as I have said, at other buildings besides the religious. First of all, there were the castles of the nobles. You will remember I told you that after the reign of Stephen the power of the nobles was much reduced, because they were, in so many cases, very cruel to their people; and with this losing of power came a more homely state of things in the castles. They were not so strongly fortified, for those little local wars among the nobles were a thing of the past; and again the invention of gunpowder made moats of no use, and, in fact, altered the system of war entirely. To gain a good idea of life in a nobleman's house, in early times, you should read Ivanhoe, by Sir Walter Scott; there you will read (in the course of a most interesting story) of the great hall in which all dined together — master, mistress, servants, visitors, and any travellers who might just claim hospitality on their way. Very



often the fire was set in the middle of the hall, being built on iron 'dogs' resting on stone slabs; the smoke escaped through a hole in the roof, called a 'louvre.' There is a fine example of this at Penshurst Place, Kent, where once lived Sir Philip Sydney. Then, as time went on, the families began to think they would rather live a more private life, so the halls ceased to be quite so large, and meals were served to the families and their guests in private. In the old days the servants, travellers, and often the guests, slept in the hall just on hay or rushes; but, later, rooms (guest-chambers) were

supplied, and thus gradually we came to the house or mansion, as we shall find it in the next period.

The houses of the people were mostly what are called 'half-timbered,' that is, a framework was built up of wood and the spaces were filled in with bricks or plaster; the upper floors usually project over the lower. It is believed that these existed in very early times, the older ones having disappeared, but many fine specimens can be seen in our villages all over the country; there is a row of these houses left even in London, at Staple Inn, Holborn Bars. In the towns of Chester and Shrewsbury are numbers of halftimbered houses, with what are called 'rows.' Let me try to explain: walking along the street you have a row of shops, and above them there seems to be a balcony, and above that, again, the living and sleeping rooms of the inhabitants. At intervals, between the shops, are flights of steps, which lead up to the 'balconies;' and when you go up these you find yourself in a covered way with yet another row of shops! This covered way is 'the rows.'

Of course the original cause of people living close together in 'colonies,' so to speak, was for mutual protection in the 'bad old times;' and you will find round most old towns remains of walls of defence and city gates. This is well seen in Chester, where you can walk round the old town on the top of the walls (of course the town has spread outside the walls now). York, Shrewsbury, and many other towns, have walls standing. Wareham, in Dorset, still has its Roman walls. There is even a tiny bit of London's wall in the street called by that name, and also just off Fore Street, Cripplegate.

E. M. Barlow.

TALKING UNDER THE SEA.*

'THERE is not much chance of a shipwreck now, Mr. Jackson,' I suggested.

Mr. Jackson laughed. I was coming home from South Africa to England on board the steamship Cockatoo, and I had been so fortunate as to make friends with the chief officer, Mr. Jackson, a friend of my father's, who, as a special favour, allowed me occasionally to come on the bridge and watch him directing the ship.

'No,' he answered; 'we are not likely to be in trouble during the rest of this voyage. England is only fourteen miles away, and already we are receiving a signal, which, if we were lost in a fog, would show us exactly where we were, and would tell us of a sandbank where we might possibly run aground.

Would you like to hear the signal?' 'Rather!' I answered.

Mr. Jackson pointed to what appeared to be two telephone receivers fixed to the sides of a square metal box bearing the inscription: 'Submarine Signal Company, Boston, U.S.A.'

nal Company, Boston, U. S. A.'

'Take hold of the receiver on the left,' said Mr. Jackson, 'and listen. Do you hear anything?'

'Only a bell ringing,' I answered. 'It sounds like a dinner-bell.'

'I dare say it does,' laughed Mr. Jackson. 'As a matter of fact, that bell is being rung under the

* For much of the information contained in this story, we are greatly indebted to the Submarine Signal Company, of Boston, Massachusetts, U. S. A., the makers of the wonderful instrument here described.

water about half a mile from England. Now try the other receiver, and say if you notice any difference.'
The bell could still be heard, but it was ringing

much more faintly.

'That's good,' said Mr. Jackson. 'That means that the bell is over there to our left. If it was to the right, we should hear it loudest on that side and with the other receiver.'

'But what is the use of the bell?' I asked.

'Some months ago,' explained Mr. Jackson, 'the ship was steaming along in a dense fog, which had confused our bearings, and we were uncertain just in what direction to point the ship's head. Then suddenly we heard this signal bell, and knew where the sound came from. It was very faint, and we guessed that we were about fifteen miles away. That gave us our whereabouts, and we were able to run straight into port. If it hadn't been for the signal, we should have had to stop the engines and wait till the fog lifted.'

'Then where is the signal bell placed?' I asked.
'Sometimes it hangs from a tripod fixed by divers at the bottom of the ocean,' explained Mr. Jackson, 'and sometimes it hangs below the water-line from the side of a lightship. Of course, it is a huge bell, which rings continuously, because it is worked by an electric battery on shore or on board the lightship. The sound of the bell travels farther under water than it would through the air, and there are no winds to carry the sound back again to the shore. Now, here comes the captain, and I shall be off duty for awhile. So if you would like to come below and see the rest of this submarine signal machinery, you have only to say so.'

I did not hesitate for an instant, but answered that it would be splendid. Mr. Jackson led the way a few minutes later, and took me down inside the ship to the level of the engine-room. Then we went as far forward as it was possible to go, and Mr. Jackson pointed to two small tanks fixed against the sides of

the ship.

'You understand,' he said, 'that when the bell has been rung from the lightship, the sound travels swiftly under the water, and these are practically the two ears of the ship by which we hear it. Inside these tanks are telephones which carry the sound up to the receivers on the bridge. Now, suppose I tell you a story to show the advantage of having these "ears" fixed in the ship. About eight years ago, a ship called the Iowa was running across the Atlantic in a terribly thick fog that had upset her reckoning. She had no submarine bells, and the first thing that told of her exact whereabouts was her collision with a mysterious vessel off the coast of North America. This turned out to be the actual lightship, which ought to have given her warning! But the fog was so dense that the light could only be seen a few yards away, and there was absolutely nothing to warn the captain of the Iowa of his danger. The Alabama lost her reckoning in the same fog a few hours before, but she had the submarine signal apparatus on board, and was able to hear the lightship's bell and so to get safe to port. So you see how much difference this makes to the safety of a ship.'

Mr. Jackson now took me on deck again and pointed to the cliffs of England which were already

visible above the horizon.

'Anyhow,' he added, 'it will not be long before we are safe in harbour.'

G. Belton Cobb.

THE DIVISIONS OF AN ARMY.

In one of the old Hanoverian companies there was a General who presided over the ensigns' examination, and was fond of putting original questions to the candidates. On one occasion he asked, 'How

is an army divided?'

In great mental distress, the youth addressed recalled and named all the divisions of troops he could think of, without success. At length the General gave the answer: 'The army is divided into three parts: Those who have only to obey, those who have to obey and command, and those who have only to command. The common soldiers compose the first part, the officers the second, and the third is his Majesty the King!' C. Morley.

THE ESKIMOS.

THE Eskimos are the people who live up in the far North, in Greenland and the most distant regions of Canada and the United States. Their country is a very curious one, for it has no trees, green fields, or towns. During the long, cold winter, the ground is covered with ice and snow for many months; the sun does not rise, and it is dark all

through the twenty-four hours.

The natives who live in this bleak, dreary land, are as strange as the country itself, for, as they have to endure great hardship and intense cold, their homes, their clothes, and their food have all to be adapted to the climate. We, in England, should consider the Eskimos unattractive and ugly, for they are short and thick-set, with swarthy complexions, flat features, and eyes that are so small and narrow as to be almost invisible. The hair of both men and women is worn long—it is considered unlucky ever to cut it, and is black, straight, and as coarse as horsehair.

The men allow their loose locks to hang down on to their shoulders, while the women fasten it into tight, curiously-shaped knots on the top of their heads. If it were not for this difference in the manner of dressing the hair, it would often be difficult to tell the Eskimo men and women apart, for both sexes wear the same kind of clothes, and muffle themselves in furs. Their garments consist of hooded coats, trousers, leggings, and shoes made of sealskin; and so thickly are they clad that they look very

nearly as broad as they are long.

The Eskimos are dirty and slovenly in their habits, and this, of course, adds to the unattractiveness of their appearance. The dirtiness, however, is not entirely their own fault, but is due to the climate. In the winter months they are obliged to spend most of the time in smoky, ill-ventilated huts, while water can only be obtained by melting ice or snow in a cooking-pot over the fire. Under these circumstances it is, perhaps, only natural that very little of the precious water should be spared for washing purposes.

In Greenland the natives live in tents made of skins, with the hair inside. A thick curtain is hung over the door to keep out the cold, and the tent is heated with a large oil-lamp. There is very little furniture of any sort, except low beds covered with skins, and a few pots and pans, which are used for cooking. The oil-lamps are kept burning night and day, so that the tents become unbearably hot. The Eskimos, therefore, take off their thick furs and most

of their clothes when they are at home, dressing again before they venture out into the cold air.

In some districts the natives give up their tents in the winter and live in huts shaped like bee-hives, and made of large blocks of frozen snow. These huts are approached by long, narrow tunnels, in order that the cold shall not be able to penetrate into the dwelling-place itself. The air in these huts is generally even more hot and stifling than in the tents.

The Eskimos live almost entirely upon fish and seal meat, and we should consider their food very unappetising, and, indeed, disgusting. A child, for instance, will be given a lump of raw fat to suck instead of a sweetmeat or piece of sugar, and it will devour the morsel with eager delight. In a very cold climate, such as North Greenland, it is necessary for people to eat large quantities of fat and oil, so all the food of these natives is greasy. Their meat is generally almost entirely uncooked, and they enjoy whale blubber, and the flesh of gulls and other seabirds.

As well as their tents and clothes, the Eskimos make boats of skins, and these they use in summer for fishing and for travelling from place to place. In winter, when the sea is frozen, they go about with sleds that are drawn by dogs. The natives will, some times, take very long journeys, going from their homes in the far North to the Danish settlements in the South of Greenland. Here they buy provisions, tobacco, and various things that they require. Instead of money, they give fox-skins and other furs in exchange for their purchases.

During the short summer months, the Eskimo men employ themselves with killing foxes, wolves, and other animals, for the sake of their skins. They are clever hunters, and it is interesting to see them with their strange darts, spears, and harpoons. They also sometimes use old-fashioned guns which their ancestors bought long ago in the settlements, and which have been handed down from father to son ever since. These natives are skilful fishermen and will venture out on to the roughest seas in their frail

skin canoes.

In the winter months, when it is impossible to hunt or fish, the Eskimos spend most of their time in their huts, and their only food is dried and frozen meat. One would think that they would be very dull during these dark, dreary days, but they have various employments, for there are clothes to be made and weapons to be fashioned and sharpened. They even manage to amuse themselves, for they are fond of dancing, and will recite poems or tell each other long stories.

The Eskimo children are quaint little people, for they are dressed exactly like the grown-up people and wear the same thick fur coats, leggings, and hoods. Some of them are almost pretty with their brown, merry faces, bead-like eyes and white teeth. The babies who are too young to walk are often carried in the fur-lined hoods of the women. When a child dies, all its playthings are buried in the grave

with it.

The lives of the Eskimos are, no doubt, hard and monotonous, but their country has some advantages. The summer, if short, is very hot and pleasant, and flowers grow and blossom with wonderful rapidity. In the winter, too, although there is no sunshine, the sky is often aglow with the beautiful colour and radiance of the Northern Lights. A. A. Methley.



An Eskimo Man.



A Red Indian Brave.

THE RED INDIANS.

WE all hear a great deal nowadays about Canada and the United States—about the great cities in the New World, the wonderful buildings and the railways that stretch across the Continent and connect the Atlantic Ocean with the Pacific; and it seems very strange to remember that, less than two hundred years ago, there were comparatively few white people in North America, and that nearly the whole country consisted of great grassy plains and trackless forests.

If we look at the maps and globes even of the early years of the nineteenth century we shall find that the western side of the American continent is almost a blank, while on the East coast, where there are now numbers of densely populated towns, the names are very few and very wide apart.

However, in the old days, although there were not many European colonists in North America, the country was not uninhabited, for natives, who were called Red Indians, lived there.

The name Red Indian was given to this people because their skin is of a reddish-brown colour, and because the first explorers who reached the shores of America believed that they had landed in the East Indies, instead of having discovered a new and unknown continent.

The Red Indians were a very strange and savage race indeed. Most of them were tall, fine-looking men, with keen faces, bright eyes, and long black hair. They were braver and more intelligent than most uncivilised races, but at the same time they were far more war-like and cruel. Terrible stories are told of the fierce battles that were fought in the early days of the nineteenth century, and of how the colonists were obliged to be always well-armed, and to keep a keen watch against the attacks of the savages.

If the Indians had been more peaceable by nature and ready to be civilised, they would have made friends with the new-comers, and have lived happily side by side with them in the great country, where there was plenty of room for both natives and white people; but this was very far from being the case. The enmity went on, and great numbers of the Indians were killed. Their numbers decreased rapidly, and now there are comparatively few of them left. These remnants of the old tribes live in certain districts or 'reservations' which have been set apart for them in Canada and the United States.

In former times the Indians never lived for long in one place, but used to wander about the forests and across the great prairies, taking their homes, which were tents made of skins, with them.

The men were skilful hunters, and shot the wild animals in the forests. It was not, however, only animals that they killed, for even before the coming of the French and English settlers the Indians were a warlike people, and used to fight savagely among themselves.

There were many curious customs connected with their warfare. The chiefs and grown-up men of the tribe, who were called Braves, would paint their faces and plait their long black hair in a particular fashion. Then they would arm themselves and make their way through the forest in the direction of the enemy's camp. The women, meanwhile, would remain behind and busy themselves with preparations for the return of the victorious warriors.

The dress of the Indians was a very curious one, their clothes being made of soft deer-skin, ornamented with embroidery of beads and coloured porcupine quills. Their shoes, which were decorated in the same way, were called moccasins. The Braves wore on their heads great head-dresses of feathers, which sometimes reached almost to their feet. The faces of the men were often painted, and, as may be imagined, this gave them a very wild and extraordinary appearance.

The women were more simply dressed, and only wore a single eagle feather in their long, black hair.

The little Red Indian boys and girls must have led very happy lives in the woods that surrounded their wigwam homes. When they were quite babies the children were called papooses, and until they were able to walk the dark-skinned papooses used to be tightly bound into little cradles made of birch-bark, and in these they were carried about, slung on to the backs of their mothers or elder sisters.

The Red Indians made many other things of birchbark besides these little cradles, as for instance the canoes in which they travelled up the rivers and across the lakes.

The climate in North America is different from that of England, for although the summers are hotter than ours, the winters are much longer and colder. During these bitter months the Indians often suffered terribly, and many died of cold and starvation. Game was scarce then, and there were no wild fruits or berries to be found. At times, too, fearful storms sweep across the prairies, and the streams are icebound for months at a time, so that no fish can be caught.

While some of the Indian tribes used to live in the forests of America and Canada, others wandered over the plains and hunted the buffaloes. In those days there were great herds of these animals on the prairies, but now so many have been killed by Indians and white men alike that they have almost entirely disappeared.

The Red Indian hunters are wonderfully clever at tracking animals through the woods and thickets of their native land, and where to the white man there seems to be no sign of a footmark, the Indian will be able to see some faint trace which will enable him to follow the trail as certainly as if the creature of which he is in pursuit were actually in sight.

It seems a sad thing that this race, so brave and clever in many ways, should become extinct, but apparently they were too wild and lawless a people ever to have been satisfied with a quiet and orderly life. Nowadays, the few Red Indians that are left are very different from their ancestors, and some of them are quite civilised and well educated. Others, however, still remain more or less savage, and keep their strange costumes and customs. As the train crosses America and passes near the districts where they live, they come to the railway station and crowd on to the platform with strange weapons and bead ornaments for sale. The traveller will thus be able to realise what the natives of America were like in the old days.

A SAVINGS BANK.

THERE is a little savings bank,
Where all, if they but try,
May open now a small account,
And lay some treasure by.

All riches we entrust to it Are kept quite safe and sound, And we may ever richer get As year by year goes round.

The treasures of this little bank Are not of gold or gem; The worth of diamond or of pearl -It pays no heed to them. Its riches are of rarer kind, And worth much more than they; The lustre of its goodly store Can never fade away.

All noble deeds and gracious words, All sweet and kindly things, The simple acts by children done, The royal deeds of kings: All in this savings bank are kept, And never thief was known To break into this little bank, And make its worth his own.

O! put some little treasure in, As day by day goes by, Some little deed of kindness wrought, Some noble victory. Its riches are of truest worth, Its treasures are sublime; O! would you know its name? It is The Savings Bank of Time. Frank Ellis.

FAMOUS RIVERS OF THE OLD WORLD AND THE NEW.

VI. - THE THAMES.

IT is in the Cotswold Hills that the head-streams of the Thames rise; the main stream is called the Isis, until it reaches Oxford. It is a quiet and peaceful water, with little towns here and there upon its banks; such as Cricklade and Lechlade, where the first lock upon the river occurs.

At Bablock Hythe there is a noted ferry, where, in the old-world manner, horses and carts are conveyed from one bank to the other, in a great flat-bottomed

boat, worked along a chain.

Other interesting small towns are Abingdon and Wallingford: Abingdon, once Abbot's Town, had an abbey in early times, and is an ancient and picturesque place. But it is in Oxford that the interest of the upper part of the river centres. The University town, with its endless wealth of colleges, public buildings, and churches, 'the stream-like windings of its glorious street' (the High Street), and the succession of students ever bringing new life within its venerable walls, must be known to all. Magdalen College, founded in 1458, is a very beautiful building; and most of the colleges have lawns and gardens, which add much to the effect of their grey time-worn walls, throwing a veil of present beauty over the grand remains of past ages.

The river is a constant resort of Oxford men; here the crews practise, and in the Christ Church meadows many are the spectators of the 'bumping' races which are rowed. At Iffley, a pretty rural place, there was till quite recently an ancient mill and another lock. The locks upon the Thames, as it now begins to be called, are very numerous; from Oxford to Teddington there are no less than thirty-three.

Teddington used to be the lowest lock, and the highest place at which the tide was felt. But there is now a new half-tide lock at Richmond, and others are proposed. These locks would not be needful if the water were all upon the same level; but the winding stream is all ups and downs; and it is to rectify them that the water-gates are necessary.

The lock-keepers are proud of their gardens, and plant them with many bright and sweet-smelling flowers. All along the banks of the Thames the gardens are an attraction. Though the hotel-keepers, and the owners of private houses, may like to have their grounds to themselves and their residents, they do not usually hedge or fence the side which comes next the water, because their own view of the stream would be obstructed. So it comes to pass that the charming green lawns and the fragrant flower-beds of hundreds of gardens are all open to the river, and every passer-by in a boat or steamer can enjoy them.

At Sonning there are lovely rose-gardens, where many kinds of roses are grown, and crimson ramblers

flourish in great luxuriance.

Then the backwaters of the Thames are famous; in these quiet, shady stretches, away from the main stream, the traveler who has leisure and a boat may dream away whole days of delicious summer restfulness, and never tire of the varied life of wood and For birds and flowers abound upon the Thames. Birds are not allowed to be shot upon the banks, and consequently they are found in multitudes, happy and free.

The next considerable place after leaving Oxford is Reading, a town which presents a complete contrast, inasmuch as it is a busy manufacturing centre, with large factories and an extensive trade. Below Reading is Henley, noted for the regatta which

is held there every summer.

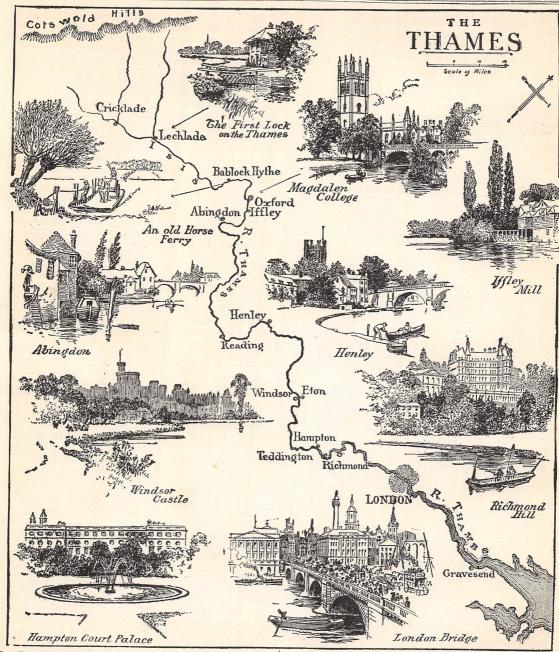
Pursuing our way along the stream, we come next to the royal borough of Windsor, with its Castle, which is the historic residence of the sovereigns of England. The Home Park and the Great Park here are connected by the famous Long Walk, an avenue of elms which reaches for three miles.

Windsor stands upon the river's right bank, and directly opposite, on the left bank is Eton, with its public school, where so many English boys of the upper classes have been, and are still, educated.

All the way from Oxford to London the water is greatly used for boating as a pastime. House-boats and bungalows abound in favoured spots: from Marlow and Maidenhead down to Twickenham and Richmond, these haunts of pleasure-seeking visitors thickly stud the stream.

At Hampton is Hampton Court Palace, built originally by Cardinal Wolsey, but remodelled by William the Third. Hampton is now shorn of its former glory, but is still a very pleasant resort. The beauties of Richmond are well known, and the unrivalled views to be obtained there. In the meadows below Mortlake gather the crowds who come to see the University Boat Race, rowed in the early spring every year.

A little more and the traveller is in London. After the Great Plague and the Great Fire, of the seventeenth century, a new and better London arose, with St. Paul's Cathedral, and other churches, designed by Sir Christopher Wren — with wider streets and cleaner living. Old London Bridge had been crowded with houses, but these were cleared away, and Lon-

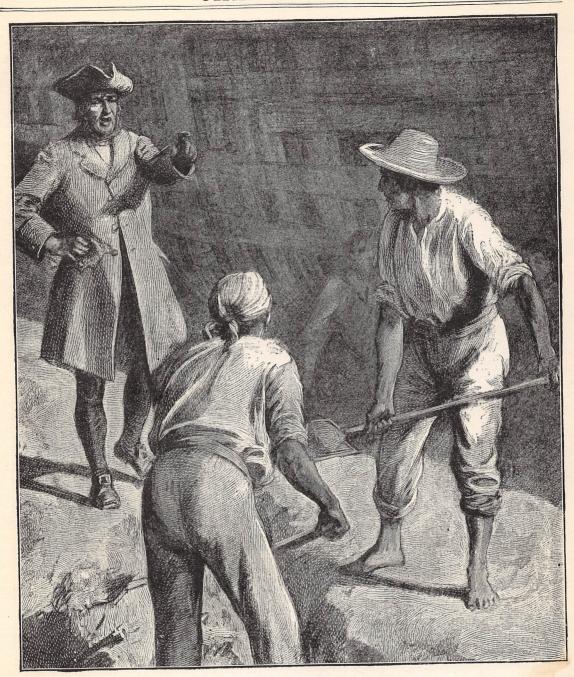


don Bridge to-day, with its ceaseless stream of traffic, is only one of the many fine bridges which span the Thames, in and near the capital city.

Of the wonderful Embankments, of the Houses of Parliament with their river frontage, and of the docks, wharves, and warehouses, which line the banks of the Thames for many miles, there is little space to speak. Below London are — Greenwich with its hospital and schools; Woolwich, where is the Royal

Arsenal; and Gravesend, the limit of the Port of London. Below this point the river widens rapidly, till, at the Nore, with Shoeburyness and Sheerness on either hand, and the Nore Light floating over the sandbanks, it is more than six miles wide. Continually widening, it enters, after a journey of two hundred and fifty miles, into the North Sea — forming the road by which the ships of all the world can come to London.

C. J. Blake.



"'You go aboard at sundown."

BIRD CAY.

(Continued from page 331.) CHAPTER XXII.

NEXT morning, after breakfast, Captain Horn sent Jack and me off in the boat to the Sarah Cutter

for more provisions. We had enough ashore to last us for a fortnight, but the Captain said that it had occurred to him that should a hurricane suddenly spring up or anything unforeseen happen to the barque, we would be in a bad way.

He was a careful and far-seeing man; having used

the sea all his life, he knew full well that the sea was not to be trusted.

As we rowed to the barque, Jack, who had the stroke oar, paused for a moment when we were halfway from the beach to the vessel.

'Look here,' said he, 'I believe I've found a way

to fix Prentice.'

What's that?' said I.

'Well, you see, as long as he's on the island he'll sleep every night just as he did last night, with his back to that tree on guard. Well, do you know what I'm going to do?'

'What?'

'Get him off the island.'

'How?'

'How? Why, I'll just go to the Cap'n straight and ask him to send Prentice aboard to take charge of the ship, and bring the Spanish chap ashore to do the digging.'

But will he?'

'He will do it right enough if I put it to him properly. The bother is I don't want to tell him of what we've found out. I want to discover that stuff myself. I think I can fix it up about Prentice, though, if you'll back me.'

'I'll do whatever you wish.'

'Right. Let me do the talking, and you just back me in whatever I say.'
'I will, as long as you say what's the truth.'

'Truth! Who says I'm not going to say the truth? Who are you to be yarning to me about the truth?'

He was so put out that I apologised there and then, though I did not know then how strictly he would, as he knew, be able to tell the truth. see, by his silence and the way he handled his oar, he was still put out, and it was not till we were rowing back to the beach that he consented to say an-

We halloed for Jam, who came and helped us to beach the boat and dispose of the stores, and then, Jack leading the way, we made for the wreck.

'You wait here,' said Jack, 'and I'll go and fetch the Cap'n on some pretence about the stores. I won't be a minute.

I saw him go up to Captain Horn; then they both came to where I was standing.

'Well,' said the Captain when they reached me, 'what's all this you say about Prentice?

'I was telling the Cap'n it would be better to get Prentice aboard the barque,' said Jack.

Yes, you were telling me,' replied Captain Horn; 'but who are you to be telling me what to do, and what's the meaning of it, anyway? Come, out with your yarn, and tell me the meaning of all this.'

'Cap'n,' said Jack, 'I can't tell you. I'm not meaning any disrespect, but it's a secret between me and Dick. Honour bright, we mean everything for the best, and if you'll just do as we asks you, it'll be

the best in the end.'
'Dick,' said the Captain, 'you know me, and you know what I can do with a rope's end. Come, open your mouth, and let's have the meaning of the busi-

ness fair and square.'
'Captain,' said I, 'it's Jack's business, and I'm sure you wouldn't thrash me into telling you what it's not my business to tell. But I will say this: Jack means right, and if you'll do what he asks you, it will be the best for all of us."

The Captain scratched his head, but before he could say a word Jack cut in. 'See here, Cap'n, said he, 'you know the work Prentice is put to; well, wouldn't he be jumping and willing to knock off and go and have a rest on the barque if you told

'Of course he would,' replied the Captain, 'lazy

But I ain't going to tell him.'

'Well,' said Jack, 'I put it to you this way, Cap'n: I only ask you to speak to Prentice and ask him wouldn't he like to knock off work and take the Spaniard's place on the barque for a day or two. If Prentice has no reason for wanting to stick here and do us an injury, he will say "Yes"; and if he does want to stick here, and maybe spoil everything, he will say "No,"

'I s'pose you're driving at something that's out of my sight,' replied Captain Horn. 'Well, if you're fooling me by any chance, I reckon you'll pay for it

He turned on his heel without another word and walked off towards the wreck, we following behind him.

Prentice and Jam were at work, whilst Blower was sitting by, resting. We went and sat down by Blower, whilst Captain Horn, with his hands in his pockets, stood watching the workers.

'Prentice!' cried the Captain suddenly.

Prentice straightened himself and looked round. 'I'm thinking of sending you to kick your heels on board the barque for a day or two; you want a rest, and the sun's spoiling your complexion.' The Captain spat on the sand, and looked grimly over Prentice from head to foot. 'Your beauty's being Well, you scoundrel, where's your thanks? spoiled.

he said.
'Why, since you brought me here and set me to this work, here I wishes to stick,' replied Jim. 'I'm fonder of working in company than being alone.'

Oh, you're fond of company, are you?' replied the Captain. 'Well, you'll find lots of rats and blackbeetles to keep you company on board of the Sarah Cutter if she's anything like as dirty as she used to be a couple of years ago. But it's not what you're fond of as is best for you, Jim; I'm thinking of what's good for you, just the same as if I was your mother - which I'm glad to say I ain't; and my decision is that you goes aboard the Sarah this evening, and there you stick for a day or two."

'Captain,' said Jim, 'don't send me aboard that there barque. I ain't afraid of hard work, plump and plain, I'm afraid of being by myself.'

'Why, Jim,' cried Captain Horn, with an air of mock affability, 'what are you afraid of?'

I'm afraid of being by myself,' replied Jim. 'Is it your conscience that troubles you?'

'Maybe it is,' replied Jim.

'Then you may make your mind easy. I don't press the point.'

'Then I stay ashore?' asked Jim with a relieved

'No, you don't, you goes aboard at sundown; but I'll leave Jose — what's his name? — that Spanish chap — to keep you company aboard.'
'Captain,' said Prentice, 'I can't stick that chap

nohow. Let me just stay where I am and work as I'm working, and I won't grumble.'

'Much I care whether you grumble or not,' replied Captain Horn. 'You go aboard at sundown, so just

shut your head and go on working, and trust in me to know what's best for you. A couple of days' rest is what you want. I am no galley slave-driver, and a couple of days' rest you shall have.'

He turned on his heel and walked away. (Continued on page 351.)

TREE'D BY A LION.

Founded on Fact.

RAILWAY BUILDING in Africa carries with it through which the line has to be pushed is often all virgin ground, full of forest and jungle, abounding in wild animals of all sorts. This was fully realised by the members of the survey party, who had to be always in advance of the rest, for they had to cut their way through the thick scrub, dense bushes, elephantgrass and what not. This grass grows in tufts fully eight feet high, and affords such excellent cover that it is very dangerous to follow a wounded animal through it, as he would be far more likely to see you first and attack you before you knew he was near

Lions are the worst to deal with, for when once they have tasted human blood they become maneaters of the worst type, and, moreover, take to it far more quickly than the Indian tiger does, which as a rule only becomes a man-eater when old, as it then finds it easier to catch men than fleet-footed

animals.

The survey party were very much troubled by lions, and it was by no means uncommon to lose a coolie (or Indian labourer brought over for the work on the railway) or two, especially at night.

In the party I am writing about there were only two white men, George Fletcher and Eric Broune, and they shared a small tent between them at night, having only a waterproof camp mattress each to lie on, and a blanket to cover them; not that, in such a hot climate, this mattered very much, so long as

the tent kept the heavy dew off them.

One night Eric awoke with a start, though he could not tell what had roused him. He was not long in doubt when he heard a snuffing noise close beside him, and a scratching on his canvas as if a cat was trying to get its paw under the edge of the tent. It was a lion prowling round seeking for an opening, and (failing to find one) trying to get at him under the canvas of the tent-wall.

Eric rolled over to his chum's side, and roused him with a soft whisper: 'George, George, wake up, old

chap, but don't make a noise.

'What is it? Tent on fire or what?'

'No, it's a lion prowling about the tent, trying to get in.

'That is pleasant news! Where is he now?' 'On my side, trying to get his paw under the tent-

wall.' Then let us roll out under it on my side and

make for the nearest tree.'

With as little noise as possible George worked his way out under the canvas, closely followed by Eric, who had scarcely got off his mattress when he saw by the dim lamplight the lion's paw appear and claw hold of the very spot he had so lately occupied; it was a very near thing. As soon as both were clear of the tent, they took to their heels, and bolted for the nearest tree (which happened to be only a moderate-sized one), shouting as they ran, 'Simba! erate-sized one), shouting as they ran, Simba!' (lion) to warn their men.

Fortunately the lion was engaged in tearing up the mattress, in a rage at finding it was only a mattress, and not a man. This gave them time to reach the tree ahead of the lion, who, as soon as he saw them, gave chase. It was an exciting halfminute for Eric, who was the last to reach the tree, and had to pause a few moments while George scrambled into the lower branches. He was only just in time, for with a roar that made the welkin ring the King of the Forest sprang at him, only missing his feet by a few inches, and gave the tree such a shake that it nearly dislodged them both.
'I say, old man,' said George, 'I thought he had

you that time.'

'So did I, but a miss is as good as a mile, though it was too close to be pleasant. What an awful blood-curdler that roar was! We are in for a very uncomfortable night, I fancy, for he won't leave us in peace, so let us make as secure a perch as possible. I only wish I had my rifle.'

So, settling themselves as securely as possible,

they awaited events.

'George, old man,' whispered Eric, after they had sat listening intently for several minutes, 'I wonder if one of us could sneak back to the tent and get a rifle.

'I don't think so - the lion won't be far off, and he would have you on toast long before you could

get to the tent and back again.'

'Well, anyhow, I'll descend a bit lower, clear of these leaves, so that I can see how the land lies and if the coast is clear.'

'Don't be a fool, Eric; stay where you are safe.'

'All right; I'll only have a look round.'

He proceeded to do as he said, but had only placed one foot on the lower bough when a deep growl or grunt, a mixture of the two that I cannot describe, made Master Eric draw back his foot pretty sharply. Looking down he could see the lion's eyes, like two balls of fire, shining in the darkness, showing that the beast was on sentry-go beneath the tree. Slowly the gleaming eyes came nearer and nearer to them, till, to their horror, they discovered that the lion was raising himself on his hind legs with his front ones on the tree-trunk in his efforts to reach them; and when he found they were still beyond his reach, he made a scrambling spring, only just failing to reach them, and again missing his mark by a few inches only, driving them a bit higher.

'This is a beanfeast, George; we can't get any higher, as the boughs are not strong enough to trust to, and if they broke we should drop like ripe plums

right into his jaws.'
He has gone away again now from under the tree at any rate; so perhaps, as he finds he can't reach us, he has gone away altogether.'

'No fear, my boy, he will not go till daylight comes on, and will amuse us more than we want by

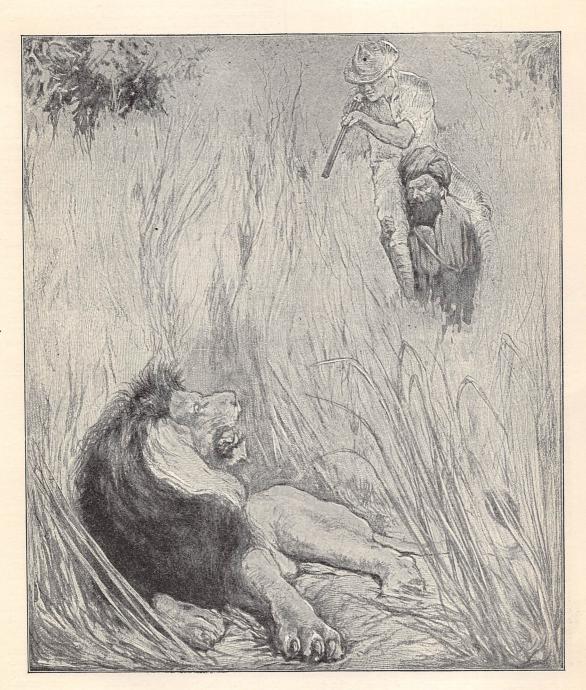
his visits in the meantime.'

The words were hardly spoken when a deep roar at the foot of the tree greeted them as a reminder that his majesty was still on the alert. Again and again this went on all the rest of the night, and not till it was broad daylight did the savage beast retire to his lair in the scrub.

(Concluded on page 346.)



"It was a very near thing."



"Eric took careful aim."

TREE'D BY A LION.

Founded on Fact.

(Concluded from page 343.)

T was a very weary and cramped pair that cau-I T was a very weary and cramped part tiously crept down from the tree when the coast tiously crept down from the tree when the coast was clear. They were not long in getting their rifles, but were too stiff and tired after their long watch even to think about following up the lion; so, setting some of their men to keep a look-out, they lay down to get what rest and sleep they could till noon; then, after having a good meal, they talked the matter over, and decided that they would move the tent close to a larger tree, in which they could make a safe resting-place where they could keep watch, feeling sure the lion would return that night again in hopes of being able to carry one of them off. All the men were ordered to make sleeping-places in trees, so that only the one tent should be pitched as a decoy for the lion.

Before dark all their preparations were made, and they remained in the tent as late as possible, so that the lion should smell their recent presence therein, and so think they were still there.

Watching for the appearance of any wild animal is jumpy work, especially at night, and so these two sportsmen found it, for the lion was not in any hurry, evidently waiting till all was quiet and his intended victims asleep.

'I say,' whispered George, 'I wish the old brute would hurry a bit, and show himself. I'm getting fed up with this waiting game.'

In answer to this remark a twig snapped not far off, and the bushes rustled, but nothing appeared. Then followed another interval of utter silence. Neither man dared even to whisper, but each crouched on his perch with eyes strained, ears

cocked, and every nerve vibrating.

In this way five minutes passed, though to the watchers in the tree it seemed as many hours, when another twig snapped right under them, and a dim shape could be seen moving stealthily towards the tent. Hitherto the sky had been overcast with heavy clouds, but now they were rolling away, and the stars shone out brightly, making the night clear and objects in the open fairly visible, so that they could see the lion plainly making for the tent. They dared not stir even then, for fear of attracting his attention; and not till he had passed to the farther side, and the tent hid them from any chance of being seen by him, were they able to move their cramped limbs.

The lion was very slow and deliberate in his movements, so they were ready for him by the time he reappeared. Waiting till he had stopped to sniff, as he had done the night before, at a whispered 'Now!' from George, they fired together. The shots apparently took effect, for with a roar of mingled rage and pain the huge beast bounded into the air and rolled over, but, quickly regaining his feet, made off

into the bushes.

Being satisfied that they had wounded him, and could easily follow his track, they decided to remain where they were till daybreak, for a wounded lion is dangerous at any time, and doubly so in the dark.

'Don't you think we might make ourselves secure up here?' said Eric a few minutes later. 'I don't think he is likely to return after the reception he has had, and we might get a little sleep.'

'Just my own idea to a T; I was about to suggest it myself; in fact I thought of it when we were preparing our perch, and brought some bits of rope up here with me, so here you are.'

With the aid of the rope they were able to make sure of not falling if they dozed off; and if they did not get a sound sleep, they could let their eyes close and their nerves relax without fear of falling.

In this way the night passed, and when daylight was well established they descended from the tree, and after stretching their legs proceeded to inspect the spot where the lion had been hit. There was blood about, showing that the animal was wounded, and leaving a good trail thence to the bushes into which he had plunged. They crept through these, only to be faced by a growth of thick elephant-grass, so they returned to camp to hold a council of war as to how they should follow up the lion. The prob-lem was the elephant-grass; it would be madness to send their men into it as beaters, for if the lion was not dead he would be sure to see them before they saw him, and it would be literally walking into the lion's jaws.

These men were natives of Northern India, and one of them, Shere Ali by name, a Pathan, was a fine specimen of a man, standing well over six feet, with broad shoulders, and very powerfully made, an ex-soldier. He stepped up to Eric, and, saluting him, said, 'Broune Sahib, if you sit on my shoulders you would be higher than the grass, and be able to see the lion and shoot him before he could attack you.'

'Nonsense, Shere Ali; if the lion attacked us, you would be unable to defend yourself, hampered like

that, and you would be killed.'
'No, Sahib, I should be all right; the lion would only see you, so would spring at you, not at me. You need not fear for me.

'Yes, no doubt you are right, and I shall have my rifle, at any rate. What say you, George? Let me have your opinion. You couldn't do it, for you are a big, heavy chap, and I am only a light-weight, and

nothing for a man like Shere Ali to carry.

'Oh! please yourself; he is quite right about the lion going for the top of any animal - he never goes for the legs; so you are the one that runs most risk, though no doubt Shere Ali might get badly scratched

in the struggle.

'All right, I'll take on the job. But first of all, let us see how Shere Ali carries me, and we will have a little pick-a-back practice before we start, so that we can see what sort of a steed he makes.'

He proved a good one, and carried Eric easily.

A few minutes before noon, when the sun threw no shadows, the party started on their quest, easily following the track of the wounded lion by the blood and trampled grass. Several hundred yards had been traversed without seeing anything of the lion, till, when nearly at the other side of the patch of grass, Eric saw a dark mass stretched out before him. A few steps more showed it to be the object of his search.

A quick squeeze on Shere Ali's shoulder told him the enemy was in sight, and brought him to a standstill. Waiting till he had planted his feet firmly, ready for the recoil of the rifle, Eric took careful aim, and fired: the lion made an attempt to get up, but was only able to raise himself on his fore feet, and then fell over on his side — dead.

It was a very triumphant procession that made its

way back to camp, carrying the dead lion slung to a

pole.

It proved to be a very fine full-grown male, and a very proud man is Eric when he shows the skin to his friends. A. E. Stebbing.

FIRE!

Some Seasonable Warnings.

THE British Fire-prevention Committee issues some sensible Cautions against the danger of fire at Christmas festivities and parties: -

(1) Christmas-trees should not be placed near window curtains, or in positions in which a draught may cause draperies to be blown on to the lights.

(2) All dry shrubs easily catch fire, especially the fir-trees used at Christmas, as they contain a considerable quantity of resin.

(3) Candles are easily bent out of shape, even by the slight heat of another light below. Bent candles

drop down and set things alight.

(4) All paper and similar lanterns should be hung by wire, and, during the period they are lighted, should be watched, to see that they do not swing. A swinging 'Chinese lantern' easily catches fire.

(5) Tissue paper (unless properly treated) should not be used as a decoration or covering for illumi-

nated globes.
(6) Cotton wool (unless properly treated) should not be used to represent snow, as it is highly inflammable. Asbestos fibre or slag wool are good substitutes.

(7) Celluloid, being a highly inflammable material, should not be used on Christmas-trees or in

decorative schemes.

(8) Children should not be allowed to light Christmas-tree or other candles unless adults are present.

(9) In playing 'Snap-dragon,' the players should be warned not to shake any lighted spirit upon muslin, flannelette, or other inflammable clothing. Players should remove any such accessories as celluloid bangles, strings of celluloid 'beads,' or hair ornaments.

(10) Buckets of water should always be available.

THE NEW GIRL.

PRAYERS were over and the hymn finished, yet Miss Carter did not give the signal for the first form to lead the way upstairs, and there was a painful pause as the girls waited in expectation for the awe-inspiring words, 'I regret to say that it is my painful duty to'—words that had the power of rendering the whole school spellbound, and of making the culprit wish the earth would swallow her up before Miss Carter could say anything else.

But to-day the dreaded words did not come; instead, Miss Carter, clearing her throat, said in clear tones, 'I think, girls, this excellent proverb, "Pride blinds us to our own faults, and magnifies those of others," has been forgotten by some of you.'

There was a short silence; then Miss Carter stepped towards the door, which Nora Clarence, the head girl, opened for her, and afterwards the classes

filed to their different class-rooms. Miss Brown found that, with the exception of Janie Marks, the new girl, her class was very hazy over the arithmetic, as though they were thinking of something else, as in truth they were.

'Those whom the cap fits wear it,' Miss Carter

might have added to her other proverb, for the girls of Form II. knew she was alluding to them, and their treatment of Janie, the shabby little new girl.

Girton House School prided itself upon being very select. There were only fifty girls, and unless one left there were no new ones. Ella Roberts, whose father had been the last Mayor, had left the town, and her place had been filled by Janie Marks.

'She lives in that poky little house at the top of

the lane,' said Sylvia.

'And they've only one servant, and sometimes Janie wipes up the tea-things.' Gwen spoke as if she quite grieved that such a child should be in their

'And her coat is awfully shabby; she had it last Christmas, she told Madge,' said Rosie, glancing at

her own smart blue coat.

And so it was no wonder Janie found school life harder than she thought it would be, though at home she told her invalid mother that she was very happy there, for she knew it would have grieved her other-

I am sorry to say that only two of them took Miss Carter's good words to heart, and those were Kitty, a little lame girl, and Ruth, her best friend. They went up to Janie at playtime, and insisted on playing with her. The others hung aloof. 'She will want to walk home with us,' they said, thinking of the shabby coat.

Things were much brighter for Janie now, for Kitty and Ruth were very popular, and could not be excluded from the games, and, as they would not play unless she did, she was much happier, although at times she did wish they would all love her.

One day she was almost late, and, instead of looking depressed, she looked radiantly happy, and handed Miss Carter a note before going to her place.

'I am to go to tea with Auntie this afternoon, and I may bring some friends,' she told Ruth and Kitty at playtime, 'and as Mother does not know your mothers, she asked Miss Carter to write.'

And, sure enough, Miss Carter gave Ruth and

Kitty a note to take home.

Janie was very early at school that afternoon, and felt in great suspense till she knew her friends would come.

'We are to go at three o'clock,' Ella heard her say, and she did not hear the rest; but she and her special allies felt surprised at Kitty and Ruth's eagerness to go to tea with just an aunt of Janie Marks.

Three o'clock was playtime, and the three children got ready to go, and then started a game while they were waiting; and it was the other girls who first saw a big red motor draw up and stop, while a lady, whom they all knew by sight, got out to their great surprise, and kissed Janie, and shook hands with Ruth and Kitty; and, after a few words with Miss Carter, who had come out, the motor drove off with Lady Morley and their school-fellows.

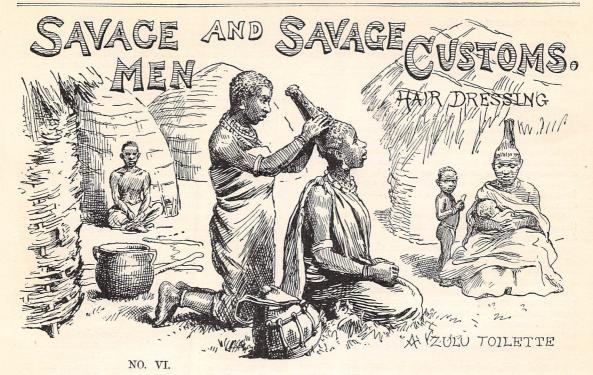
They felt very silly and small as they thought of

all they had said about Janie.

And to think Lady Morley is her aunt,' said Ella. 'She ought to have told us.'

'We should have said she was boasting if she had, I suppose,' said Kathleen.

'Never judge by appearances, girls,' said Miss Carter, who had come up unseen. 'You all thought Jean Maloney. of Janie's coat, not Janie.'



It is easy to understand how, partly for the sake of convenience and partly for the sake of appearance, men from the earliest times adopted some fashion of dealing with the hair. But one cannot so easily account for some of the strange methods of treatment which the barber's art reveals, both in regard to civilised and savage people.

We are constantly being told that civilised races of mankind are in every way superior to their savage relations. But this is only partly true. In some matters we are no better, in others worse than they. In the matter of hair-dressing, it is true that in England to-day we are not so foolish as our forefathers, who during the eighteenth century gave themselves up to the most absurd, not to say in-sanitary, forms of hair-dressing. This was more especially true in the case of the women. Ladies of fashion had their beautiful tresses frizzed up into all sorts of strange shapes, bedaubed with powder and grease, and bedecked with ribbons and jewels and feathers to a monstrous height. Not longer ago than Nelson's time men wore their hair in a 'pig-tail.' To-day, we, or some of us, have gone to the opposite extreme by having the head cropped as close as scissors can cut. In some countries, as among the Turks, the head is clean shaved except for a tuft on the crown, which is left in order that, as they believe, when they die they may be lifted into Paradise thereby.

We are, however, more especially concerned in hair-dressing among savage peoples, and their customs are, of course, determined, more or less, by the peculiarities of the hair. For among some races, like the Chinese and North American Indians, the hair is long, coarse, and straight; in others, like the

Scotch, it is commonly wavy. In the Australian Aborigines it is of the 'frizzy' type, while in the Hottentots and Bushmen it is short and distributed over the head in the form of little curly pepper-cornlike tufts, exposing most of the scalp. But native fashion-makers are not bothered by any considerations as to the length and quality of the hair, when they have a mind to devise some feat of the barber's art which is apparently contrary to nature. For there are tribes, as we shall see, whose hair is of the shortest, yet who seem to boast long locks, and there are others who by the aid of the razor, or by ingenious frame-work devices, accomplish the most amazing feats of ornament.

A common practice among East African tribes, whose hair is very short and curly, is to seize upon the smallest possible tuft of hair and to twist into it the fibres of a wood-bark till the appearance of a long lock is obtained. And this process is repeated till the head is apparently covered with long locks, which are then smeared with red clay and anointed with oil made from a sheep's tail. These long red locks are then, very often, bound together into groups, so arranged that one falls over the forehead, and one on each side of the head, while the hinder locks may be gathered together to form a sort of pig-tail. But the precise method of their disposition varies in different tribes. Sometimes, the hair on the crown of the head only is dealt with. Curled vultures' feathers are whipped on to tufts of hair so that a sort of feathery top-knot is formed. Sometimes, as in the case of the Nandi women of East Africa, fashion favours a very different type of hair-dressing, one in which the whole head seems to be covered with small red nuts! This effect is

produced by dressing the hair-tufts with bark and clay, and working up each little pellet of clay till the curious beaded effect shown in our illustration is

produced.

Among the Kaffirs, and the Zulus, and other African tribes, the hair is often trained up with the aid of bark over a framework to form 'top-knots,' sometimes of huge size. The head of a Kaffir often has a top-knot quite small compared with those of the Zulus and the Mashukulumbui. As a rule, such 'top-knots' are not more than a foot or eighteen inches high, and end in a blunt point. But in this tribe with the long name it may reach as much as



A West African Native.

An East African.

five feet high, and end in a thread-like point. The base of the cone is fixed to the back of the crown, and the column is made to curve forward. The long thread-like end is formed from a thin strip of horn from the sable antelope.

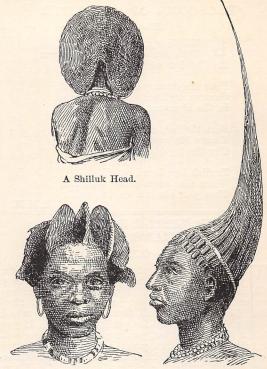
Among some of the East African tribes, other and even more remarkable forms of hair-dressing are met with. In some cases, for instance, by means of the hair and a cunning arrangement of bark fibres, a



Dinka Hair Fashions.

series of flattened plates is formed all round the head, as shown in our illustration: sometimes similar plates are made to run across the head, one behind the other.

The same principle of hair-dressing, it is interesting to note, is met with in the West of Africa, among natives of the Kameruns. But here long ridges of hair are fashioned running from the fore-



A Dinka Fashion.

Mashukulumbui.

head backwards; or a series of hat-like structures is formed, one above the other.

The men and boys in the Kameruns are also fond of wearing the hair in strange fashions. But among them the hair is shaved so that the hair forms a low raised pattern over the head. Sometimes a ring of bare skin cuts off the hair of the crown from that of the rest of the head; in other cases each side of the head is shaved, leaving only the crown covered. Occasionally nothing but a ridge of hair along the middle of the crown is left.

The Dinkas and the Shilluks, of the White Nile, display a further modification of the customs of hair-dressing which prevail among the West African natives. Some dress the hair so as to form a number of long, finger-like columns arranged in rows, one along the crown and one on each side of the head; while the Shilluks fashion an enormous circular shield which is affixed to the back of the head and extends downwards to the shoulders, a cleft in the middle of the lower border of the shield being left to expose the back of the neck.

The extraordinary devices which have been traced here are all so many attempts to 'improve on nature,' a foolish form of vanity. But there is one race of peoples who seem to have been content to leave their hair as nature made it. And these are the Fijians, on whom it grows to an enormous length and stands erect all over the head, giving an effect which is apparently sufficiently striking to please even the most fanciful among them in the matter of head-dressing. W. P. Pycraft, F.Z.S., A.L.S.

BLOSSOMS OF THE YEAR.

X. - IVY.

E NGLISH ivy, ever green, With a mass of flowers is seen Ere October winds grow keen.

Hear the drowsy humming sound: Swarms of insects here are found In the blossoms, and around.

Here the bat, considered blind, Knows his supper he can find O'er the ivy-blossom kind.

English ivy, loved by all, When the leaves of autumn fall, Then you blossom on the wall.

E. M. H.

OUR LITTLE GARDENS: A YEAR'S WORK.

X. — OCTOBER.

WITH October we get the falling leaf. Never burn fallen leaves, but rake them up, as they fall, into one large heap. You will soon be gardeners enough to know what valuable material they are. Gradually they will form mould—leaf mould - which is most useful for potting purposes. If you do not need it for that, you can add it to your soil. It takes well-nigh two years before it is ready for use. The oak leaf, which is thicker and tougher than most others, makes the richest leaf mould. If you like, you may, during the winter, turn the leaves over once or twice and add some lime to them, if you wish the process of mould-making to be as rapid as possible. I never have anything burned if I can help it — weeds, rooted-up plants, all go on the heap, and such things as sweet-pea haulms, if kept dry, make good winter protection to place lightly over plants that are getting cut by bitter winds and frosts.

Just now, much of the beauty of our gardens lies in the chrysanthemums. Any kinds yet in bud might have a dose of weak liquid manure two or three times. If at present we have none of these plants, let us look about and try to discover the names of those that most take our fancy. Great favourites of mine are Horace Martin and Crimson Marie Masse.

October is one of the best months in the year for all planting operations of hardy plants. Most things can be moved safely now. Such flowers as Michaelmas daisies, phloxes, campanulas, form too large clumps if they are never divided. It is the custom in many gardens to lift all such plants and divide them into several portions once in three years. If we have an old standing clump to deal with, and there is more than we require, let us throw away the centre portions and replant the outer pieces, because these are the least worn out.

This is the time when our observation of many previous months should be of real service to us. We shall be able to determine such things as whether, say, a foxglove likes a sunny or a shady spot; whether a plant likes cool, moist quarters, or warm, dry ones, and many such points as these. Never be afraid to make experiments. If you have

a plant that has not flourished in a cool, moist place, dig it up now and put it in a more sunny one, if you have such to offer it. Some plants love to have lime in the soil, therefore, if you can get a little old mortar rubble, you might make experiments that

way, by adding some of this to the soil.

I wonder if you know anything about rose-trees beyond the fact that they have leaves, stems, roots, thorns, and flowers? Anyway, I want you to know a little more than that. I want you to know that some rose-trees, so to speak, are not growing on their own roots. The roots are a wild stock, and a garden-rose has been grafted, or perhaps budded on this wild stock. I do not think we can go into the subject of budding or grafting, so with this knowledge we will pass on to the fact that we can quite well have rose-trees that are growing on their own roots, and this by means of cuttings. Now, a boy or girl should be able to strike rose-cuttings quite easily if the following instructions be closely followed. October is an excellent time to secure the cuttings, though cuttings may also be put in during the following month. Do not take soft, sappy, lately-grown growths for this purpose, but such growths as have already borne a flower. A cutting may be any length from five to nine or ten inches much depends on the length of the growth we secure. We either cut it close under a joint or, better still, take it where it joins a larger branch, and then we can take it with a heel, which is to say, a sloping end slightly infringing on the larger branch. We trim off the lower leaves, and if we are planting out of doors - there is no reason why we should not, seeing that the cuttings are quite hardy — we should have dug a trench before we secured the cuttings. Into the trench, before we put in the cuttings, we place some sand, then we place the cutting quite firmly on this bottom and fill the soil in — firmly, mind you: in fact, you had better tread it carefully. You need not bring the cutting to an upright position, for many people declare they root better when in a sloping one. I think, myself, this does, to a certain extent, influence the flow of the sap and does encourage quicker rooting. Of course, you can also strike your cuttings in pots or boxes; but, whatever the method, you must have them sufficiently deep in the soil. In a cutting of nine inches, we ought to bury six inches out of sight. In other words, we plant a cutting two-thirds of its length. These cuttings, being put in so late in the year, will probably not need watering until next April or May. They require little or no winter treatment only, when a thaw comes after a sharp frost, walk down to your cuttings and make sure that the action of the frost and thaw has not loosened them in the ground. If you find this has happened, make all firm again and tread the soil about them carefully. I cannot too strongly impress upon you the necessity of having plants, trees, shrubs — everything, in fact — quite firmly planted at all times.

I have described how to treat a rose-cutting; but

I have described how to treat a rose-cutting; but you can apply the information to many other things—to shrubs of all kinds, whether evergreen or such

as shed their leaves.

As an encouragement to take rose-cuttings, I can tell you that one year I put in some cuttings of the good old Gloire de Dijon rose in the way I have told you. The next autumn (you must not move them for twelve months) I planted one of them

under my bedroom window. In three or four years it not only had grown tall enough to look in at the window, but it had reached the top of the house! I think the easiest of all roses to strike are the Ramblers, and they are splendid for arches and pillars.

F. M. Wells.

BIRD CAY.

By H. de Vere Stacpoole. (Continued from page 343.)

PRENTICE'S dislike of leaving the island seemed to have convinced the Captain that Jack and I had some very good reason for our request. But he did not say another word to us on the subject. But you should have seen Blower's face when he heard the Captain recommend Prentice to take a rest. The bo'sun, of course, knew nothing of our plans, nor of what we had said to Captain Horn, and he just sat down dumfounded whilst the conversation between the Captain and Prentice was going on. Then, when the former walked away, he broke out, addressing Prentice and us and Jam, who could scarcely work for grinning: 'This beats all. So your complexion is being spiled by the sun! If I'd ha' known, I'd ha' brought a stock o' veils along; or, maybe, you'd like some cold cream and powder, same as girls use in the Highway? And so you're to lay off, are you? Fear o' spiling your hands, are you? Get on with your work, you rascal, or I'll be spiling you with my boot. Well, if this don't beat all!

And so he went on, at one moment commiserating with Prentice on the delicacy of the latter's com-plexion and the tenderness of his hands, and the next moment flying out at him till we didn't know

which way to turn for laughter.

Now, I hate to see any one baited; ridicule is a low-down thing at best, and you will never find a gentleman using it so as to hurt any one. But Prentice was a person you couldn't hurt much with anything except, maybe, a stick, so I take no shame for our laughter, especially as we knew the man's anger was chiefly caused by the decision of the Captain to turn him off the island. He went on working with a face as black as thunder and without saying a word, so that Blower, having to do all the talking, soon talked himself out, and, for want of something better to do, set us to work clearing away the sand that had been shovelled up out of the pit, which now extended right from the stern-post to 'midships of the wreck.

At dinner Blower tackled Captain Horn on the question, but the Captain would give him no word

You leave me to mind my affairs,' said he. 'Maybe I know what I'm doing, and maybe I don't. The chap's going on board the barque at sundown, and if you want any reason why he should go, why, what better reason could you have than the fact that he doesn't want to go?'

'That's true enough,' replied Blower. 'He's set against it. Well, it's no business of mine, but if I had my way I'd keep him tight close to us, for if he's left alone on the barque, there's no knowing what he mayn't be after. He'd do anything to spike

'He can't do anything alone thereby himself,' replied Captain Horn. 'He can't get the anchor up, nor get her away, so that's the end of it. Jack, give me another 'tater.'

After dinner, and before we lav down for our rest, the Captain drew me aside on some pretext. Dick,' said he, 'I can see clear enough that Prentice is up to some game, and you've found it out you and Jack between you. And I ask you, man to man, to tell me the whole business if you think there's any danger in it, for, if so, it's a man's job, and will need the whole lot of us to meet it. Answer up now, and be straight.'

'Captain,' said I, 'it's this way. Prentice isn't plotting anything against our safety, but Jack thinks he's got a way of finding out where the gold is hidden, and he wants Prentice off the island so that he may work his plan. Jack's a queer chap, and he wants to work out his plan himself without any one to help him but me. He says it's like fishing, and he wants to land this fish single-handed, or, at least, with only my help, and I'll tell you this much more, he's sure Prentice knows where the treasure is hid.'

'Well, you've answered me straight,' replied the Captain, 'and I'll treat you likewise. You can have a free hand in the business and hunt as much as you please on your own, with the clear understanding you'll have a thundering good rope's-ending, the pair of you, if you don't make good what you say after 'listing me in the business and making me send this chap aboard ship.' With that he walked off, and I followed him to the encampment, where Blower had already taken his place under the shelter of the sail.

CHAPTER XXIII.

At sundown, when the day's work was finished, the Captain ordered the boat to be manned to take Prentice aboard the barque. Jam and Blower were to do the rowing, whilst the Captain steered, and Prentice was ordered to take his place in the sternsheets beside the Captain.

He looked black as thunder, though he never said a word; but just at the moment when the boat was water-borne and he was tumbling into it, he shot a glance at Jack and me venomous enough to make

one shudder.

'He's guessed we had a finger in it,' said Jack as the boat shot out from the beach. 'Did you ever see the like of that look? - and he's always so civilspoken and wishing to please. Dad always used to say he never trusted that sort, and I reckon he was right.

'I wouldn't care to be left on the island alone with him,' said I. 'Well, now he's gone, anyhow, and we have the coast clear; when do you propose

digging for that stuff?

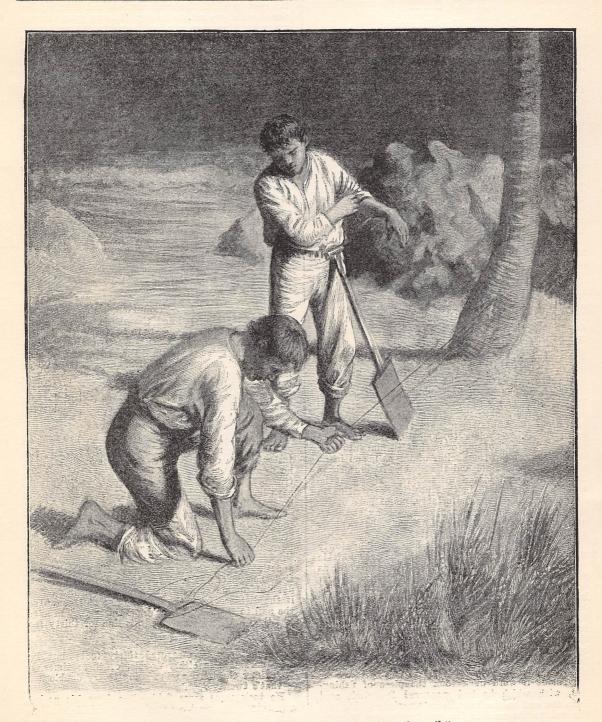
'To-night, when they're all asleep,' replied Dick.
'If it's there we will have it out in no time, and if it isn't and we've been fooled, why, there's no one to know of our being fooled but our two selves. But it's there all right. Prentice wouldn't have been so keen to stay here and work in that sand-hole if it wasn't here.

He saw the boat reaching the ship and Prentice scrambling on board; Jose the Spaniard was taken off, and then the boat started back over the sea, which was as smooth as a looking-glass and all buttercup-coloured with the sunset.

(Continued on page 354.)



"Prentice shot a venomous glance at Jack and me."



"He measured off with the cord straight out from the nail."

BIRD CAY.

By H. de Vere Stacpoole.

(Continued from page 351.)

FTER supper the Captain and Blower sat smo-A FTER supper the Captain and Blower sat Shower king their pipes before turning in, but not a word did they say about Prentice. I noticed that the Captain was more silent than usual, and I noticed that his eye travelled often in the direction of the barque lying like a phantom ship under the light of the stars.

As he was tapping the ashes out of his pipe he took another look at her. He seemed disturbed in his mind. 'That chap hasn't put out an anchor

light,' said he. 'Lazy swab!'
'I hope he will get to cutting no shines,' replied Blower. 'He was proper spiteful by the look of him

when he climbed over the side.'

'He can't do anything,' replied the other. 'What can he do? It's not as if he had any one to help him. He can't cut a chain cable, and even if he had hands enough to man the capstan, the first clink o' the pawls would bring us aboard. All the same, I'll have him back here to-morrow. And I'll tell you what, Blower, just for safety I'll set a watch.'

Oh! confound him,' said the boatswain, 'I don't want to be woke up to keep watch. I reckon I was against the business all along, and I don't see why I should have to pay for it. I'm as tired as a dead dog, and I want my nine hours' sleep to make me

fresh for working to morrow.'
'Well, take it,' replied the Captain. 'Jam and I and one of them boys will keep watch turn about. I'll take first watch, and Jam will follow me. It's

well to be on the safe side.'

You may guess what Jack and I felt at this. Here was a chance that our plans would be spoiled again, but we could say nothing, for we knew quite well from the Captain's manner that he was in no mood for being spoken to, and that he was in a temper with both of us, for having led him into this.

We lay down in the shelter of the sail, and in no time Blower and Jam and the Spaniard were asleep. The Captain had lain down too, reckoning that he could keep his watch in that position as well as in any other and more comfortably. And he did, for twenty minutes or so, when, overcome by the powerful air and the tiredness of the day, he went as sound asleep as any of the others.

Jack nudged me. Then I felt him crawling slowly out from beside me. I waited till he was outside and then I followed him, taking plenty of care, as you may imagine, not to wake the Captain.
'Now then,' whispered Jack, 'the coast's clear at

last; follow me.'

We walked cautiously away from the camp, and then we raced along the sand in the moonlight towards the wreck. We seized the shovels, and with them on our shoulders returned, skirting the camp by sticking to the sea-edge, and then through the bushes we came to the tree, when we cast our shovels down and took breath.

Without a word Jack took the piece of fishing-line, with which he had measured Prentice's cord from the end to the knot, from his pocket. He tied the end to the nail in the tree-trunk, and then he measured off with the cord to its full length straight out from the nail. He made a mark in the sand at

the spot to which the cord reached, and then, seizing the shovels, we set to to dig. I have gone through many exciting moments, but none to approach that.

The moon gave us good light to dig by, but at times I could scarcely see the sand. So excited was I that the dazzle of the moonlight on the white coral

dust blinded me like strong sunlight.

Then, little by little, the exercise of digging began to tell and my excitement left me. I had started feeling sure that we would come on the treasure almost at the first dig of the spade, and now, after the first five minutes of fruitless work, I felt almost

as sure that we had been fooled.

Then I went on working mechanically, scarcely thinking, and without a word to Jack. Yes, we had been fooled, or rather we had fooled ourselves - half an hour's labour told us that. We had hit the coral rock and cleared away the sand from it for a space of four square feet. If we had been right in our calculations, the treasure would have been unearthed by this, and we stood resting on our shovels in the moonlight and contemplating our work, and I don't know which of us was the most dispirited or disgusted.

Jack, after the first moment, cast his shovel away, and sat down on the sand with his hands clasping

'I'm not used to being set back like this,' said he. 'I was as certain as certain I'd got my indications right; everything pointed the one way, and everything points the one way still. It's not the indications that are wrong; no, it's we that are wrong—we've made some mistake. Yes, we've made some mistake, and I'm going to find out what it is. We've measured out in a straight line from the nailthe indications pointed to that — and we've measured the length of the cord up to where it was knotted.' He was silent for a moment, and then, 'I've got it,' said he.

'How?'

'Look here. Prentice tied a knot on his cord to give him the measure of a distance, didn't he? It's just about ten foot as near as possible, that length he measured on his cord, but that doesn't say the treasure lies ten foot from the tree. No, it only says he measured off ten foot to have a measure to go by. You see, it's easy enough to guess ten foot of cord, but it's a lot more difficult to guess twenty foot or thirty foot. So if the paper had said the stuff lies thirty foot from the tree, what would be have done? He wouldn't have tried to measure off thirty foot of cord. No, he'd have measured off ten and tied a knot at the measurement, then he'd have tied the end of the cord to the nail, then he'd have doubled up his cord in his hand, measuring off on it the distance from the knot to the nail, and from the nail to the knot, till he'd got thirty foot in hand. and then he'd have continued his line for thirty foot out instead o' ten.

'I see.'

'I don't say he measured thirty foot; but I'm dead sure it was either double, or three times, or four times the ten; so I'm going to try double first

-that's twenty foot.'

He took some more fishing-line from his pocket, and taking the cord we had already used from the nail, he measured off twice its length on the new line. Then tying the new line to the nail, he walked off till he had reached this new measurement. Here he made a mark on the sand and, fetching the shov-

els, we began digging.

I confess the whole thing seemed to me hopeless. Left to myself, I should have given up the business in despair; but Jack had that quality which leads men to do great things. He believed in himself. He knew that his train of reasoning was good, he knew that everything pointed in one direction, and he knew that our failure was caused, not because the indications were faulty, but because we had missed some point in them. Great was his triumph. We had not been digging five minutes, when the edge of his spade struck something that was not rock. (Continued on page 367.)

PUZZLERS FOR WISE HEADS.

11. - Short Charade.

I.

A lord of creation sounds like me; but, think, I have also to do with pens, paper, and ink; You wait for me, watch for me, hail with delight My coming, at morning, or evening, or night.

TT.

I'm rural, and give to the landscape relief; I'm urban, and bring you coals, linen, or beef; I come with the dustman, I'm used by the swell; And breakfast without me you can't very well.

TIT.

Go out in the street, take a turn in the park: You are sure to see me 'twixt the dawning and dark. C. J. B.

(Answer on page 386.)

Answer to Buried Rivers on page 323.

5. Meuse.6. Teme. 7. Tagus. 3. Rhine. 10. — 1. Esk. 8. Thames. 2. Wye. 4. Aar.

AN INDIAN CHIEF'S PRESENCE OF MIND.

WHEN North America was still under French rule, a certain general, distinguished by his military talents and high character, but small and insignificant in appearance, was nominated Governor

of Canada.

Soon after his instalment, a deputation was sent by the Indians of Iroquois to renew their alliance with the French. On reaching Quebec, they were conducted to the house of the Governor. The leader of the deputation had prepared a long speech, couched in the most flowery and pompous terms, in praise of the height, physical strength, and imposing appearance of the Governor: these qualities being valued above all others by the uncivilised races, it was quite natural that they should attribute them to so famous an officer.

On seeing the Governor, the deputy grasped the situation at once. His beautiful speech could not be delivered, but he was not in the least disconcerted. Saluting the Governor politely, he said: 'Sir, your mind and spirit must certainly be very great indeed, since the King of France sends you here with such C. Morley.

a little body.'

A HUNDRED YEARS AGO.

True Episode of 1813.

V. — THE NEW POET LAUREATE.

T was almost the close of the eighteenth century when some of the elder lads at Westminster School planned a periodical, to which they gave the name of The Flagellant. In the fifth number of this magazine appeared an article, unsigned, on 'Flogging,' in which the writer, with much skill and some learning, did his best to prove, from the ancients and the Fathers, that flogging was an invention of the Evil One. This, too, at a time when every child, gentle or simple, was flogged right through his school days, and not unfrequently for some years

The head master of Westminster was aghast. In fact, so great was the commotion caused by this schoolboy article that the writer - Robert Southey -felt compelled to come forward and own himself the author, and for his honesty found himself—expelled! Little did the Westminster head master -Dr. Vincent — think that twenty-one years later - in 1813 - the expelled Westminster schoolboy would be appointed Poet-Laureate, the highest honour that the State can offer to her poet sons.

And well did Southey deserve this honour, for he not only possessed genius, but, what is perhaps rarer, he joined to it the most tremendous industry, and the mere list of his published works would fill pages.

In poetry, his 'Thalaba' and 'Curse of Kehama' are still held in high honour, and 'though in general,' says Macaulay, 'we prefer his poetry to his prose, we must make one exception: his Life of Nelson is beyond all doubt the most perfect and most delightful of his works.' His Life of Wesley is also a very popular book.

Southey, in middle life, fixed his residence in the heart of the English Lake district, where Wordsworth was living, and Coleridge soon joined his two poet-friends; so this union seems to have suggested 'the idea of regarding them as the heads of a new school of poetry, to which was given the name of the Lake School.'

Now for a word about the Laureateship. The first Poet-Laureate in England was Ben Jonson in 1617, but the office really grew out of an earlier practice, when minstrels and versifiers were part of the retinue of our Norman kings. We hear of Chaucer being given a pension and a perquisite of wine by Edward III., and Spenser was also pensioned by

Queen Elizabeth. The income of the Laureate seems always to have been a shifting one. Dryden, in 1670, was given three hundred pounds a year, and a 'butt of Canary wine'; but in Southey's day the income was only ninety pounds a year, and the 'butt of Canary' seems to have disappeared altogether. Wordsworth who succeeded Southey, was allowed three hundred pounds a year, whilst Tennyson, the next in office, had but seventy-two pounds for his loyal duties; but he was 'allowed twenty-seven pounds from the Lord Steward's Office in lieu of the "butt of canary.",

The duties of the Poet-Laureate were not very onerous; he was merely required to furnish an ode on the birthday of the sovereign, or on the occasion of any national victory, or similar great event. Southey, however, found it somewhat irksome to have to furnish poems to order, and was wont to speak of the expected loyal Odes for the New Year or other Court occasions as 'odeous' jobs.

Southey did much to uphold the honour of the Laureateship, which had by his day somewhat fallen into disrepute, and his successors, Wordsworth and Tennyson, worthily carried on the tradition.

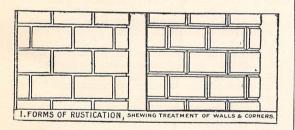
E. A. B.

STONES AND THEIR STORIES.

XI. — RENAISSANCE.

WE have now come to a style about which there is a great diversity of opinion. I refer to the Renaissance; as its name tells us, it is a revival—a 're-birth,' to translate literally. For its rise we must leave England, and turn our attention to Italy. As you know, even now in Italy there are many examples still standing (more or less in ruins) of the wonderful—buildings which were erected in those ancient times of which I have told you. No buildings which have been erected since will remain standing the centuries which they have, and their beauty will never be surpassed. Well, the Gothic styles which grew up in England and other parts never apealed to the people of Italy; I think somehow those grand old ruins must have exerted their influence, even though they seemed forgotten.

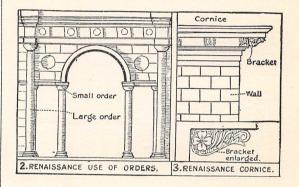
You will remember, when writing of those ancient times, I spoke of a great architect, Vitruvius by name. He wrote a book on architecture (B.C. 50), and when the revival of learning in Italy took place (in the sixteenth century), a translation of this book into Italian was made (A. D. 1521). People read it, and it and other influences brought about a desire to build in the old form. Consequently they started, and many very fine examples quickly appeared. There was hardly any 'transitional' period in Italy;



the style seemed to suddenly appear 'full-grown.' The architects of those times were nearly all craftsmen of some kind: I mean that, besides being architects, they were artists, sculptors, silversmiths, and the like. This seems strange to us in these days, and I personally can never understand how they got through the enormous amount of work for which they were responsible.

Of course, in Italy there are hundreds of examples of the Renaissance style, but I only intend here to mention one, St. Peter's at Rome. This wonderful Cathedral, the largest in the world, was one hundred and fifty years in the building, and of course had several architects in those years. The first was Bramanti, who started to build in 1506. It was continued later by Raphael, the painter, and several

others, all of whom made alterations in the plans. Then, in 1546, Michael Angelo (who was then quite an old man) continued the work, and finally the main part of the building was finished to his design at the end of that century. Later, the great colon-nade was built by Banine. The church is an enormous building, but all the people I have met who have visited it have told me the same thing—they all say they were very disappointed. They have read of its vast size, but when in it, they have not realised this. The fact is, its parts are all so large and so few, that they do not impress. For instance, there are only four bays, and the length of the nave is enormous. Now, in Milan Cathedral, which is not nearly so large, there are twelve bays, and the result is that it looks much larger than St. Peter's. The only way really to feel its size is to watch



people walking about in it, and just compare their height with the size of the piers; you then find that an ordinary-sized man is only about as high as part of the base of a pier! Look out for a photograph of the interior of St. Peter's, and if there are people in it, you will at once realise my meaning: but when I come to speak of our own St. Paul's Cathedral, perhaps we shall understand even better, for a similar instance is there. (By the way, there is a fine model of St. Peter's at Rome in the Crystal Palace.)

In Italy, of course, this revival kept very closely on the classic lines; but much colour (in the shape of painting and mosaies) was introduced, and veneers of coloured marbles. The dome of Byzantine times was used, only raised much higher than in those times. There was no further development of vaulting—in fact, they went back to the old waggon vaulting very largely. The style was gradually taken up more or less all over Europe, but it was nearly a century late in England.

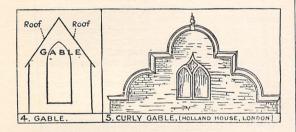
Now I will consider the details of the style as they appeared in England, and, in passing, will mention any special developments of these details in other countries, giving reasons for them.

The plan remained much the same for all cathedrals and churches, viz., more or less a cross. For other buildings, such as our Elizabethan and Jacobean mansions, and the palaces of Italy, France, and Spain, the plans were very wonderful. Many of our English mansions were E and H shaped; some people think that the E-shaped buildings were in compliment to Elizabeth, but this is not certain.

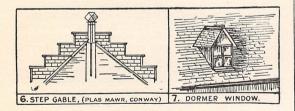
There were many mansions built in these times, for much money circulated just then, on account of the dissolution of monasteries by Henry VIII.; all his enriched friends were anxious to house themselves suitably, and thus the great increase in domestic

buildings.

Walls, on the outside, showed a new feature, viz., what was called 'rustic work,' or 'rustication;' but anything more unlike true rustic feeling I never saw! The word 'rustic' suggests something decorative, but also of a more or less rough nature, as, for instance, a rustic arch in a garden. But this rustic work is very different: it is the facing of a building (or, perhaps, only the lower portion) with large stones, and the joints, instead of being disguised as much as possible, were elaborately grooved, and made quite a feature (fig. 1). The walls were also decorated with 'orders,' often piled one on the other. In this form of decoration an architect named Palladio excelled; he often used very tall orders, extending to two floors, and between he introduced much smaller ones (fig. 2). This was quite an innovation, and was much criticised by his fellow-



men. One of his finest examples is at his birthplace, Vincenza. The cornice of ancient times was much used at this period, and was inclined to overhang even more than of old; the effect in such a sunny climate as Italy's was, of course, very fine (fig. 3). In our country this cornice is not desirable, for we have, for the most part, too gloomy an atmosphere!

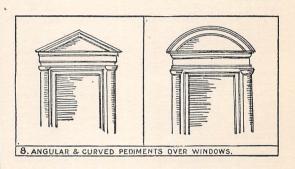


The gable was a feature of this style, more so in some countries than in others. I have not yet explained the term 'gable'; it is that portion of a wall contained between two sloping roofs; the east windows of most churches are in a gable (fig. 4). In the Renaissance period the gable had, as Mr. Banister Fletcher puts it, 'a curly outline,' first developed in Belgium (fig. 5); also a form which had, apparently, steps up the sides; this also was

much used in Belgium. In Conway, North Wales, there is a wonderful old house of this period, Plas Mawr, which was very likely built by a foreign architect, for it has these step gables (fig. 6).

architect, for it has these step gables (fig. 6).

Roofs, of course, were largely influenced by the climate, for where there is plenty of sunshine the roofs are flat (as in Italy), but further north they were much steeper, to throw off the snow and rain. In Belgium they were very steep, and many 'dormers' were used. A 'dormer' is a small window inserted in a steep roof (fig. 7), in order to utilise the space inside the roofs and have rooms there. Of course, the word comes from the French—dormer, to sleep—as the windows were generally those of bedrooms. You will note, by looking at fig. 7,



that these windows were not just holes in the roof covered with glass, but were windows in little built-out gables. Of domes I shall speak in my next, and last, article, when I intend to write about our own St. Paul's Cathedral, and other buildings in London.

Renaissance openings are all square and flatheaded. In Venice, many of the buildings depend on the grouping of their windows for their main beauty. The window was a feature which had to be considered in this revival, for, you see, there were very few, if any, in the temples, &c., of ancient times; but in modern times they were absolutely necessary. One of the chief methods of decoration of windows was the use of a pediment, either angular or curved (fig. 8). Doorways were square, and very often elaborately decorated with rich carving.

E. M. Barlow.

THE LITTLE GIRL AND THE WINDS.

WHY do folk call you Mister Wind?
Is it because you're strong?
Surely there is a Mistress too —
Perhaps I'm guessing wrong?

And have you got some little girls, And jolly little boys?— Just like my brothers who are wild, And make a dreadful noise?

It is great fun, dear Mister Wind, To laugh and talk with you; Perhaps you'll carry me some day Up to the sky so blue. I think your lovely house is built High up in the bright sky; And when you've finished playing here, Then away home you fly.

I wonder if the angels bright
Live very near to you;
I often see you hurrying
Through clouds all white and blue.

You sail so prettily, I wish,
Sometimes, that I could be
A fluffy, soft, white wind—then I
The angels bright would see.

M. Tulloch.

GAELIC BIRD-LORE.

MANY sayings of the old Highlanders have to do with birds, the song or cry being in many cases imitated. Here is a saying about the king of birds: "Glig, glig, glig," says the eagle, "my son is the king of you all." Here is another about the tiny wren: "Tis the less for that, 'tis the less for that," as the wren said when he sipped a billful out of the sea.'

In another saying the raven is imitated. "Gree, gree, gree," says the raven, "'tis my son that will pick the lamb's bones." This bird was supposed to be very fond of eyes; hence, the proverb, 'The raven that rises early gets the eye of the beast in the bog.' Yet even the greedy raven had one good quality: he was proud of his children. 'Black though the raven be, he thinks his children. 'Black though the raven be, he thinks his chicks white.' A similar proverb is this: "Gorach, gorash! gorach!" said the crow, "it is my son who is the blue chick." And here is another saying about the crow: "That's a pair," as the crow said to her feet.'

A WINTER ADVENTURE IN TRANSYLVANIA.

Founded on Fact.

BELA and Janos lived with their mother in a lonely cottage near the hills of northern Transylvania—that is, in the extreme east of Hungary. Their father had been struck down by a falling tree one sad day, and carried home to die; and though Bela was only eleven years old at the time, he made up his mind to take his father's place to the best of his ability.

He it was who kept the little plot of ground in order, and fetched wood and water for the little household; and in his spare hours he herded cows and did odd jobs for the better-class peasants, who gave him maize, potatoes, rye-flour, or perhaps a piece of salted pork in return. At harvest-time, and during the vintage, Bela spent whole days in the fields, and when he laid his hard-earned wages in his mother's lap, at the end of the week, he would say: 'Only wait till I am a few years older, Mother! Then you shall have nothing to do but keep house for us and live in ease and comfort!'

In the meantime, however, the widow worked early and late, spinning, weaving and embroidering linen made of home-grown flax. It was poorly-paid work, but it enabled her to stay at home, and she was not strong enough to work in the fields like most of the women of the village.

So long as the weather was mild, they managed pretty well; but when the winter came on, and the snow lay deep and crisp on the ground for weeks at a stretch, it was all that Bela could do to find an occasional job, and their little store of provisions dwindled rapidly away, in spite of all the mother's care. Worse still, the woodshed was nearly empty, and there was no possibility of replenishing it so long as the snow lay on the ground.

Week after week passed, and still the frost held out. Just when Bela was beginning to feel desperate, however, a sudden thaw set in; the snow melted quickly, the sun shone out with a feeble warmth, and the birds came out of their hiding-places, and chirped cheerily as they fluttered from tree to tree. The peasants were obliged to wade ankle-deep in slush, it is true, but that was a matter of small importance to them, so long as their enforced idleness was over.

'Mother,' exclaimed Bela one morning, 'we must have some firewood, so Janos and I might take the sledge and go over to Makosfalva to fetch some. Old Paul always lets us take what we want, and if we don't go now, another frost may prevent us.'

'Yes, yes, Mother,' cried Janos, delighted at the prospect of the expedition. 'Do let me go; I am so tired of staying at home.'

'We need the wood badly enough,' said the mother, but I hardly know whether it is safe for you boys to go so far alone at this season.'

Bela laughed. 'Why, there's nothing to be afraid of, Mother! We shall be back long before dark, and there is sure to be somebody about; and, if you like, we can ask one of Paul's sons to go with us into the woods.'

These words relieved the woman's anxiety. 'Very well, dear,' she answered, 'in that case you will be safe enough; and even if the boys are not at home, I feel sure Paul will go with you himself if he thinks it necessary. So the sooner you start the better. I will put up some bread and cheese for you to eat on the way, and you shall have something hot for supper when you get back.'

The lads set off in the best of spirits, whistling and singing as they went along, dragging the sledge after them. They soon left their home and the village far behind them, and made their way along a rough and stony road seldom used, except by waggons carting wood out of the forest in autumn.

'It's a pity we can't take the short cut over the fields,' Bela remarked; 'but I'm afraid we should stick fast if we did. Now comes the hill, so you must stop chattering and save your breath for the climb.'

When they stopped half-way up to rest, they were able to look down on the roof of their mother's little cottage and the village beyond. Fields stretched away on either side; but the snow still lay on them in great patches, which probably accounted for the fact of the boys not having met a single person on their way.

'How lonely it is here, Bela!' exclaimed Janos, suddenly impressed by the stillness around them. 'What should we do if—if any bears, or wolves, were to rush out of the woods and attack us?'

'Little silly!' was Bela's laughing answer. 'As if wolves or bears ever came so near the village as this! Father once saw a bear at Megyes — but that is at least twenty miles from here — and it ran

away before he could even take a good look at it, and wolves would never venture down here - especially in broad daylight.'

'Are you sure, Bela? Quite sure? Or don't you think perhaps we had better turn back?'

'What a baby you are, Janos!' Bela spoke almost roughly in his desire to turn his brother's thoughts into another channel. 'Hurry up now, so that we can stay at Paul's a little while when we get there. See, there is the cottage in sight.

The boys pushed their way on, and presently Bela spoke again: 'I wonder why there is no smoke coming out of the chimneys? Why, how stupid of me - I quite forgot that this is the day of the market at Bistritz. Of course, old Paul and the boys will be there. How vexing! Now we shall have to go alone. But never mind, he said gaily, for Janos' face had lengthened visibly, we can manage just as well without them, and we can sit on the bench in the garden and eat our bread and cheese there instead of in the house.'

A chorus of hoarse barking greeted them as they drew near, and three large dogs rushed wildly up and down in the yard, as far as their long chains

would allow.

'Vigyas! Bundash! Rigo!' shouted the lads. 'Lie

down, all of you, and stop that noise.'

On hearing their names, the dogs wagged their tails and jumped up to lick the faces of their little friends; but there was no other sign of life about the place.

'You see I was right about the fair,' said the elder boy; 'but I remember very well where we went last time I came up here for wood. We must enter the wood behind the house, and keep to the left till we come to the new clearing.'

The dogs helped to dispose of the bread and

cheese, and the boys soon set out again.
'You take the little hatchet, Janos,' said Bela,
'and let me go first with the sledge. We shall be certain to find lots of wood at the clearing.'

The snow lay undisturbed in the forest, and made it slow work getting along up the steep path. At last, however, they reached the clearing, and Bela's expectations were not disappointed.

'Hurrah!' he cried, as he shouldered his father's axe manfully, 'we can fill up the sledge in no time. Chop off the twigs, Janos, and pile up the lighter

branches while I lop off the heavy ones.

They worked with a will, and in about an hour's time they had got together as much wood as the sledge would carry. It was warm work running to and fro with the faggots, and the boys gave a shout of joy when they had deposited the last armful on

the pile.
'I wish I knew how to bind it on in the way Father used to,' remarked Bela, as he drew a strong cord out of his pocket; 'first we must pack it up tightly, and then you can press it down while I

A terrified exclamation from Janos made him look up from his work. The clearing stretched far away up the hillside, and there, outlined against the clear sky, two dark, dog-like animals appeared in sight and advanced towards the children. Alas! there was no mistaking those dreadful grey forms, with their peculiar swinging trot and swift motion. Bela's brown cheeks turned pale, and Janos clung to his brother in an agony of terror.

'They are wolves, Bela, aren't they? Oh, we shall

be killed, we shall be killed! We shall be torn to pieces. Oh, Mother, Mother!

'Be quiet, only be quiet!' murmured Bela, in a tone which compelled the trembling child to stifle his cries. There was no time to be lost; escape was impossible. Had there been a tree at hand, Bela might have saved himself by its means, but he could not have drawn up his brother in time, and he was determined to defend Janos at all costs.

All this flashed through his mind in an instant. Then he grasped the younger boy by the arm and said, in a half-stifled voice, 'If you want to save our lives, Janos, kneel down on the ground and let me hide you.' As he spoke, he overturned the sledge and pushed his brother under it, hastily covering the whole with the faggets. 'Now ask God to help us, but don't move or cry out, whatever happens to me.

The brave boy had barely time to run to the spot where his axe was lying, and to arm himself with it. before one of the wolves, with lolling red tongue and gaping jaws, sprang upon him. A lump rose in the boy's throat, and a mist swam before his eyes; but despair gave him courage and strength to bring his axe down with such force on the shoulder of the brute that it rolled over backwards. At the same moment, however, the second and smaller wolf seized him by the arm and dragged him down. It was an awful situation, but the spirited lad grasped the throat of the animal with both hands and managed to hold it off. His strength failed with every second, yet he uttered no cry for fear of endangering his brother's life.

It was at this crisis that Janos, who had been murmuring his prayers and peeping out from his hiding-place, realised that Bela's life was at stake, and ran to his assistance. Though a timid child on ordinary occasions, he grasped his hatchet firmly and began to batter the wolf on the head and face with all his boyish force. Half blinded by the blows, the enraged animal turned on the new enemy and would probably have killed him if the elder boy had not sprung up with lightning speed and split the wolf's skull with his axe.

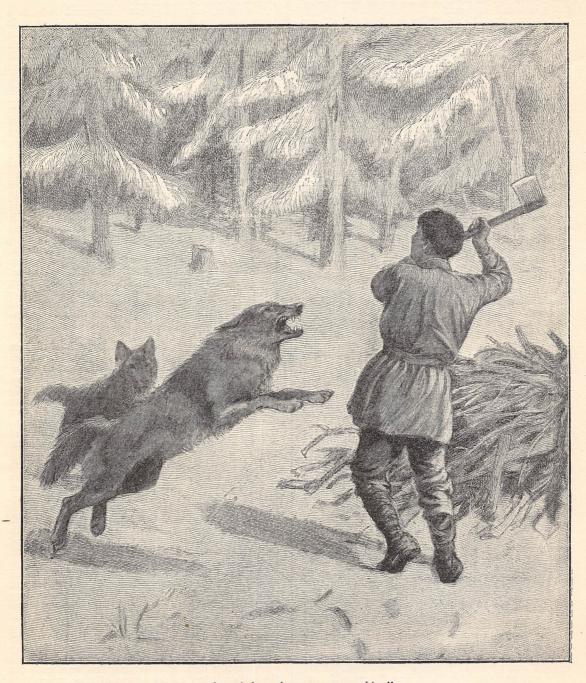
It was fortunate for the boys, exhausted as they were by their exertions, that the first wolf, which had been prowling about as if meditating another attack, turned tail and ran off when they faced round on it with their weapon.

Left to themselves, the brothers embraced each other heartily - even Bela could not keep back his tears now that the danger was over - and prepared to go home with the wood they had obtained at

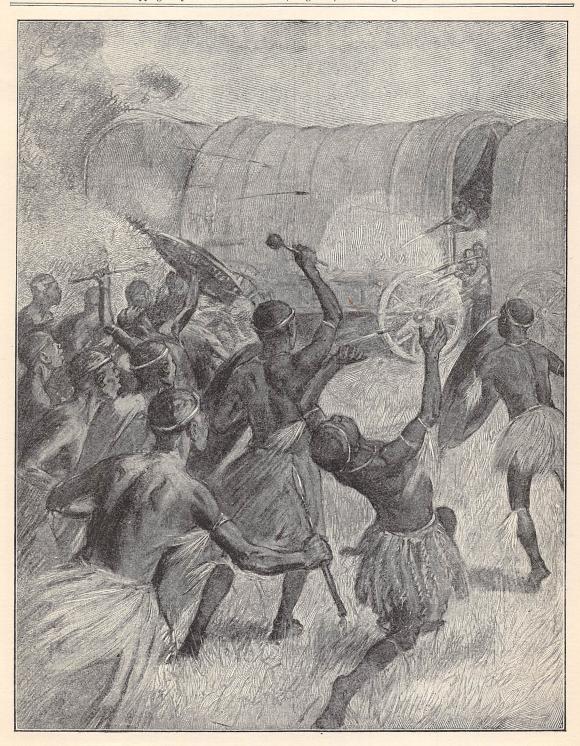
such a risk.

The news of their adventure was soon noised abroad, and their bravery brought its own reward. The villagers flocked to the cottage to hear the story from the boys' own lips, and they did not come empty-handed. Best of all, the Count who owned the ground where the encounter had taken place was so pleased with Bela's conduct that he undertook to pay for his training at a college of forestry and agriculture. The offer was gladly accepted, the more readily because some provision was made for the widow. And in the course of time, when Bela became a prosperous master-forester, he carried out his boyish promise to his mother more completely than they would ever have thought possible.

C. M.



"One of the wolves sprang upon him."



"The Zulus came rushing upon the camp."

STORIES FROM AFRICA.

[Second Series.]

VI. — OUR FELLOW - SUBJECTS.

PROBABLY to many English folk the name of South Africa suggests chiefly those dark days at the beginning of this century, when people through the length and breadth of the land were looking with terrible eagerness through every paper for the war news, reading with trembling hearts of triumph and disaster, and fearfully scanning the lists for familiar names. And, indeed, ever since the Dutch Colony at the Cape was made over to England, after the battle of Waterloo, the land has been a land of war, war with black men and with white men. sometimes successful, sometimes ill-managed, always breaking out afresh for one cause or another. May the future history be a happier story of peace and good government, where black and white, Eng-lish and Dutch, work together in loyal co-operation

for the good of the Colony!

And now that the old bitterness and suspicion are largely things of the past, it is well for us to look back and see what manner of men were the ancestors of these Dutch fellow-subjects of ours. There is no space here to tell of their first coming as traders on their way to the East. In these early days the Cape was their port of call, the place where men, weary and sick after a long voyage, found fresh water and the fruit and vegetables so sorely needed. Gradually the Colony grew and extended northward, for the Dutch East India Company who ruled at the Cape were the strictest of masters, with laws which regulated all buying and selling, even the very material of the women's dresses. So the hard-headed Boers - the old Dutch word for farmer - who were made of the stuff that conquered both the sea and the Spaniards in their native land, put their possessions into their ox-waggons and went northward out of the reach of the Company's interference. Then came the rule of the British, and the petty rules and regulations were done away with, but the new masters brought new laws, which were not at all to the liking of the old Colonists.

As we look back now, we can see that there were mistakes on both sides, and that, though the English Government was right, it was perhaps a little hasty. The Boers had fought hard with the native races for their new homes, and looked upon the black men they had conquered as their lawful property, to use as they liked. They were all slave-owners, and England had declared war against the slave-trade. It is to the glory of our nation that all men, black and white alike, should meet just and equal treatment under the British Flag; but to free all the slaves at once without sufficient care to make up the loss to their masters was not the way to make the new teaching popular. And it was very new teaching to these Boers of the African veldt, who were a slow-moving, ignorant folk, full of old prejudices, and looking upon the natives round them as the Israelites of old looked upon the nations of Canaan. They were angry, too, at English being made the language of the schools and law-courts; in fact, they hated all changes, good or bad, that interfered with old ways, and vowed to go where they could live as they chose and ask leave of no Governor. So the waggons were packed with the household goods, the oxen were harnessed, or, to use the right word, 'inspanned,' the herds and flocks driven ahead, and between six and ten thousand people set forth on what has come to be called 'The Great Trek' over the hills to the Orange Free State. Had they been less determined they might well have been turned from their purpose by the dangers of the enterprise. For the country was not uninhabited land to be possessed, but held by some of the most warlike of the many races of Africa. One section of the advance party were murdered wholesale. Then the animals were attacked by the terrible tse-tse fly, and, as the cattle died one after another, the luckless farmers lost at once their food and their means of travelling. Fever broke out among themselves, and in the second section of the first party only one little child was left alive. But the rest held out stoutly, the waggons became the camp, drawn up in a ring, with women and children and household possessions inside, while the men, with their long guns, took deadly aim at the wild savages

when they tried to rush the laager.

One party of the fugitives formed the idea of making a treaty with the Zulu chief, Dingaan, and settling in Natal. Their leader, Pieter Retief, with a few companions went forward to make terms, and found the chief very polite. He had already a little company of English settled within his borders, and professed himself delighted to welcome fresh European colonists. Only one thing his new neighbours might do for him as token of their friendliness and good faith. Another tribe had lately carried off a number of cattle. Let the Boers recover them for him, and there was nothing that he would not grant. This Retief undertook to do, and he and his party returned joyfully to their camp beyond the Drakensberg hills to tell their countrymen that the fair land of Natal was open to them. The negotiations with the marauding tribe was successful. Retief, with sixty Boers and a number of Hottentot servants, returned to Dingaan, bringing the stolen cattle. They were entertained by the wily Zulu with such dancing and feasting as marked a great festival. A treaty was drawn up and duly signed, and Retief felt that he had done well for his countrymen, and, with the paper in his pocket, came to bid his new ally farewell. He and his companions, to show their confidence, left their guns outside the kraal and accepted the drink of native beer offered by their host at parting.

Then, as they stood all unsuspecting and proud of their success, the fierce order went forth, 'Kill the white wizards!' The farmers, awake too late to the deadly treachery around them, fought as they could with fists and knives, but they were overpowered by a host of armed warriors, dragged to a hill outside the kraal, and there put to death. Then the Zulu horde swept down upon the nearest waggons. The story of the massacre is too terrible to tell. It was the horrible warfare of a savage people bent on wiping out the white intruders who had been minded to take the land that was theirs by right. Neither woman nor child was spared; only a lad who secured a horse in time fled full speed across the veldt to warn the more distant camps. No wonder that the town which stands on the site of that awful slaughter bears still the name Weenan - 'place of weeping.'

But meanwhile other camps had made swift preparation for attack. The great waggons were hastily

formed into a laager, and when the Zulus, wild with slaughter, came rushing upon the camp, they were met by the steady fire of men who had all they loved best at stake. Like wild waves tearing at the cliffs the native warriors flung themselves against the solid ring of defence, only to fall back like those very waves against the stern defence of the men to whom these waggons stood for home and household goods. Within the ring the women, stern and fearless as the men, loaded the guns; the very children took part in the defence. And when the baffled savages fell back at last and the question arose of leaving the ill-omened land, it was the women who refused to go. 'We will avenge those we love,' they said, and the fierce resolve was carried out, though it took months of wild warfare before the punishment of Dingaan's treachery fell at last. Once again the Zulu craft was successful, and a combined force of English and Dutch were trapped in an ambush when attempting to attack the camp. The Boer leaders quarrelled among themselves; each man was a fearless fighter enough, but of discipline and combination they knew little.
At last, in December, under a new general, whose

name, Pretorius, has grown familiar to us all, the final attack was made and the Zulu headquarters carried at last. But Dingaan was not there. Feeling that his day was done, and knowing how little mercy he might expect, he had fled before the avengers, leaving only the ashes of his burnt kraal. On the fatal hill of execution were the bones of the men he had so basely done to death, and in the leather pouch which had been worn at the belt of Pieter Retief was found the false treaty which had

trapped them to their doom.

We will not go on to tell how the Boers found the British already before them in Natal and, after a trial of strength with European rivals this time, turned away to the Transvaal and the Orange River Free State. Those days of rivalry we trust are over. Free State. Those days of rivalry we trust are over. Revenge is an evil thing, and those 'Voortrekers,' or, as we should say, the advance guard, had much to learn of the rights of other races, but it is good for us to read the story of their stern struggle for a home, and to recognise the great qualities of the people who have been the most stubborn of our foes, and now dwell beside us as fellow-subjects under the British Flag.

A GLASS CLOCK.

CLOCK constructed entirely of glass is the re-A sult of six years' labour on the part of a Bavarian glass-polisher. The plates and pillars which form the framework are made of glass, and fastened together with glass screws. The dial, hands, shafts and cog-wheels are of glass, and for joining together the various part of the runninggear glass weights and pins are used. Like the clock itself, the key with which it is wound is glass. The construction of this curiosity was, of course, a matter of infinite pains. Some of the parts had to be made forty times before a clock that would 'go' could be produced.

WAS SHE A COWARD?

A Story for Girls.

COWARD! coward!' Joan Sutherland felt the tears well up in her eyes as the words fell upon her ears. 'Coward!' came again in loud tones from her schoolfellows, 'afraid of a few harmless cows:

absurd!' Joan's head swam.
'I can't,' she muttered, 'I simply can't. I have always been afraid of cows. I'd rather bear all the teasing in the world than go in among them.'

'Coward!' came again in fainter tones: the other girls were getting further and further away - she could never go now. Still, it was ever so much shorter than going round by the road. But Joan thought anything was better than passing cows. Without more ado she turned and ran down the road. By dint of alternately running and walking fast, she managed to catch up her companions, though the way she had come was fully twice as long as the path across the fields.

'Hallo! here comes the poor baby,' exclaimed Maud Benson.

Well, darling, didn't it like the moo-cows?' jeered another girl.

'I can't help it,' protested Joan, turning away to hide the tears that rose to her eyes. 'You know how I hate cows.'

'Just look, she's crying! She always cries if you

say half a word to her.

'Oh, do shut up, Joan, you idiot!' cried Maud. 'Miss Nelson will ask what we've been doing to you when we get in. What a nuisance you are!

'Cry, baby, cry; put your finger in your eye, tell your mother it wasn't I,' mocked a second girl. 'I say, you'd better let her alone, or she'll sneak,'

suggested Maud.

This hurt Joan more than all the rest of their jibes put together. 'You know I never sneak,' she cried. 'Maud, I hate you.' And she ran quickly indoors.

Joan tossed and turned in her bed. She was dreaming that a herd of wild buffaloes were charging down on her. She awoke with a stifled scream, her throat was choky, and she felt as though she could not breathe. Then she dozed off again.

'Joan, Joan, wake up!' Miss Godfrey bent over the little girl's bed. 'Quick, Joan!' she cried.

'Wake up, child - the house is on fire!'

Joan was up in an instant.

'That's right, put a mackintosh on, and join the others on the lawn. Go down the front stairs, the fire is round at the back.' And the mistress was

Joan did as she was told, and running down the stairs she found herself safe on the lawn. There, from a crowd of excited girls she learnt all about

the fire.

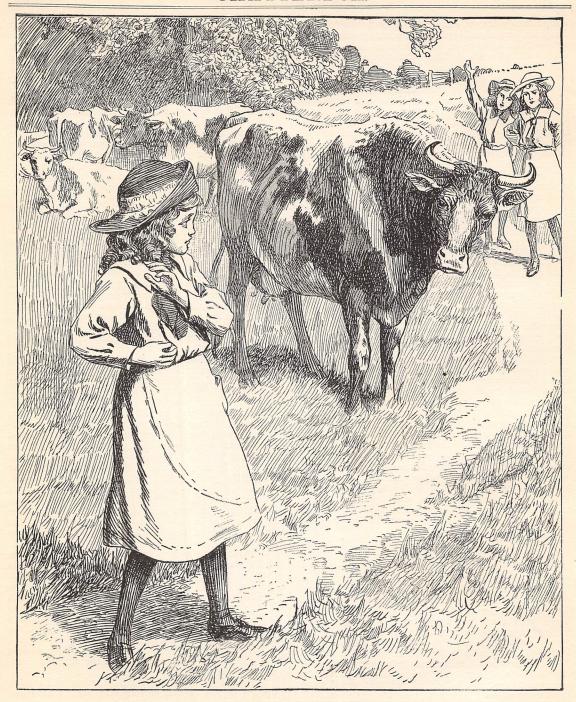
'It's round at the back,' said one girl; 'it began in the room underneath Maud Benson's; Maud is not down yet, and we don't see how she could help being cut off. Oh, just look at that flare and the smoke. I say, I do wonder where Maud is.'

Joan stood still for a moment, the colour coming and going in her face, leaving it one moment crim-

son and the next white.

'I say, I do pity Maud,' said another girl coming up. 'I believe they have forgotten her. I have just spoken to one mistress, but she only said, "Don't bother me," or something of that sort. Hullo! bother me," or something of that sort. where is Joan Sutherland off to?'

For Joan had started running in the direction of the house, as fast as her legs would carry her. Up the stairs she went, the smoke nearly suffocating her, and the roar of the fire getting louder and



"Joan thought anything was better than passing cows."

louder. Seizing her handkerchief, she held it to her mouth and pressed bravely onward. She reached the back stairs, and stopped horror-struck. They were almost burnt away, and the fire was growing nearer her every minute. Thank goodness! it had not yet reached the stairs leading to Maud's room. Joan rushed to them and mounted them hurriedly. (Concluded on page 373.)

SAVAGE MEN AND SAVAGE CUSTOMS.

VII. - LIP - ORNAMENTS AND NOSE - RINGS.

ON a former occasion I was able to give you an account of the extraordinary ear-ornaments of some of the tribes of Central Africa, ornaments met with right across that great continent from East to West. We may suppose that this strange fashion spread gradually, from one tribe to another. If this explanation be correct, how are we to account for similar forms of personal decoration in a region so remote from Africa as South America? For it is a fact that the Botucudos of Brazil also insert great discs of wood into the lobes of the ears; but they are never so ornamented as in the case of the Kikuyus of East Africa, nor do they present so great a variety in form. And, so far, it does not appear that they ever attach ornaments to the upper part of the ear. But even so, did the custom of piercing the lobe arise independently in both continents, or is its appearance in America a more or less recent event due to the arrival of some African in the midst of these hitherto undecorated Brazilians, exciting envy among them? This seems hardly possible; indeed, we must regard the suggestion as quite impossible, for the Spanish explorers of Brazil, hundreds of years ago, found these ornaments in use when they first made the acquaintance of this people. And we must remember that savages have



A Botocado Woman.

never had the means of travel enjoyed by civilised peoples. So, then, there is nothing left for us but to conclude that the practice has been independently invented in both countries, and this is a somewhat startling fact.

The head of the Botucudo introduces us to another strange and, to us, perverted notion of what is beautiful, and this is the remarkable lip-ornament, which is formed by a disc of wood thrust through a slit cut in the lip. But certain African tribes carry this custom to still more amazing lengths, as may be



An African Pygmy.

Photographed at the Natural History Museum.

seen in the case of the women of the Sara tribe, in which both lips are enlarged to an astounding extent. It seems incredible that even savages can discover any sort of beauty in thus distorting their faces. But apart from the point of view of beauty, this hideous custom is wonderful, for one would have imagined it impossible that human lips could be so tampered with, or would be able to withstand the shock of such an operation as must be necessary in the first instance to prepare the way for what is to follow. No doubt the horrible custom is begun during childhood, and the size of the so-called ornament thrust into the slit is slowly increased. Yet, even so, the results almost surpass belief; but there can be no doubt that the thing is done, and commonly done, and the custom, moreover, prevails in countries so far apart as Northern Africa and South America. Here we have a parallel to the case of the enlargement of the lobe of the ear till it forms a loop through which the human arm can readily be thrust. For this we meet with both in Africa and the Polynesians; among the Americans and the

But one can understand the independent origin of ear-ornaments in remote regions of the globe much more easily than that of the lip-stretching feats. For the ear-lobe is a convenient place in which to hang finery, and the gradual enlargement of a small hole into a big one, by the constant strain of a heavy weight, is a natural consequence. The piercing of the lips, however, is another matter.

Curiously enough, ornaments worn in the nose are far less common than ear-ornaments. Among savages, the Pygmies of the Ituri Forest of Central Africa, and the Australians, for example, force quills and feathers and sticks through the septum or partition which divides the nostrils, and similar nose ornaments are worn by the Bushmen, and certain tribes of Northern Africa. Some North American tribes use shells for this purpose. But the decora-tion of the nose reaches its highest pitch, perhaps, in parts of India — Cashmere, Nepal, and Madras, where cunningly-wrought metal and jewelled ornaments are used. While these curious decorations do not, probably, in any case cause actual discomfort, they occasionally, at any rate, interfere with the normal functions of the body, as is seen, for instance, among the Australians, who thrust rods of such thickness through their nostrils as to make breathing through the nose impossible.

Some years ago, when the Pygmies from Africa were in London, they were brought in a body to the Natural History Museum. And very quaint they looked, for they were dressed in boys' sailor suits, but each insisted on carrying his bow and arrows. On being taken to the private room of one of the officials they saw, on a chair, a bundle of porcupine's quills. They were promptly seized upon with every expression of delight, and almost before we had time to realise what was happening, every one of them had a quill through his nose. And nothing would induce them to take them out again, so they had to be allowed to depart with the property thus 'commandeered.' However, the Museum got good value in exchange, for before they left we had them photographed, and a portrait of one of them is given here to show what strange little people they were.

THE 'UNFORTUNATE BLACKBIRD.'

W. P. Pycraft, F.Z.S., A.L.S.

HE would not sing, nor carol;
No! he would not pipe a note;
But he ruffled his apparel
Into quite a shabby coat.
And he perched upon a holly
With a sulkiness absurd,
To think, with melancholy:
'Fm a most unlucky bird.

'I've searched this garden vainly,
For a proper place to build,
And the search has told me plainly
That the best of them are filled.
There's the willow — but the thrushes
Have secured it, every spray;
While the clump of elder-bushes
Has been taken by a jay.'

'Cheer up, sir!' piped a linnet;
'There is nothing much amiss:
You mustn't mope one minute
In a season such as this.
I've had my share of searching,
But at last a twig I've found,
And my little nest is perching
In the hedgerow near the ground.'

'The tale's not worth the telling,'
Cried the blackbird. 'Can't you see
That such a humble dwelling
Isn't good enough for me?
'Cheer up!' is easy spoken,
And is much too often heard,
But it leaves the truth unbroken,
That I'm not a lucky bird.'

'Farewell, then!' sang the linnet;
'But your fancy, let me say,
Has little wisdom in it,
As you'll find upon a day;
Forget your unpaid labours,
And the homes you might have won,
For a nest with lowly neighbours
Will be better far than none.'

Then the blackbird weighed the moral,
And before an hour had flown,
He perched upon a laurel
That he proudly called his own.
He sang to the sun declining
A song with rapture filled,
That told of new hopes shining
And the nest he meant to build.

John Lea.

THE BLACK FOREST SCHOOLBOY.

THE youth of the Black Forest child is often spent in a very primitive manner. A few days after its birth it is baptized, and up to this day, as soon as it gets dark, until daybreak the next morning, a candle is burned beside the cradle to keep away the evil spirits.

When the first Christmas Day arrives, the godmother makes a new frock for the baby and hangs it on the Christmas-tree; and when the child is six years old the godmother gives it a hat to go to school in. It often happens that, owing to the loneliness of this region, the child has seen no other faces than those of his own family until he meets his schoolfellows on this memorable day, when he makes his first journey down to the village to school. No matter what kind of weather it is, each child must twice a day plod along the dreary road which leads to the school-house.

At the age of ten the boys begin to work, either on their father's farm, or for a neighbour, as cowherd or stable boy. At four o'clock in the morning they must be up to help the head-man in the stables; then follows a meal of broth and bread, at which, save for the grace which precedes it, not a word is spoken, and there is no sound in the kitchen, but the clatter of spoons (knives and forks are unknown to the ordinary Black Forest dweller). The meat is served out with the soup and eaten with wooden spoons. This meal never varies.

When it is over, a short prayer is offered up at the open window, and the boy leaves the farm with his flock of goats, cows, sheep and oxen, to spend the morning with them on the mountain-slopes until twelve o'clock, when it is school-time for him. When the weather is hot, the animals return to the stables for a rest while the little cowboy is repeating the lessons he has learned while tending them.

F. Waddington.

BIRD CAY.

By H. de Vere Stacpoole. (Continued from page 355.)

IN a moment Jack was down on his knees, digging with his hands just as a dog digs. Flinging my spade down I watched him, mad with excitement, mesmerised, unable to move. I can see him still, on his knees in the moonlight, the white sand flying about as he cast it up, delving for all he was worth, as they say, and at last capturing and wrestling with something that seemed loth to be brought to light.

Then he lugged it out on the sand. It was a thing shaped like a brick, black in colour, and the sight

of it made my heart sink into my boots.

If Jack hadn't been there to see me, I believe I should have broken down and cried. I had been expecting gold - good yellow gold - and the sight of the black lump was too much for me. Then I almost forgot it on account of Jack. I thought he had gone mad. He was rolling about on the sand, laughing and kicking as if some one were tickling him; then he cast himself on his face, clutched the lump, lifted it as if to feel its weight, and then sat up with it in his lap.

Then I began to understand.
'What is it?' said I, and my voice was broken

and hoarse, so that I scarcely knew it.
'Gold!' said Jack, 'and there's tons more. Feel

it, look at it - we've done 'em.'

'But it's black! '

'Black as a nigger. Oh, lend me your knife.'

I gave him my knife.

He scraped a corner of the brick, and the metal

showed through bright in the moonlight.

'Look,' said he, and he dented the brick with the knife-point. Nothing but gold or lead would have given like that to the steel, and it was not lead, but gold: a brick of solid gold, blackened on the outside

by years of lying hidden in the sand.

I scarcely remember what happened for the next few minutes. I dare say emperors sometimes feel as we felt, but I am sure no emperor was ever more deliriously excited. Then we got the shovels and began digging away the sand and unearthing more bricks as we dug. We piled them beside the sandhole; it took us two hours and more; there were forty-five of them, some much bigger than the one we discovered first. When we had finished, we sat down exhausted and looked at our treasure. wasn't the gold so much as the fact that we had got it without any one else's help that made us so elated, and I will say for myself that I had not one bit of jealous feeling towards Jack. It was the other way about. I felt pretty nearly overwhelmed by his cleverness and insight. For, think of it, just seeing a nail sticking in a tree with a bit of cord tied to it, he had gone on from point to point, unaided and led only by his own mind, till this was the result!

'Jack,' said I, 'will you keep it till the morning or tell it now?'

'I'm going to wake 'em up and tell 'em right away, said Jack. 'I couldn't sleep if I lay down, and I ain't going to lie awake with this on my mind

He rose up and led the way back to the camp, I

following. The Captain and the rest of them were snoring under the canvas just as we had left them, and Jack, going up within a foot of them, stuck his head under the sailcloth and shouted 'Cappen!

I never saw men roused quicker than that lot. The Captain, Jam, and Blower had gone to sleep with Prentice on their mind, and I suppose the sudden hail, even in their dreams, had started the idea that Prentice had got the weather-gauge of them somehow. At all events, in two seconds the whole lot were out in the open, rubbing their eyes and staring about them, all except the Spaniard, Jose, who snored on undisturbed.

'Hullo!' cried the Captain. 'Why, if it ain't

Dick! What's up — where's Prentice? 'Captain,' said I, 'we've found it!'

'Found what?' asked he.

'The gold,' I replied.

Next moment he had me by the collar. 'You've found the gold - where have you found the gold? If this is a joke, Dick Bannister, I'll fling ye straight forrard into the sea. I'll teach you. Is it a joke is it a joke, or are you speaking real?'

'It's no joke. Let go, you're choking me. Do you think I'm such a fool as to go playing jokes

like that?'

He released my collar, and stood for a moment speechless. He knew I was speaking truth, and I have never seen a strong man so suddenly turned to

'Blower,' said he, 'I'm shaken up; lend me your

arm. I ain't used to this - gold! '

'Steady so,' said Blower, giving him his arm to hold by; 'we ain't got the gold yet. Now you're better. Dick Bannister, give us a lead; where's the stuff lying you found? Maybe it ain't gold. Howsomever, lead us to it.'

I started off, the others following, the Captain still leaning on Blower. You see, this treasure had been the dream of his life for the last seven years. He believed that he had lost it, and to be suddenly awakened at dead of night with the news that it

was found was too much for him.

When I reached the hole in the sand, with the heap of black bricks - or what looked in the moonlight like black bricks - lying beside it, I stood

waiting for the others.

'Why, what do you call this?' cried Blower.

'Gold! why, that's not gold.'
'Isn't it!' cried Jack. 'You feel one of 'em, lift one of 'em - here's my knife, scratch one of 'em; you can see the yellow. Here, Captain, take my knife.

The Captain, on his knees with Jack's knife in his hand, was cutting at one of the bricks. he looked up, and gave a great shout. 'Gold!' cried

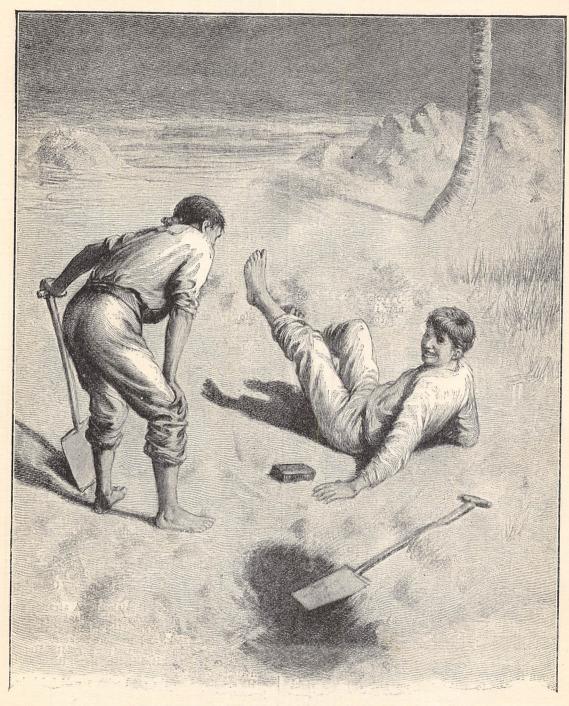
The cry rang across the island. A strange sound in that desolate place, where the silent wreck stood by the booming sea, whilst the moon cast her quiet light on sea, wreck, and treasure-seekers.

'Gold!' cried he again; 'pure gold! Hundredweights of it — feel it, lift it! Boys, it's a fortune

ten times over!'

He sat down on the sand with a gold brick in his lap. Then he began to laugh and shout and rave and cry - I never saw such a sight, which was only matched by Blower and Jam.

(Continued on page 370.)



"I thought he had gone mad."



"The negro and the bo'sun were dancing round the treasure."

BIRD CAY.

By H. de Vere Stacpoole.

(Continued from page 367.)

THE negro and the bosun, clasping one another round the waist, were dancing round the treasure; then the bo'sun, freeing himself from Jam and giving him a punch in the ribs, danced a hornpipe alone, till Jack and I, between the antics of Blower and the Captain, sat and laughed till our sides ached and the tears rolled down our faces.

Then we pulled ourselves together. Human beings cannot know extreme delight for more than a very few minutes. The Captain, strange to say, though the most affected of us all, was the first to recover.

'Well,' said he, drawing a long breath, 'this is a start I never did think to see, for I tell you, boys, I'd as good as given up the whole business. I'm not denying I'd have kept on digging till I burst, but my heart was near broke over it — and here we are safe and sound, with the stuff in our hand. Dick Bannister, how came it that you hit on it?'

'It wasn't me,' said I; 'it was Jack — only for Jack we'd never have found it.'

'Jack?' said Captain Horn.

'Yes, Jack. Speak up, Jack, and tell about it.'

But Jack was as dumb as a fish. He wouldn't say a word, so I started in, and told the tale better, perhaps, than he would have done. I told how he had discovered the nail in the tree with a bit of string tied to it, and how he had gone on from one thing to another till he had located the treasure. It really was a marvellous tale, such a starting from almost nothing and such a triumphant ending, and I can tell you, when I had finished, the eyes of Blower and the Captain and Jam were round enough.

'Well, I'm blest!' cried the Captain, 'if that ain't the cleverest start I ever come across, call me an otter. It's more than natural. Jack Cutter, you're the biggest man of the lot of us, and you shall have the biggest share of the lot of us, or my name's

not Horn.'

'So shall he,' said Blower, 'if I have to go with-

out.'

'I've done nothing,' said Jack, as if he were defending himself against some accusation. 'What are you going on at me for? I find an old nail with a string tied to it, which ain't a natural thing to find, and I'd ha' been a fool if I hadn't gone on till I got the stuff.

'Fool or no fool, you found it, my son,' replied the Captain, 'and yours is the biggest share by

right.'
'I don't want anything,' replied Jack. 'I reckon
'I don't want anything it and I've money enough

in the bank at Havana now Dad's gone."

'Well, you chaps are the rummiest lot,' said lower. 'Here you go on disputing about the stuff, and it is not landed safe ashore yet in a London bank. I reckon the hardest part of the job is before us now, and I reckon we'd better be setting to work to think what we ought to do. First, there's that Spaniard we left snoring under the sail-cloth; we'd better keep it hidden from him, for Spaniards on a job like this ain't to be trusted. Then there's Prentice. He's the crooked stick of the business. How are we going to get the stuff aboard without his knowing?'

'You trust me for that,' said the Captain. 'I'm going to take it aboard right under his nose, make him touch it and make him smell it, too.'

'Yes, and when you get to London, won't he round on us? D'you think he's going to sit quiet and let

himself be taken in like that?'
'Oh, my aunt!' cried the Captain. 'Whose talking of taking him to London?'

Then what are you going to do with him?' 'What am I going to do with him? Why, I'm going to leave him here.'

'Maroon him?'

'That's it.'

Blower considered the question for awhile in silence. 'And suppose,' said he, 'you leave him here and suppose a ship comes along and takes him off, won't he blow on us first thing?'

'I can fix him for that,' replied Captain Horn. 'You leave everything to me and keep your head shut. The question is, the old Sarah Cutter belongs to Jack here, and the question is, are you willing, Jack, we should take the old hooker to London?

Jack considered for a minute. 'Well,' said he, 'I'm agreeable, but if you'll take my advice you'll sail right back for Havana with the stuff aboard, and refit and revictual. I reckon the old barque can do the voyage to England all right. Dad said he could sail her round the world, and be a lot safer in her than in a ship twice her size."

'There's something in that,' replied the Captain. 'And see here,' said Jack, 'my advice is, you get this stuff aboard! It looks more like pig iron than anything else; we can stow it anywhere, and the Customs sharks won't bother about it. Well, when we get to Havana you get a cargo aboard for London. Dad's cousin on my mother's side - his name is Planter - he's trading a lot in tobacco: he will give us a cargo right enough. I'll tell him now Dad's dead I'm going in for private trading. I'll be owner, and you'll be captain with papers all made out regular, so that when we get to the London Docks everything will be right and straight: the Sarah Cutter bound from Havana for London with a cargo of tobacco. That's straight enough."

'True for you,' said the Captain; 'what's troubling me is how to get the stuff out o' the docks; what's troubling me is the chaps at the dock gates. We might take the stuff brick by brick ashore, but suppose they see a sailor-man with something stuck under his coat, wouldn't they overhaul him right

away? That they would.'

What's to hinder you flinging the stuff in the bottom of a boat as boat-ballast and rowing down to Barking Creek?' said Blower. 'We'd slip it

ashore there in no time.'

'That's not a bad idea,' replied the Captain, 'and we can work it out later, but the first thing is to get it to the docks. I'm for Jack's plan - back to Havana and fill up with tobacco, then for London Docks.

'I'm with you,' said Blower.
'Right,' said the Captain, 'and now let's cover this stuff over with sand. I don't want Jose to see

We rose up, and replacing the bricks in the hole, shovelled the sand over them with the spades. When we had finished, dawn was just breaking over the sea.

(Continued on page 383.)

THE SONS OF THE CONQUEROR.

A Legend.

ONE day, an old legend says, William the Conqueror was unusually thoughtful, and a courtier ventured to ask him what he was thinking about.

'I am wondering,' replied William, 'what will be-

come of my sons after my death.'

'That,' said one of the king's wise men, 'will depend upon their respective dispositions. If your Majesty will kindly allow us to put a certain question to each of the princes, we shall be able, judging by his reply, to foretell his fate.'

The king gave the desired permission, and the wise men, consulting together, decided to put the question separately to each of the three young princes. The first to enter the room was Robert (known

The first to enter the room was Robert (known afterwards as Courthose). 'Fair sir,' said the spokesman of the wise men, 'tell us this, we pray you: If you had to be a bird, what bird would you choose to be?'

'A hawk,' replied Robert, 'because that is the

bird which most resembles a gallant knight.

The next to enter the room was William Rufus, of whom the same question was asked 'I would choose,' he said, 'to be an eagle, the king of birds, which is strong and powerful, and feared by all others.'

Lastly, the question was put to Henry, the youngest prince, who, on account of his learning, was known as Beauclerk. 'I,' said he, 'would be a thrush, because that is a simple, harmless bird,

which does not rob its neighbours.'

So the wise men told the king that they believed Prince Robert would be valiant, and win renown, but that finally he would be vanquished and die in captivity. William would be powerful, like the eagle, but, being cruel and unjust, would be feared and hated during his life, and would meet with a violent death. Henry would be wise and good, and would die in peace after a prosperous life.

These prophecies, according to the legend, induced the Conqueror to bequeath Normandy to Robert; England to William; and his own treasures, but no land, to Henry, who, eventually becoming king of both countries, enjoyed a long and prosperous reign.

HOW SCIENCE HELPS COMMERCE.

WHEN we go into the noisy market-place, we are little else than the buying and selling which we find in progress there. Surely it is in these, and these alone, that the country's trading prosperity lies.

Certainly the manner in which the merchant han-

Certainly the manner in which the merchant handles his goods has a great deal to do with it; but commerce is based upon a far wider foundation. It is like a large tree, the roots of which have life from all quarters, while the benefits are distributed like the branches above. To none of these roots does it owe more strength than to what we may call the scientific root. The explorer by land and sea opens new sources; the enterprising merchant follows and brings to his country's markets the products of the newly-found regions. But the scientist, labouring within the four walls of his study, makes long and wonderful journeys into the unexplored realms of knowledge, and is rewarded by the unearthing of treasures nowhere else to be found.

A little more than half a century ago such a journey as this was made by a young chemist named William Henry Perkin, nearly eighteen years of age, and as a result of clever experiments, he discovered a means of producing an article of commerce far more cheaply than had hitherto been possible. His experiments were, of course, far too learned for us to follow in detail, but we can, at any rate, understand the results.

Everybody knows that the gas we burn is obtained from coal, one ton yielding as much as ten thousand cubic feet of gas. But the young chemist knew well that coal was capable of producing many things beside gas, among these being an oily liquid known as coal-tar. Upon close examination, this coal-tar itself is found to contain a number of different chemicals. Upon these young Perkin made his experiments, which ended by producing a most valuable colouring matter called mauve. It was the first time that a dye of this kind had ever been extracted from minerals, and such was the great commercial value of the discovery, that the young man still in his teens erected a factory near London and began to make large quantities of his new colour. The actual manufacture he left in the hands of others, while he continued to draw fresh secrets from coal-tar. The result was the establishment of a new industry for his country, uncompeted against by other nations. Coal-tar dyes, cheaply made and better in effect than the older forms, did away with the necessity of bringing in large quantities from the countries of the East those ancient articles of commerce madder, indigo, and woad.

The secret of William Henry Perkin's success was constant application to his studies, for, in the words of the poet he 'Scorned delights and lived laborious

days.'

DOG HEROES.

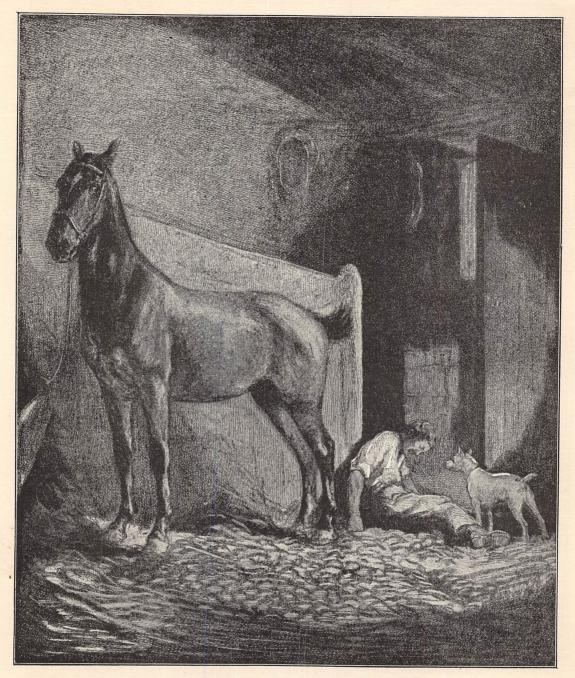
III. - RUBY TO THE RESCUE!

GREAT sagacity was displayed by 'Ruby,' a pretty fox-terrier who belongs to Mr. J. E. Johnson, 22 Warwick Lane, Blackpool, on August 18th, 1912, and she was awarded a well-merited shield and medal at the next annual Cruft's Show at the Agricultural Hall, London.

It was about half-past six on a Sunday afternoon, and Mr. Johnson was sitting at his tea, when he heard his little terrier, Ruby, barking sharply and persistently at some little distance off. Presently she came in, and her master offered her something to eat, but she did not seem to want it, and was very restless, and evidently wanted to attract Mr. Johnson's attention. Presently she went out again,

and began to bark once more.

Her master went to see what was the matter, and followed the sound of Ruby's shrill yapping till he reached a stable-yard close by. The dog was pleased to see him, but would not come away, so Mr. Johnson followed her into the stable, thinking she must have found something unusual which had excited her so much. Then he heard a voice calling out as if in pain, and going closer to the sound, saw a man lying scarcely a yard from a horse's heels. He was wounded and in great pain, and quite unable to move or extricate himself from his very dangerous position, for his thigh had been broken by a kick from



"He was quite unable to move."

one of the horses. Mr. Johnson carefully moved him to a safer and more comfortable position, and then hastened for help, and soon had the sufferer conveyed to the hospital.

Had not clever Ruby, who was only ten months old at the time, found the man, and insisted on attracting her master's attention to him, the poor fellow might have died of his injuries.



"A fireman appeared at the window."

WAS SHE A COWARD?

(Concluded from page 364.)

JOAN reached the top of the staircase at last, but looking down saw that the fire had begun to burn

the stairs, and she was cut off—she must go on now. She entered the room. Yes! Maud was in bed and sleeping heavily. Joan threw her plump little self on the elder girl's body and tried in vain to wake her, There was not a moment to be lost,

the fire was getting nearer and nearer, and the smoke rose in volumes. Joan seized the water-jug: there was very little water in it, and that she emptied over Maud. The girl moved, threw up her arms, and sat up hastily.

'What on earth are you doing?' she exclaimed in

a startled voice.

Get up, Maud, the house is on fire; we shall both be burnt if you are not quick."

In a moment the girl was up, and the two children started on their perilous journey back.

Why, the stairs are burning,' cried Maud. 'I know,' Joan answered, 'we must let ourselves down by the banisters to the landing below.'

This was more easily said than done, but Maud, who was very agile, summoned up courage and landed safely below. 'Now jump,' she called to landed safely below. 'Now jump,' she called to Joan, 'and I will catch you if you fall.'

The fire was coming nearer and nearer; Joan was almost suffocated by the smoke. 'I can't jump,' she cried, 'you go down by the front stairs and tell them I am here; the firemen will have arrived by

this time, and they rescue me by a ladder.'

Maud rushed off, and Joan was alone. She went into Maud's room and leant far out of the window. The fire came gradually nearer and nearer; it was blistering the paint on the door now, and the smoke increased and nearly choked Joan. Would help never come? A minute passed; it seemed like an hour to Joan. Another minute—a flame began to lick round the door. Surely Maud was a long time; oh, why did no one come? She strained out of the window - not a soul in sight! Another minute! flames had almost burnt the door away. Had Maud forgotten? No! at last she heard voices below, and in a few seconds a fireman appeared at the window.

Then everything seemed to go round, and she

knew no more.

Joan was lying in bed in the headmistress's room. Miss Nelson was writing a letter at the table. 'Miss Nelson!' came a faint voice.

'Yes, dear?'

'Has all the house been burnt?'

'No, dear, only the back part. Joan, Maud wishes to see you. She is very unhappy about you; it seems she was unkind to you yesterday, or something.'

Joan flushed. 'Is she - will she come in here?'

she asked.

'If you wish to see her, dear,' smiled the Headmistress.

Maud was sent for, and Miss Nelson left the two girls together.

'I say,' said Maud, 'I'm awfully sorry I was so beastly to you yesterday about those cows. I think you a jolly brick, and if you hadn't come, I should have been burnt.'

Joan smiled awkwardly. 'Shake hands,' she said. C. Scott.

OUR LITTLE GARDENS: A YEAR'S WORK.

XI. — NOVEMBER.

HAD not space enough in October to tell you quite all I wished about taking cuttings of roses or other shrubs. I dare say you would love to be able to have flowers out of doors in the dark days

of December and January. Among the few subjects that flower then is the winter jessamine. Perhaps you could beg a few cuttings at this time, and grow them in the same way as you would rose cuttings. I mention this especially because jessamine strikes root more quickly and more surely than anything else I know. I put this down to the softness of its texture. Hard-wooded cuttings are generally slow in making roots.

November is the best month in the year for planting trees or shrubs, or fruit-bushes. It is not difficult to plant any of these if you go about it in a workman-like manner. Thus, you certainly must not have your tree out of ground and lying about with its roots exposed while you dig the hole. Have the hole ready before the tree arrives (if it is a bought one), or before it is moved, if already in the garden. Naturally, you will be doing the best you can for the tree you are about to plant if you dig over a fair-sized piece of ground, and leave it to settle. The hole itself must not be like a well, but a large shallow hole like a saucer, dug out after the whole has been deeply dug and worked. understand you have to provide a well-worked rootrun into which your tree-roots can penetrate. You need a shallow hole, because you must not plant too deeply, and you need a large hole, because when you stand your tree in the middle of it you must spread out the roots to their fullest extent on all sides. When you shovel back the soil, see that it is stowed away quite firmly round about the tree. Immediately under and over the roots it will be beneficial to use a lighter, finer mould than what you have dug out of the hole - mould such as is

used for potting purposes.

Do not forget that any piece of ground that has nothing growing in it should be dug deeply over and left rough - that is to say, the lumps of earth your spade turns over left unbroken. This applies to ground that is not going to be planted until the spring. You are wondering what advantage it is to dig now. It is an important matter, and I would have you understand that it does soil a world of good to have the frost and snow penetrate deeply into it. The frost has a wonderful action on the soil. It breaks apart the tiny atoms that compose it, so that the air and sunshine can penetrate, and do their healthy, wholesome work upon it. They sweeten the soil. Soil that looks greenish on the top is said to be sour, and the sooner we break up such soil, and let the frost do its good work upon it, the

better.

When we are digging between plants we cannot well use a spade, or we shall injure the roots. It will be better under these circumstances to dig with a fork.

If you have struck some pots of geranium cuttings and have them on your windows, in the greenhouse, or anywhere else, you must look carefully after them at this season. You may let them get quite dry (here I speak only of geraniums and your collection of succulent and other cacti). The great danger at this time of year with all soft, sappy, stemmed plants is 'damping off.' Too much moisture will certainly make them do so. It is best to keep geraniums in a greenhouse or room where there is a fire, if possible. They will not stand the frost.

Your aim at this time will be to make everything trim and neat for the winter. Store up the leaves

as they fall, as I told you last month; pull up any weeds that have so far escaped you. Cut down and take away dead stalks from such plants as die down for the winter season; also take up and store away in a dry place any stakes you will not be needing until the spring. If you have any additions or alterations to make, get to work upon them as the weather allows. Box edgings may be planted if necessary. If you should be ambitious enough to attempt a bit of work like this, get the line straight and get it straight by means of a string tied to a couple of short, stout stakes: put one in the ground at one end, wind the string on the other, and then pay out as much as you want, and with the string quite taut put the other stake into the ground at the other end — and make sure the line between the stakes is a true one. You must see what a 'straight eye' you have. Once the string ties to your satisfaction, and strongly held at each end, and quite tight, you can dig your trench and plant your edging. Plant firmly and rather deeply.

If by chance any of you have a rose-tree growing

in a pot, do not be in a hurry to bring it indoors. It will be the better for standing outside in a sunny place until close upon Christmas-time, especially if

the pot be plunged in ashes.

Last month, in writing of cuttings of shrubs, I omitted to explain a term I want you to know, and therefore I did not use it. I said 'you could take cuttings of evergreens or of trees that shed their I wanted to use the phrase evergreen or deciduous subjects. When we use that word deciduous, we mean trees or shrubs that become leafless

in winter. Fern-tops out of doors, of the deciduous kinds, will have died away by this time. I do not cut them off, as they afford a certain amount of protection; and, where they are growing in out-of-the way positions under trees, I do not clear away the leaves that have fallen among them from above - these are also protection. We can well understand that Nature has intended them as such, and more than that, as they lie, and the weather affects them until they change to leaf-mould, they also help to renew the soil and feed anything growing in it. F. B. Wells.

FORTY-SHILLING DAY.

VERY curious custom takes place every Febru-A ary in Wotton Churchyard, in Surrey, which has been kept up for nearly two hundred years. By the will of William Glanville, who died on the 27th of January, 1718, it was directed that certain property should be purchased sufficient to provide thirty pounds a year for the purpose of paying to five poor boys of the parish forty shillings each, on condition that they should attend at the churchyard on the anniversary of his funeral (he was buried on the 2nd of February), and laying their hands upon his tombstone, should recite by heart the Lord's Prayer, the Ten Commandments, and the Apostles' Creed, read the fifteenth chapter of St. Paul's First Epistle to the Corinthians, and write in a legible hand two verses of the same chapter, which is part of the Church of England Burial Service. The balance of the thirty pounds was to be devoted to apprenticing the lads to some trade. In consequence of the falling-off of parish apprenticeship, the number of boys who now receive the forty shillings has been in-

creased from five to seven. No boy over fifteen or under twelve can be a candidate, and no successful competitor can receive a second forty shillings. The number of competitors varies from a dozen to a Marks are awarded, and the elder lads are given the first chance, as they may not have another opportunity, while the younger boys, not being disqualified by reason of age, may have another chance G. D. Lynch. the following year.

A TEA-PARTY.

THE Crabs of Sea-weed Villa Were friendly as could be; Their neighbours they invited One afternoon to tea: And there was welcome hearty For guests both great and small, And dainties on the table, To please the fishes all.

The Lobster and the Salmon In party frocks were dressed; The Turbot and the Herring Each looked her very best. But, sad to say, their manners Were not at all polite, Their food they simply gobbled -'Twas not a pleasant sight!

They never once said, 'Thank you,' And never, 'If you please,' 'We've so enjoyed the party, Or pretty words like these. And then away they hurried (You'll scarce believe it true); That Mrs. Crab felt 'crabby'
I'm not surprised—are you? Marian Isabel Hurrell.

TWO PERSIAN STORIES.

I. — THE ISPAHAN THIEVES.

THERE was once a man from Shiraz who had heard so much about the dexterity of the Ispahan thieves that he determined to test their skill. So he procured a bag of small round blue tiles, of much the same size and weight as Persian money, and carried it about in his breast-pocket while he strolled about the bazaars.

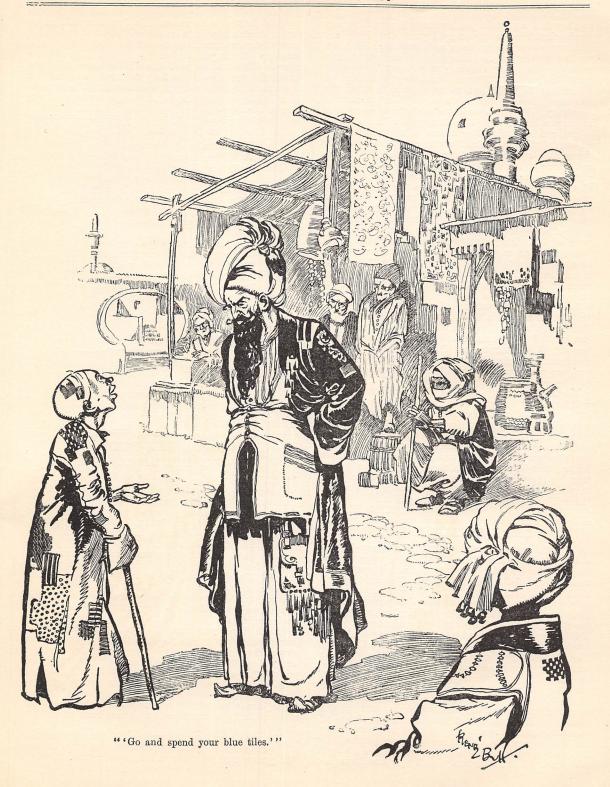
Each night he took them out, counted them - but none of them were ever missing. At last, on the day of his departure, as he was standing in the maidan, or market, in the midst of a crowd of all the riff-raff of the town, watching his mules being loaded, he remembered the bag of tiles in his pocket;

so he called out:

Look here, you men of Ispahan, I have heard much about your being clever thieves, but for ten days I have wandered about the bazaars with a bag of gold worth one hundred tomans in my pocket, and no one has attempted to steal it!'

A small ragamuffin, barefoot and wretched, answered: 'Oh, you fine gentleman, go and spend your blue tiles in Shiraz! I've taken them out of your pocket ten times and put them back as worth-

The man was horror-struck. 'If the street-arabs in Ispahan are so ingenious,' thought he, 'what must the grown men be like? I am safer in Shiraz!





"'I've had enough of this."

TWO PERSIAN STORIES.

II. — INSULT ADDED TO INJURY.

A N absent-minded man was walking through a bazaar, leading his donkey after him by the bridle: the bazaar was crowded, and he watched the brisk trade with no little interest.

Two men decided to relieve him of his donkey, so they unfastened the bridle, and, while one drove the animal away, the other took the bridle and hung on to it, pulling gently as the donkey had been doing.

After proceeding for some little way in this fashion, the owner of the donkey suddenly turned round, and was amazed to see the bit held by a man!

Before he could speak, the thief accosted him in a loud voice: 'Here, I say, I've had enough of this—if you want the bridle, pay me the money and take it; if not, give it back to me, and begone!'

The man began a feeble protest, trying to explain that his donkey had been stolen; but it only raised a laugh among the bystanders, and the thief allowed the crowd to think that the owner of the donkey wanted to buy the bridle, but would not pay the proper price; and he begged the people to see that justice was done.

The unfortunate man reluctantly gave up his claim to the bridle, and the thieves became the possessors of both donkey and bridle!

BLOSSOMS OF THE YEAR.

XI. - RED NETTLES.

WHEN the gayer flowers are gone, Those who stay and linger on Sober autumn colours don.

Red Dead Nettles seem to me True autumnal flowers to be, With their leaves in harmony.

Though they blossom all the year, At our very doors appear, Little praise they win, I fear

Yet this is the truest friend Who can with all seasons blend, Through the year from end to end. E. M. H.

THE GREAT DIVIDE.

THE Canadian Pacific Railway is one of the greatest and most interesting engineering triumphs in the world. It extends across North America, from St. John's on the Atlantic to Vancouver on the Pacific, a distance of nearly three thousand four hundred miles. This is, however, only the direct or main line from ocean to ocean. When the branch lines, loops, and connections are added, the system comprises something like ten thousand miles; and there are other vast undertakings which are also included under the control of the company.

The railway was at first confined to the eastern part of Canada, where the earliest settlers located themselves. In 1871, however, British Columbia, in the far West, desired to enter into federation with the Eastern States, and agreed to do so, on the condition, among others, that a railway should be

made across the continent to place them in direct connection with the Atlantic. The lines existing at that time only extended to Montreal, and nearly three thousand miles of railway were necessary in order to reach Vancouver; but the Dominion Government undertook the task, and sent out surveyors at once to select a suitable course for the line. But, in spite of almost unparalleled efforts, many years elapsed before the entire line was constructed, and it was not until late in the autumn of 1885 that the first train travelled through.

The line passes through the most varied scenery, as well as through some of the most monotonous. There are hundreds of miles of prairies, beyond which the line begins to rise up the slopes of the Rocky Mountains, and to wind in and out, working its way upwards, and to wind in and out, working picking out its path through the huge chasms which provide the only access to the Rockies and the Selkirks, the line descends through other magnificent clefts and gullies to the level of the sea at Vancouver.

The railway reaches its highest level near a little station in the Rockies, named Stephen, which is five thousand three hundred and twenty-one feet above the sea. At this spot the line crosses the boundary between British Columbia and Alberta, which is marked by a trench cut in the ground. A picturesque arch, built of poles, is erected here, and bears in rustic, wooden letters, the words, 'The Great Divide.' Their meaning is explained by a glance at a little stream which flows under the arch. It is scarcely more than a sparkling rill, but, as it flows, it strikes a few stones, and divides, one branch turning eastward, the other westward. Never again will those tiny streamlets approach each other. If we followed the eastward one, we should trace it down to the Bow River and the Saskatchewan, and through Lake Winnipeg to the Nelson River, and on into Hudson Bay, a journey of several thousand miles. If we followed the other streamlet, we should eventually reach the Pacific, but the journey would be only hundreds of miles instead of thousands. This tiny rivulet, which would be passed unnoticed, were it not for the rustic arch, tells the traveller the great fact that he is on the watershed of a vast continent, and that the rivers and streams behind him, however insignificant they may appear, are making the long journey to the Atlantic, while those in front of him are no less certainly rushing down to the Pacific. W. A. Atkinson.

FAMOUS RIVERS OF THE OLD WORLD AND THE NEW.

VII. — THE EUPHRATES AND TIGRIS.

IN Western Africa—between Asia Minor and the Caspian Sea—lies the high table-land of Armenia. Not only is the whole country elevated, but it is crossed by a range of volcanic mountains, the Taurus. The inhabitants of Armenia are a race in some respects resembling the Jews; like the Jews, they are long-suffering and of great powers of endurance, and, like the Jews, they show remarkable aptitude for business and trade. They mix, too, with other races, being found in the cities of Europe, Asia, and Africa, yet always preserving their distinctive national traits.

Adjoining Armenia is Kurdistan, the home of the Kurds, a fierce and warlike people, who harry and disturb their neighbours. It is in Armenia and Kurdistan that the streams which form the headwaters of the Euphrates and the Tigris first issue forth. The Euphrates, breaking through the Taurus Mountains, flows, in its own valley, as a dividing line, between Mesopotamia and Syria, and, after a course of seventeen hundred miles, empties itself into the Persian Gulf. The Tigris, also a powerful river, with a length of something like eleven hundred and fifty miles, runs almost parallel with the Euphrates and — joining it about ninety miles from its mouth - journeys with it towards the sea.

Travellers wishing to visit the Euphrates, may go by steamer from Marseilles to Scanderoon, a port at the extreme edge of the Mediterranean, which was once of great trade and importance. It is now only a collection of mud hovels, though the harbour is good, and it is still a recognised place of call. Ships once went round by this way to India, and there was much commerce, but since the discovery of other routes, the place has fallen upon evil days, and the offices and warehouses of bygone times are nothing

but a heap of ruins.

From Scanderoon there is a tedious journey to Aleppo, a picturesque and beautiful city, which would be a pleasant place of residence were it not for one serious drawback: this is a local disease, a painful swelling or boil, by which almost all the inhabitants, and even people who occasionally pass through the city, are sooner or later attacked.

From Aleppo access is obtained to the valley of the Euphrates, and the traveller is at once transported to scenes and conditions which take him back to the life of man in the early period of history.

The river wanders through the centre of the valley, which has, in the course of ages, been cut by its own waters. On either hand are white chalky cliffs, lofty and steep, and beneath the cliffs spread broad green slopes, affording pasturage for immense flocks of sheep. The shepherds guarding these flocks lead the same wandering life as did their forefathers in patriarchal times, going from place to place as the pastures are eaten bare.

On the banks of the river grows a thicket of tamarisk, often so dense as to hide the course of the waters. In the thick undergrowth lurk many wild animals, not only the fox and the jackal, but a peculiar and much-dreaded lion, a strange creature without the mane or the majesty of its noble brethren. This lion is known, when sharp-set, to eat human flesh, and it may be regarded as one of the chief dangers of the river country. Wild birds abound, such as partridges, woodcock, francolins, and sand-grouse, as well as many water-fowl.

Beyond the valley stretches the desert, the mysterious region inhabited by nomadic tribes of Bedouin Arabs, dwellers in tents, and keepers of flocks and herds, as their fathers were before them. Some of these Arabs have immense herds of camels, some of them keep buffaloes, and many others sheep. They live a hard and active life; having, in addition to their other live stock, some of the best horses in the world. At Deyr, a place near the river, a great horse fair is held, and only thoroughbred steeds are much regarded.

Comfort, as Europeans understand it, is unknown to the Bedouin. His tent is furnished with a strip of carpet, a camel saddle, and a few pots and pans. Often he sleeps in the open air, on the bare ground, with nothing but a cloak to cover him. Dates, milk, and butter, with cakes of doughy bread, form his chief food. Now and then on special occasions, a sheep is killed, or perhaps a young camel; the flesh, roughly cut up, and boiled, being eaten by a whole

party from one huge dish.

The desert where the Arabs and their flocks wander, is not, as we are apt to imagine, entirely barren; it is clothed in many parts with small shrubs, which the camels eat; notably camomile, of which they are particularly fond. The choice flowers of our own gardens - tulips, stocks, asters, and others — had their origin here. They still grow in rich profusion, their purple and crimson and scarlet patches showing brilliantly against the intense blue of the Eastern sky. The Crusaders, on their return from fighting for the Holy Sepulchre, brought home the roots for French and English gardens.

The citizens of Aleppo and the dwellers in the few towns along the river-banks, have a dread of the desert, and speak of it with bated breath. But the tribes who live there have a strong dislike of city life, only coming into the towns once a year,

to buy their corn, clothing, and tobacco.

The Euphrates and the Tigris receive but very few tributaries. In ancient times canals existed to water the surrounding country, but these have long dried up. Here and there may be found settlements of Arabs who have been induced to abandon their wandering life, and dwell in mud huts instead of tents. But a settled existence does not suit these people; their flocks trample everything into dust or mud, and their miserable clay dwellings become dirty in the extreme.

Along the Euphrates are guard-houses, with two or three soldiers in each, quartered there by the Turkish Government. The few towns are either ruined or built principally of mud. One of these latter - Ana - extends, in one long street, for six

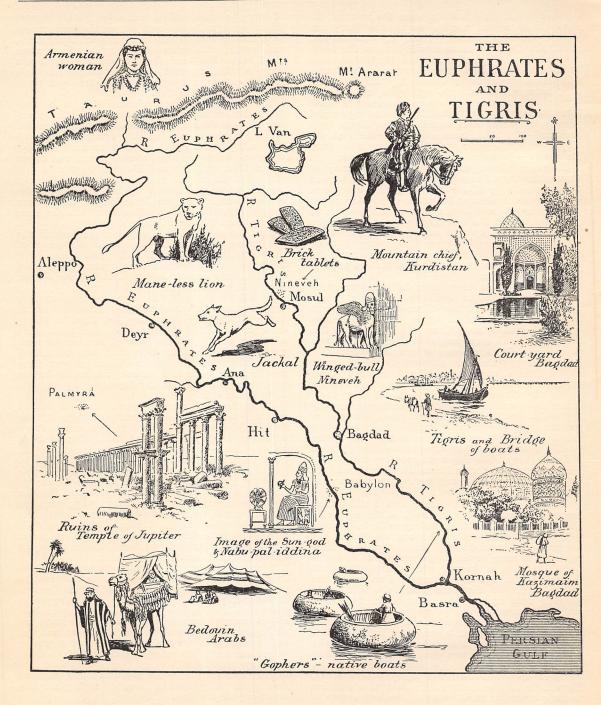
miles along the river bank.

The remains of many ancient cities are in this neighbourhood. The beginning of the Tower of Babel is still pointed out, and the ruins of Babylon and Nineveh, the great cities of antiquity, are here. For this is the country of the Chaldeans, with their strange knowledge of the heavenly bodies, and their wonderful civilisation, which has now almost passed into oblivion. At Palmyra, or Tadmar, there are remarkable and beautiful ruins of a later date.

The chief city on the Tigris is Bagdad, five hundred miles from the river's mouth. Bagdad was the scene of the reign of the famous Caliph Harounal-Raschid. It is a great walled city, though the walls have been in many places broken down; it is also surrounded by a deep, dry ditch. The first view of Bagdad, with its gardens and date-palms, mosques and minarets, is very picturesque; but a nearer inspection tends to destroy its charm. It is now, in many parts, desolate and neglected; flood and famine, and visitations of plague and cholera, have done much to pull down from its high place this proud city of the East.

The junction of the Tigris with the Euphrates takes place at Kornah. The united river is then called the Shat-el-Arab. It divides again into several streams, and empties itself into the Persian

Gulf, an arm of the Indian Ocean.



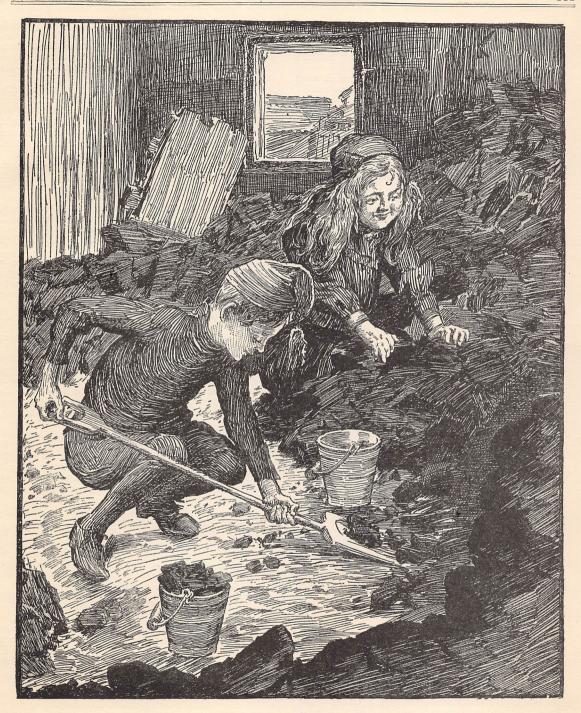
The Euphrates and Tigris were surveyed by Colonel Chesney in 1831; he afterwards made a second expedition thither, and did much to open up this half-forgotten region of the Old World. It is a country that must always be of the deepest interest

to those to whom the memories of the past appeal; for, in the 'unchanging East,' in spite of ruin and decay, that past is almost starting. to the eyes of the intelligent observer.

C. J. Blake. decay, that past is almost startlingly brought back



THE PIRATES' HOARD.



"Chris began to dig at once."

THE MINERS.

CHRIS and Chrissie were sitting as close as possible to an empty grate. They had been trying

to make believe that there was a fire, but pretence was no good to-day: it was so bitterly cold. The only fire in the house was up in their father's bedroom, for he was very ill, and it made the twins

feel frightened and miserable to see their mother's sad, tired face, when she came into the room after the doctor had gone.

'Oh, Mother, does the doctor say that Father's

worse?' cried Chris.

'He says that he won't get better unless his room is kept very warm — and I haven't any more coal.'

'Won't Mr. Allday send some?' asked Chrissie,

gravely.

'No, he won't let us have more,' answered their mother. 'I can't pay him for what I owe already; there are so many things which Father must have. Oh, children, children, I don't know what to do! And Mother began to cry, although she soon wiped her eyes, and kissed them both, smiling sadly. 'Well, darlings, we will try to think of something,' she said. 'I must go up to Father now.'

After their mother had gone, the two children

looked at one another very seriously.

'Chrissie, we must get some coal somewhere,' said

'But how can we without money to buy it?'

asked his sister.

'Oh, coal isn't made by people!' said Chris. 'It comes out of mines, in the ground. It would be ours if we dug it up. I expect there are places near here where Mr. Allday gets his coal. Chrissie, let's take our spades and go and look.'

'Yes,' cried Chrissie; 'and our buckets, too, to bring it home.'

Five minutes later the twins set out, carrying their spades and little tin pails along the road which led out of the village. They did not know in the least what a coal-mine was like, but they searched in all directions for several hours.

It was quite late in the afternoon when, suddenly, Chris came to a standstill, pointing to a high brick wall on one side of the road. 'Look, Chrissie! Look,

look! ' he cried, excitedly.

In the wall there was a little trap-door, partly open, showing what was inside. It was coal, quantities of coal.

'O-h-h!' exclaimed Chrissie. 'Is it a coal-mine?' 'Of course it is,' said Chris, stoutly. just piles of it!'

The trap-door was rather a tight squeeze, and the twins grazed their hands and knees, but soon they were both safely inside. When their eyes got used to the darkness they saw that there was coal piled everywhere, all round them. Chris began to dig at once. 'Let's pretend we're miners,' he said.

It was a lovely game. They wriggled along on their faces, and were soon covered thickly with coaldust. Their pails were filled very quickly, and then they used their long knitted caps as bags. At last Chris stood up and shook himself. 'I think it must be tea-time,' he said. 'I'm so hungry.' They were just going to climb out when Chris saw a fine big lump of coal, and thought that he would carry it home as well as his pailful. 'Help me pull it out,' he said. 'There's such a pile on the top.

The lump moved so suddenly that both the twins fell over on their backs, and at the same moment there was a tremendous crash, and a cloud of coaldust flew up and almost choked them. When it cleared away, the children saw that a great heap of coal had fallen down, and the trap-door was blocked up entirely, so that they could not possibly get out.

When they tried to drag away the huge lumps,

the whole pile began to move, and they were dreadfully afraid that it would fall over on top of them. At last poor Chrissie began to cry, and though Chris tried to comfort her, like the brave little fellow that he was, he himself was nearly as frightened as his

'Don't cry so, Chrissie,' he said. 'We must make somebody hear us. We must get as close to the door

as we can, and yell, and howl, and scream! At first Chrissie was sobbing so that she could scarcely make a sound, but presently she got better and they both shouted at the top of their voices. They went on for a long time, but no one heard.

'I can't shriek any more!' said Chrissie at last, piteously. 'It must be night now and we shall starve to death. The coal-dust makes me so

thirsty!'

Chris felt as though his throat were all dried up, but he would not leave off shouting, although it was a very feeble noise that he made.

'Oh, Chris, Chris!' cried his sister suddenly, 'I

do believe some one answered!'

It was quite true; and presently there was a great clattering as the coal was shovelled away: at last a great pile fell, and the children saw several men behind it. One of them jumped over quickly.

'Why, they are children!' he cried. 'How did

you get here?'

But neither Chris nor Chrissie could tell him at that moment.

They were carried out and into a big house, which was quite near. Here a kind-looking woman washed and brushed the twins, who were covered from head to foot with coal-dust. Then the master of the house, a Mr. Addison, who had found them first, came into the room and took Chrissie on his knee. He was quite old and looked very kind.

'I want to know what you were doing in my coal-

cellar?' he said.

'Your coal-cellar!' cried Chris. 'But we thought it was a coal-mine — quite a wild one, you know.'

Then the twins told Mr. Addison the whole story, and he listened with his face growing kinder and kinder.

'Well, your mother will be anxious,' he said. 'I

will take you home.'

Mother had been very frightened, but she was so delighted to see the children that she was not a bit angry. Then, after asking her a few questions, Mr. Addison said: 'I am in need of a Secretary, Mrs. Carthew. Do you think that your husband would come to me, when he is quite well?'

Mother said that she was quite sure that he would

be delighted.

'That's settled then,' said Mr. Addison. 'I shall pay his salary from to-day, and you will allow me to send the twins a small present in memory of their adventure, won't you?'

An hour later the present arrived, and what do you think it was? Why, a big cartload of coal.

GOING A-HODENING.

THE singing of carols in the street on Christmas Eve is a very old custom which dates back for some hundreds of years, and some of the carols of mediaeval times were very quaint and not nearly so hymn-like as those of the present day. Moreover, the carol-singers of olden times did not confine themselves to singing only, but danced as they sang and accompanied their singing and dancing

with a good deal of boisterous horseplay.

In different parts of the country various customs prevailed; thus, in Kent, there was formerly the old custom of 'Going a-Hodening,' which consisted of a band of young people of both sexes dressed up in fantastic costumes as mummers, who went about from house to house singing carols and performing on hand-bells and other musical and noisy instruments. But the chief performer was more of an actor than a singer, for he carried a horse's head mounted on a short stick, and was concealed by drapery under which he pulled a string attached to the horse's lower jaw, by which it was made to open and close its jaws in a highly lifelike manner.

Of course, a collection was made by the performers and subsequently divided amongst them. It is supposed that the custom which, like many others, has now fallen into disuse, was originally intended to typify the first landing of the Saxons on the

Kentish coast.

G. D. Lynch.

BIRD CAY.

By H. de Vere Stacpoole. (Continued from page 370.)

CHAPTER XXIV.

WE were far too excited to lie down again, so we set to and roused Jose. Almost before he was on his legs the rim of the sun was over the sea-line, and the sky above, that had been covered with stars only a quarter of an hour ago, blue with day.

We had brought the shovels back from the treasure-hole, and Captain Horn set Jose to digging again beside the wreck, so that he might have no suspi-cions, and me to help him, whilst the rest of them

made preparations for getting breakfast.

It was the strangest work digging away in that sand for nothing, and having to keep up appearances by digging hard, and I was heartily glad when the hail came that breakfast was ready, and I was able to fling down my shovel, assured in my mind that I would not have to pick it up again.

When breakfast was over, the Captain ordered me and Jose and Blower to man the boat. We shoved her down to the water-line, he got aboard, and then, having floated her, we took to the oars and rowed

off to the Sarah Cutter.

As we approached the barque, we saw Prentice leaning on the starboard bulwarks watching our approach, and as we drew up to the vessel's side he flung down a ladder for us.

'Now then,' said the Captain to Jose, 'up you go—and you, Prentice, down with you, for I have

something to say to you ashore.'

Jose went up the ladder and Prentice came down. 'Well,' said he, as his foot touched the boat, 'and

what is it you have to say to me?'
'You wait, my son, till I get you ashore,' replied
Captain Horn. 'You'll learn soon enough. Now then, out oars and lay into it.'

We did, and in less than five minutes the boat was

burying her nose in the sand, and we were hauling her up on the beach.

'Now we can talk freely without Jose to listen,' said the Captain. 'Sit you all down on the sand, and you, Prentice, sit you before me. So you marked down the place where the gold was hidden, did you, and you'd have boned it unbeknown to us, would

'I saw you last night,' replied Prentice. 'I saw you all digging away; I guessed what you were after. Would I have boned it unbeknown to you? I would, that's straight, and so would any man after the way you treated me. What did you do? Drove me out from amongst you, made me mess alone, worked me like a horse and used me like a dog, that's what you did; yes, I found the gold by my own brains, and it's mine by all the laws of the

'What land?' asked the Captain.

The glib-tongued rascal was checked up by this question, but only for a half-minute.

England, if you want to know,' replied he. 'England, where you'll have to take the stuff if you ever want to turn it into minted money and spend it.'

'My son,' said Captain Horn, 'you're going too fast; there's law enough in England to hang you for the murdering thief you are; besides, you're not going back to England yet awhile, at all events. Now, you listen to me. We've tried you and condemned you, and found you unfit for our company. We ain't much, but we draw the line at such as you.'

'Oh, do you?' replied Prentice. 'Well, I draw the line at such as you, and if I ain't going to have my lawful share of that stuff, I'll blow on you - that's

straight.'

And who will you blow to?' asked the Captain. 'Those palm-trees, or that old wreck — maybe.

What do you mean?' said Prentice.

'I mean that we're going to leave you behind us, that's what I mean; there's provisions enough here to keep one man six months, and there's water enough in the spring to keep you for ever; you can keep the sail-cloth to make a tent of, and it's ten to one you'll be taken off by some ship inside of a fortnight.'

'You mean you're going to cut me adrift and ma-

roon me?'

'That's what I mean,' replied the Captain.

'Well, then,' said Prentice, 'what will you gain by that?'

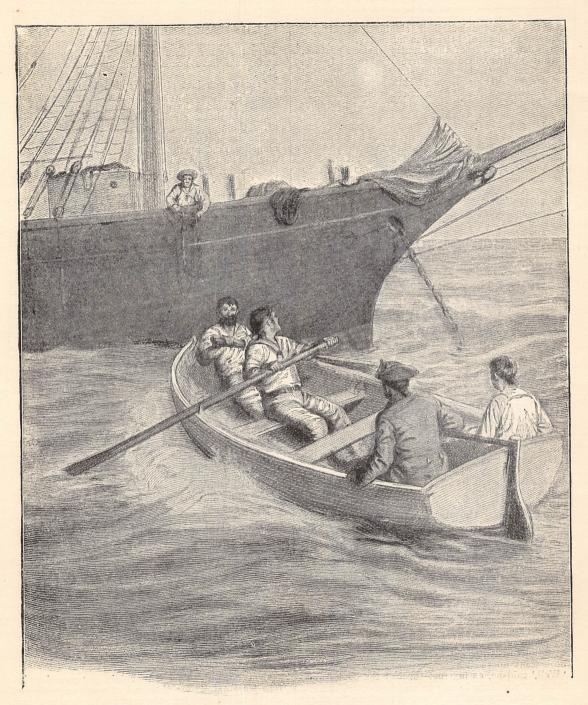
By what?'

'By leaving me here; for directly I'm taken off what'll I do but, the first port I reach, lay an information against the lot of you? Captain Horn, of the brig Albatross, and now of the Sarah Cutter, you and your gold will be pinched wherever you are, and not only pinched, but jagged for leaving a man on a desolate island. I've got you there, I think—got you in a clove hitch, the whole lot of you.'

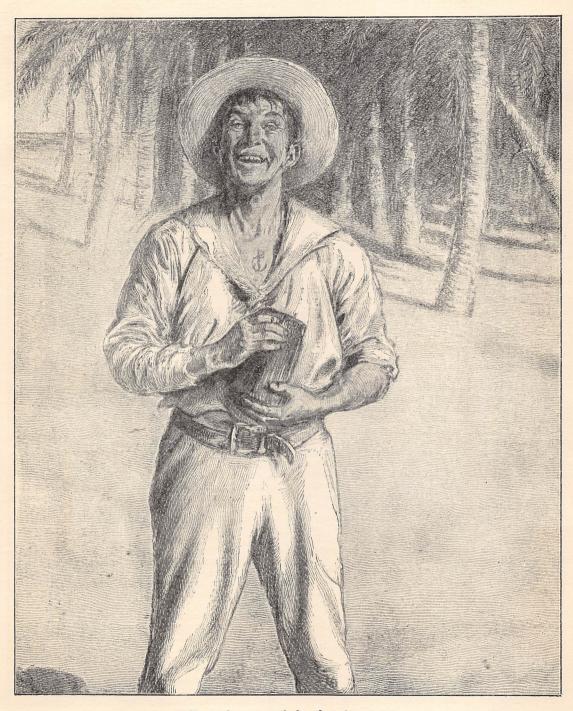
'When you're taken off from here you won't say

a word, replied the Captain. 'Won't I?'

'Not a word. And I'll explain my meaning be-fore we start. Now then, all of you, up with you and get the stuff into the boat; there's a nor'-east breeze, and I don't propose hanging about here a minute longer now that our work is done,' (Continued on page 386.)



"We saw Prentice leaning on the starboard bulwarks."



"He stood open-mouthed and staring at us."

BIRD CAY.

By H. de Vere Stacpoole.

(Continued from page 383.)

PRENTICE stood with his arms folded on his breast. Not a word did he say as we got two of the provision sacks and a spade, and transported the gold to the boat. We could only take off a sackful at a time to the Sarah Cutter. Jose was nowhere to be seen on deck; he was in the caboose cooking some food for himself, and we managed to get the whole lot aboard without his seeing what we were doing, a fact which saved us from a heap of trouble afterwards, for if he had suspected anything we should have had to take him into our confidence and buy his secrecy, and even then we should have been in danger, for Spaniards, at all events in those days, were not people to be trusted.

When the whole was safely stowed in the Captain's cabin, we rowed ashore again to take leave of

Prentice.

He was walking up and down on the beach, and when he saw us approaching he took his stand again with his arms folded. I never saw a more malignant expression on any one's face than that which lay

on his.

When the boat was beached, and we were all on the sand, the Captain approached him. 'Now you see here, Prentice,' said he. 'I'm going to deal with you fair, as man to man. You say you'll blow on us when you're taken off. Well, I say you won't. And I'll tell you why you won't, just for this reason—it wouldn't be to your advantage. You know the sum the owners contracted to pay each man for this business; well, I'm not going to pay you that, I'm going to give you something that will make you rich for life, and shut your mouth for life; I'm not giving it to you because I love you—but just to get shut of you.'

He took one of the gold bricks from the enormous

pocket of his coat and handed it to Prentice.

I have never seen a man so completely taken aback as Prentice. He stood open-mouthed and staring at us, holding the thing in his hands. Then he began to grin, realising that the Captain was in earnest. 'Now you see what I mean,' said Captain Horn;

'Now you see what I mean,' said Captain Horn; 'you're paid handsomely, just because you're such a villain. It ain't justice—you ought to be hanged, and you're made rich for life; but mind that gold don't hang you yet, for gold is dangerous stuff in the hands of such as you. There's one thing certain, though, you'll never peach, for if you did, the Spaniards that have been hunting for that gold and hid it in the cache would knife you; besides, it wouldn't pay you to have the thing raked over, and get us into trouble as well as yourself.'

'Boys,' said the Captain, as we rowed back to the barque, 'I had to do it; it's fifty times his share, but it's worth it, for it puts him out of court.'

When the anchor was up and the sails were drawing we looked back, and there was Prentice on the beach, lying down, with the gold brick before him, playing with it quite contented, just as a child plays with a toy.

We never heard of him again.

CHAPTER XXV.

We touched at Havana and took a cargo of tobacco on board, and three months later, one bleak and windy day, we found ourselves in London Docks, moored to the self-same wharf from which the old Albatross had started.

We had cleared the Customs, and leaving Jam on board to guard the treasure, which was lying like lumps of pig iron in the after-house, the Captain and I made on foot for Cornhill.

Never shall I forget that return to the streets of London, and how strange all the common things seemed after the far-distant lands and seas that lay between me and the last time I sighted them.

The sign of the compass was just as of old, the shop looked just as trim and neat, and as we pushed the glass door aside and entered, my heart felt as though it were trying to climb into my mouth.

There was no one in the shop.

(Continued on page 394.)

BLOSSOMS OF THE YEAR.

XII. — SHEPHERD'S PURSE.

SPRING'S sweet flowers, light and fair, Summer's blossoms everywhere, Autumn colours, rich and rare—

All have faded, vanished, fled; Even the leaves are dropped and dead; Winter's hand is now outspread.

Let us welcome with a will Modest Shepherd's Purse, which still Calmly faces winter's chill.

Surely this deserves our praise, Which through winter's dullest days Still its cheerful face will raise.

E. M. H.

PUZZLERS FOR WISE HEADS.

Answer to Charade on page 355. Mail-cart.

CHINESE WISDOM.

In a small town in China four merchants joined in furnishing a small shop, which they stocked with cotton goods. To keep the mice from gnawing their stock they obtained a cat, and, in order to preserve the equal division of their property, they agreed that one quarter of the cat should belong to each partner, the quarters being distinguished by the separate paws in which they ended.

One day the cat hurt her left fore-paw, and the

One day the cat hurt her left fore-paw, and the owner of that special quarter carefully wrapped the paw in cotton-wool soaked in oil. Unfortunately, the cat went too near the fire, and the cotton-wool caught the flame, and, the cat running into the shop, the bales of cotton were set on fire, and cat, cotton,

and shop were soon reduced to ashes.

The three partners who owned the cat's sound paws now brought an action against the owner of the injured paw to recover the value of their property. The magistrate, after carefully considering the case, gave the following decision: 'The cat certainly could not use the injured paw to walk on, therefore it was the three sound paws which took the cat to the fatal fire, and from there into the shop where the cotton was. These three paws were consequently the cause of the whole trouble, and their owners are obliged to compensate the owner of the injured paw for the loss he has sustained,'

EXTRAORDINARY GROWTH.

A MONG all the freaks of Nature, there are few more singular than those in the plant world, and of these extraordinary growths, none are more remarkable than the bulb, the Monarch of the East (which flowers without the aid of water, earth, sand, stones, or anything else), the Whistling Acacia, the

Rope-tree, or the Pearl-palm.

The Monarch of the East is the most remarkable of all the bulbous plants, and was found some years ago in Central Asia. It requires only to be put in a saucer without water, in a warm room, when, without showing either leaves or roots, the flower makes its appearance, usually early in the year. The flower-sheath reaches a length of nearly two feet, and is of a red-brown colour, tipped with red and yellow, while the inner parts of the flower are equally brilliant. When the flower has faded away, an umbrella-shaped leaf is formed on a stout brown stalk, reaching a height of three feet. In the autumn this leaf fades, and the bulb remains apparently lifeless till the next spring, when the previous year's display will be repeated.

A species of acacia, which grows very abundantly in Nubia and the Soudan, is called the Whistling-tree. Its shoots are often distorted in shape by the larvae of insects, and swell into a globe-shaped bladder from one to three inches in diameter. After the insect has come out from a circular hole in the side of this swelling, the opening, when played upon by the wind, becomes a musical instrument equal

in sound to a sweet-toned flute.

The largest plant in the world is the Rope-tree, a gigantic seaweed, which frequently grows to a height of more than four hundred feet in the water. The stem of the plant is as strong as any ordinary rope, and large quantities of it are dried and used as rope by the South Sea Islanders, around whose coral reefs the curious vegetable ropes are to be found.

As soon as the plant takes root, away down in the depths, a pear-shaped balloon is formed, which grows with the stem towards the surface of the water. This balloon has often a diameter of six feet and more, and keeps growing with the stem until it floats on the top of the water.

This enormous marine tree grows in such quantities that large islands are formed, which sometimes become so big as to hinder navigation. The ropes made from the stems of the plant are used for building purposes, and the balloons, when dried,

make very useful dishes and vessels.

Very few people know that the Cocoanut-palms of the Malay Peninsula sometimes produce pearls that bring enormous prices in Hong-kong and Macao, as they are much prized by the Chinese. The stones of the Pearl-palm are not unlike the pearls of the molluses, and are similar in substance. The pearl of the oyster is said to come into existence by the efforts of the mollusc to get rid of irritating particles entering its shell; but the cocoanut seems to have no such cause for producing its wonderful The tree forms them just beneath the stem, and a pure white cocoanut pearl brings as high a price among Chinese jewellers as any obtained from the mollusc. Cases have been known where the cocoanut pearl has been sold as a molluse product; but such instances do not happen

DOG HEROES.

IV. - FAITHFUL PADDY.

THERE are few more touching stories of a dog's devotion to a human being than that of Paddy, a fine Irish terrier, who belonged to Mr. J. Corser, of St. Ninian's, near Stirling, and who was awarded a shield and medal for his faithfulness in watching for over twenty hours on a bleak hillside by an aged widow, Mrs. Elizabeth Turnbull, who got entangled in a wire fence, through which she wished to pass in order to gather sticks in a coppice, one cold winter day. The poor old lady died of shock and exposure in consequence.

She was an aged, sorrow-stricken woman, whose only child had met with a tragic death years before. She had been for a considerable time a tenant of Mr. Corser's, and Paddy took a violent fancy to her, spending hours in her cottage and accompanying her on her rambles, disdaining even a battle with his bitterest foes—like most Irish terriers, he is a famous fighter - if his old friend called

On this wintry day, Mrs. Turnbull called Paddy, took her basket, and went out across Coxithill Farm towards a copse at the top of a steeply sloping field at a considerable distance from any dwelling. It was a lonely spot, except for an occasional visit from a gamekeeper. While trying to get through the wires, one of the old woman's legs got entangled in some way, and she toppled backwards, her head and body hanging down towards the slope of the field, her foot and leg held stiffly as if in a trap.

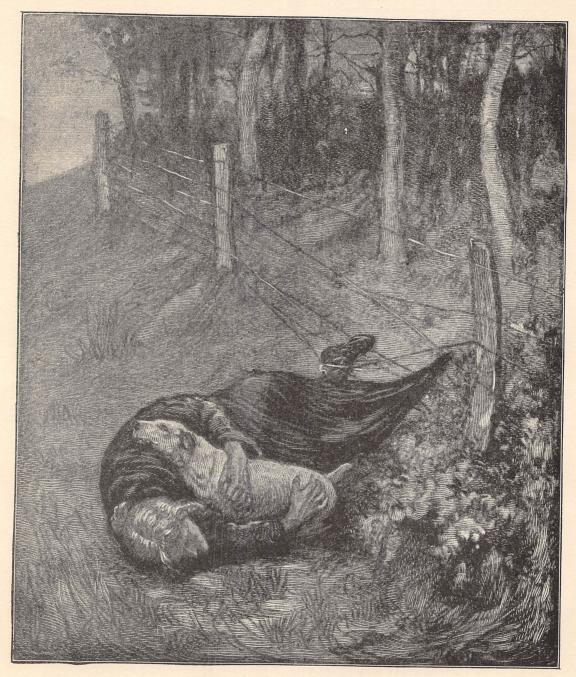
Her struggles and moans were in vain; the nearest farmhouse was several hundred yards away, and her feeble cries were unheard. Paddy lay by her, licking her hands and whining. Once or twice he left her and tried to summon help; but his master and mistress were out, and the other people at whom he barked did not understand what he wanted, so he returned to the suffering woman and kept her warm to a certain extent by crouching close beside

When Mr. and Mrs. Corser returned that night, Paddy was missing, and his mistress said he must have gone out with Mrs. Turnbull, and she was afraid some accident had befallen the old lady. Mr. Corser went to the widow's house, but it seemed to be locked up as usual for the night, and he was afraid of arousing her needlessly, so he went home; but his wife was uneasy, and very early next morning sent him again to make inquiries. He found that the old woman, Paddy, and her basket were missing, and that none of the neighbours had seen

her since noon on the previous day. Much alarmed, he formed a search-party: they

went first towards Bannockburn, where Mrs. Turnbull usually searched for sticks. After looking in many woods and copses, some one suggested Coxithill Farm, and on reaching the wood, one of the women ran on in advance and climbed over a low wall, to be greeted with a delighted yelp from Paddy, who guarded a muddy heap. The poor Paddy, who guarded a muddy heap. The poor woman was unconscious, but when they released her with the help of the farm-people, she recovered sufficiently to gasp a few words—'Paddy kept me warm'—then she became unconscious once more, and was taken in an ambulance to Stirling Infirm-

ary, where she died next day.

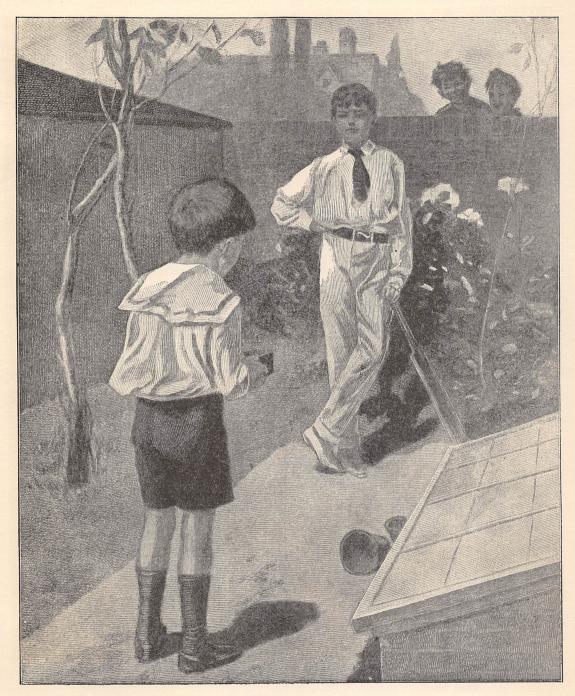


"Paddy lay by her, licking her hands and whining."

Poor Paddy followed the plain black coffin to the little graveyard at St. Ninian's, and watched sadly, as though he understood that his friend of six years' standing was gone for ever.

He has a good master and mistress, but he pines

for his aged friend, whose dying hours he did his best to soothe, and it seems as if the bairns of St. Ninian's, with whom he has long been a great favourite, will find it hard to tempt Paddy to join in their romps again.



"Bobby snapped the shutter of his camera just in time."

KEEPING A SECRET.

 ${
m B}^{
m OBBY}$ snapped the shutter of his camera just in time. A second later, a merry peal of laughter

startled Eric completely out of the pose he had so carefully assumed. Both boys had been too intent on the work in hand to notice a pair of untidy heads suddenly poked above the top of the wall,

though had Bobby been a more expert photographer, he might have seen them in the picture-finder of his camera.

Eric, turning to discover the source of this unexpected mirth, moved too quickly, overbalanced, and tumbled into the flowers behind him, and when he picked himself up, very red-faced and somewhat startled, there lay one of the finest branches broken from its plant.

'Oh, Eric,' cried Bobby, in dismay, 'shall we have

to tell?'

'Get a good licking, won't you, if you're found out?' asked the elder of the boys who had caused the accident.

'It isn't finding out about the flowers that matters,' said Eric, frowning a little; 'but we don't want any one to know about the photograph.

'It's Father's birthday to-morrow,' put in Bobby, 'and we're going to give him our photographs. Eric took one of me, and I've just taken his, and we want

them to be a great surprise.'

'We could own up to-morrow, after we've given Father the pictures,' suggested Eric hopefully. 'It's not a bit of fun giving birthday presents that people know about beforehand, and we should have to explain everything if we owned up just now.

The boys watching over the wall were deeply interested. 'Better hide the broken piece,' said one, warningly. But this was easier said than done. There were no tools handy with which to dig a hole, and anything left lying about would be noticed at once in the tidily-kept garden.

'Give it to me,' said the other looker-on. 'We'll take it home to Mother - she loves flowers, and we

haven't any garden.'

Eric promptly accepted this way out of the difficulty, and the shock-headed urchins, delighted with their treasure, took a hasty departure. Then Eric managed to get into the house with the camera without being seen, and shut himself up to develop the pictures, while Bobby remained on guard to warn him of possible interruptions.

Eric had just reached the stage of washing his films, when Bobby burst in, disregarding caution. 'Oh, Eric!' he cried, 'those two boys that looked over the wall at us are in Father's study. They came with that cross old Major next door, who won't lend the Scouts his field because he doesn't like boys, and I believe he's going to send them to prison. The Major was talking in an awfully loud voice before Father shut the door, and it's because they had those flowers we broke off. The Major thinks they stole them. He met them in the town with the branch, and he knows Father is the only person with an azalea just that colour.'

Bobby's story wasn't as clear as it might have been, but Eric realised that somebody was in trouble on account of the broken azalea, so he rushed downstairs to the study. As he entered breathlessly, he saw the two untidy-haired boys who had watched him being photographed, and the elder of them, being safely behind the angry Major's back, gave Eric a friendly and evidently reassuring wink.

'Pretend you didn't steal it, and yet won't say how you got it!' the Major was declaring furiously. 'Well, Mr. Howe, if you won't take any steps against these ragamuffins, I will, and it's to the police they go. I'll put a stop to their tricks!'
Eric realised at once what had happened. The

boys had loyally kept the secret of the photographs, and rather than give it away were prepared to face the police. That must have been the meaning of that consoling wink. Of course, neither Eric nor Bobby would permit this, and Eric interrupted the Major with the real explanation, telling him just what had happened, but without mentioning the photograph-taking. The Major, nevertheless, was not convinced. To him all boys were alike, mischievous and troublesome, and he looked on Eric's story as probably merely a screen to shield the others.

Eric sighed. Evidently there was no chance of keeping the secret. 'Wait a minute!' he begged, rushing out of the room, and in a few moments he returned with a wet film, which he held up against the light. There was the figure of Eric in his cricketing flannels, and looking over the wall behind him, grinning merrily, were two watching faces.

'But — but why couldn't you tell me this?' demanded the Major angrily of his captives.

Eric, however, answered first, and he and Bobby explained so thoroughly that even the Major was convinced.

'H-m-m,' he said more soberly, 'so these youngsters would rather be handed over to the police than give away your secret, and you would rather give away your secret than let the other boys suffer. H-m-m! Never knew a boy before that would do another a good turn.'

'All Boy Scouts would,' said Eric eagerly. 'It's

part of our Scout law.'

'H-m-m,' grunted the Major, getting up to go. At the door he paused and looked back. 'You can tell your Scoutmaster to come up and have a talk about that field of mine,' he said abruptly. 'Perhaps, after all, our flowers will be safer if you boys have some place where you can turn round without knocking things over.' I. A. Davison.

THE MERRY LEAVES.

THE pretty green and tender leaves Are having such fine fun, For Mr. Wind has just come out To kiss them every one.

The branches play at hide-and-seek. The twigs are bending low; The elms and oaks and silver birch Rejoice to have a blow.

They always welcome Mr. Wind, For Time, they say, is slow; To stand quite still for many hours Is trying, you must know.

And so they all are very glad When breezes soft do blow -Oh! merry are the leaves when they Can rustle to and fro.

M. Tulloch.

UNDER THE TREES.

W E all look forward eagerly enough to the opening of the buds, and the gradual unfolding of the young leaves is very beautiful to watch. But the ground under the trees is also worth a little attention. In the autumn it is thickly carpeted

with dead and dving leaves: in the winter there are fewer leaves and they are all dead. Even evergreens drop their leaves sometimes, though not all at once like other trees; and in sheltered places where pines are growing, the ground is often thickly covered with the long thin leaves of the Scotch Fir, or 'pine-needles,' as they are called. Then in the spring we have the little brownish scales that protect the young leaf-buds, and drop off when the buds open. When the elm-trees are in flower, the ground all around will be covered with hundreds of thousands of bracts - little brown scales which drop off each opening flower. And later on the same trees provide shower after shower of seeds, each seed being set in the middle of a sort of transparent wing, so that instead of falling straight down to the ground like a stone, it floats through the air and may be blown a long way from the tree before it reaches the earth.

'JUST FOR FUN.'

STRANGE tales were afloat in the village—a 'ghost' had been seen, and not once only, but several times.

The first who saw it was old Mrs. Hawkins, as she was crossing the Common one evening after dusk. 'My dear,' she said to her daughter Lizzie, afterwards, when describing the 'apparition,' 'I don't believe I shall ever get over the shock - you could have knocked me down with a feather.'

'Nonsense, Mother!' said sensible Lizzie, who was no believer in ghosts. 'I can guess what it is; it is one of those Boy Scouts up to their pranks. I will just step round to Mrs. Soames (two of her sons are Scouts), and make inquiries.

Lizzie was true to her word, but, although she questioned both Maggie and Tommy, she was no nearer getting to the bottom of the mystery.

'I tell you what we will do,' said Reggie Soames,

who was one of the leading Boy Scouts in the village of Westfleet; 'we will find the ghost for you, and, when we catch him, we will make him feel

pretty sorry for himself — you mark my words!'

A meeting of the Scouts was called, and a ghosthunt was decided upon. But, search as they might, no ghost could they find, although fully half-a-dozen people now declared that they had seen it.

Then something happened which roused every Boy Scout in the village to anger.

Poor little Nellie Simmons, the policeman's daughter, was seriously frightened.

It was a moonlight night, and she had been to post a letter for her mother (the pillar-box was situated at rather a lonely corner of the road), when suddenly the ghost appeared to her, shrouded in white. She gave a loud scream of terror, and rushed homewards as fast as her poor little trembling legs could carry her.

Police-Constable Simmons was very angry, and determined to solve the mystery; but the honour of the 'find' fell to the Boy Scouts.

Said Tommy Soames, one evening when the boys were discussing the matter, 'I have an idea.'

'Well, out with it!' cried one of the lads good-'You don't have many, so we'd like to naturedly. hear what it is.'

'I vote we search the woods to-night,' replied Tommy, in nowise offended.

'The woods!' cried Phil Weston, who was carrying the lantern; 'why, it has never been seen there yet.

'All the more reason we should look there; it doesn't often appear twice in the same place.'

The idea presently met with approval, and forthwith to the woods the lads made their way.

They searched and searched, but all in vain; but, just as they were giving up in despair, Tommy Soames caught sight of something white in between the trees. 'I—I see it!' he gasped, his courage sinking down almost into his boots. 'Look—look!'

Another moment, and each Boy Scout had caught

sight of the 'ghost.'

Cover the lantern! 'was the order given by the leader, in a loud whisper. 'Wait till it comes near, then make a dash forward!'

The command was obeyed to the letter. On and on came the unsuspecting 'ghost,' nearer and nearer to the watchful Scouts. Then, at a word, the lantern was flashed full on the white enshrouded figure, proving the ghost to be nothing more or less than flesh and blood, a boy like themselves.

One or two of the Scouts were inclined to treat the matter as a huge joke: not so Reggie Soames. 'Hullo, Mr. Ghost,' he cried, 'we have you this time! Why, I declare,' he added, 'it is you, Willie Berton! I wonder you aren't ashamed of yourself!

There was stinging contempt in the tone. The boy, who was a comparatively new-comer to the village, at first had no word to say for himself. The sheet with which he was covered was roughly dragged from him, and, when he stood stripped of his ghost-like attire, he felt very small indeed. 'You're a coward, Berton — that's what you are!'

went on Reggie, 'scaring women and children, as you've done lately.'

Then Berton found voice. 'I didn't mean any harm,' he faltered. 'I — I only did it just for fun.' 'Oh, you think it fun, do you,' cried Reggie, 'to frighten little Nellie Simmons nearly into a fit?

Perhaps you don't know she has been ill ever since.' 'No — really?' Berton looked troubled and uneasy. 'I'm most awfully sorry — I only meant it for a practical joke.'

'It's a very poor sort of joke,' said one of the other lads; and Berton presently thought so, too.

Shortly after this, the 'ghost' was allowed to take his departure home, and the Boy Scouts returned in triumph to the village, to spread their news.

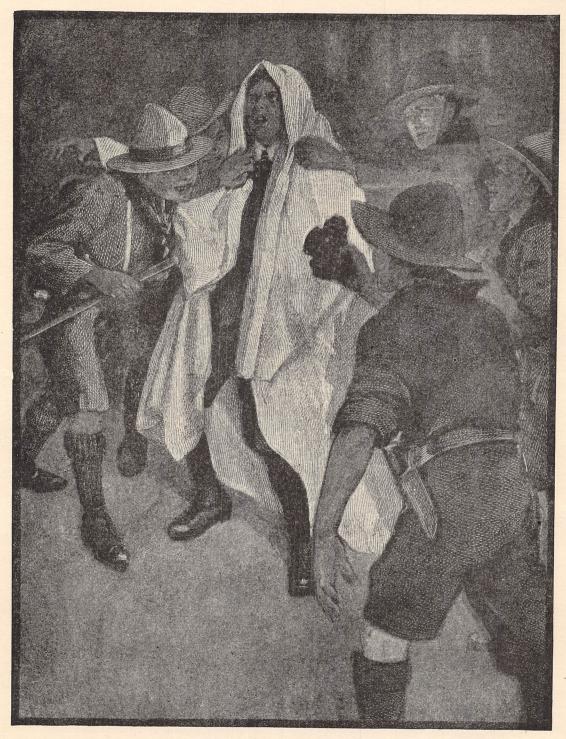
For almost a week following this incident Berton had a sorry time, the village folk showing their disapproval of his conduct in very marked fashion.

Then something happened! Little Nellie Simmons, whilst at play with some of her schoolfellows near the mill-stream, tumbled into the water, and was in imminent peril of drowning. Berton, happening at that moment to pass by, plunged in, without

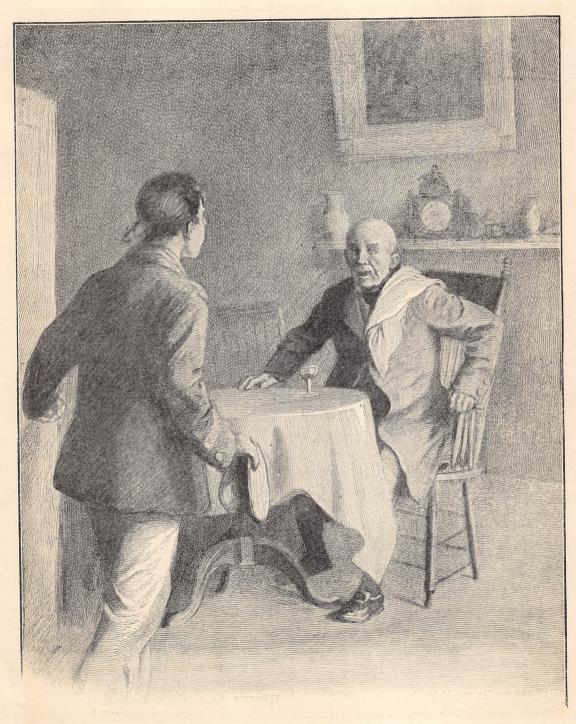
a thought of personal danger, to her rescue.

The 'ghost' had made amends! At least, such was the village verdict, including that of the Boy Scouts.

Berton has now joined that gallant company, and is one of whom his comrades are justly proud. Deeds of daring especially appeal to him, but foolish, practical jokes he bars, for he has learnt this lesson that 'evil is wrought by want of thought as well M. I. Hurrell. as want of heart.'



"' Hullo, Mr. Ghost! we have you this time!""



"'Dick!' said he."

BIRD CAY.

(Continued from page 386.)

EAVING Captain Horn standing at the counter, I made for the parlour, pushed the door open, and peeped in. My uncle was seated in his armchair, a silk handkerchief over his face and an empty wineglass by his side on the table. He was fast asleep, but even as I looked at him he stirred, awoke, the handkerchief fell from his face, and he sat up.

How old he looked, old and worn and troubled! He gazed at me like a man who sees an apparition.

'Dick!' said he.

'Uncle!' cried I, and the next moment I was in his arms, blubbering. I take no shame for it. He was everything to me—father, mother, sister, and brothers—and the sight of him looking so worn and old broke me down. 'The Albatross is gone,' said I when I could recover breath, 'sunk; but I

have news for you, uncle ——'
'Not a word, not a word,' said he; 'don't tell me anything, for nothing but bad news comes to me now. Ah, there's Captain Horn! Come in, Captain; you see a broken old man - you are just in time to see the last of the old shop. We're ruined, Captain.

Slimon has ruined me.'

I was about to speak, but the Captain cut me nort with a look. 'So that chap has played you short with a look. 'So that chap has played you crooked,' said he. 'Just the same trick he played me about the stores. Well, Mr. Bannister, you're not the first good man ruined by a rascal. But give us the lie of it. No, sit you down, and I'll take this here chair, and not a word out of you, Dick, until I give the word.'

My uncle began his story. How Slimon had speculated with the money of the firm, forged my uncle's name to bills of exchange, and made such havoc of the affairs of the factory and shop that there was nothing before the firm of Bannister but bank-

ruptcy.

'He did all that, did he?' said Captain Horn.

'He did.'

And what did he get for it?'

'The unfortunate man has been transported,' re-

plied my uncle, 'transported for life.'
'Well,' said the Captain, 'I call him a fortunate man, for, if I'd been the judge, I'd have hanged him.

And so he's brought you to ruin, has he?

'He has indeed; look around you, everything here must be sold off. Ah, Captain Horn, I am an unfortunate man! The Albatross gone, the business gone, it has all come in a clap. Well, well, well! it might have been worse, for Dick's here saved and you too.'

'Tell me,' said the Captain, 'was she insured?'

'Who?

'The Albatross.'

'No, there was no insurance; Slimon's fault

again.'
'Tell me,' said the Captain, 'how much would this here Slimon have got out of the venture, supposing we'd been successful?'

'As a partner of the firm, he'd have got half the

profits.

'Half the profits, would he?'

'Yes, half the profits.'

'Well,' said the Captain, 'it's a good thing he won't get nothing now.

'No, he won't get anything now; but tell me of

the disaster - was the ship sunk before you got to the island? How many were drowned

'She was sunk before we got to the island, and not a man Jack was drowned,' replied the Captain. Then leaning forward in his chair and speaking with great solemnness, 'Mr. Bannister, are you prepared to hear some good news?'
'Good news!' cried my uncle, in a startled man-

ner. 'What do you mean?'

'I mean that you aren't ruined.'

'Not ruined!

'I mean that you are one of the richest men in London - look at that.'

He took from the pocket of his great-coat one of the gold bricks, which he had cut with a knife so that the gold showed through the tarnish, and placed it on the table. My uncle gazed at it, touched it,

lifted it, and then cried out.
'Gold,' said the Captain, 'that's what it is. Pure gold, and there's forty or fifty of 'em lying in the after-house of the Sarah Cutter.'

'Gold!' cried my uncle. 'Is this the gold?'

'That's the gold.

'You were successful?'

'We were that. Oh, you'll hear the yarn sure

enough. Now, don't take on -

The poor old man, overcome, saved in the midst of his ruin, face to face with Fortune when a moment ago he had been face to face with disaster, had sunk into his chair.

(Concluded on page 405.)

THE MODEL-MAKER.

IX. — A STATIONARY ENGINE.

F types of model steam-engines there is no end, and a visit to any toy or model shop will give some idea of their great variety. There are all kinds of working models ready for use, from the simple single acting cylinder to the most elaborate 'plant' for the driving of electric dynamos, while for those who prefer to build their own engines all the more

special parts can be bought separately.

Recently we had the satisfaction of seeing a fine little horizontal engine undergoing a test, and admirably indeed did it perform its duty. From a sturdy steam boiler, about nine inches long and three inches deep, small copper pipes led the steam to the slide valves of the engine itself, mounted some six inches away upon the same shining brass bed-plate which carried the boiler and its lamps. A tiny brass tap, or stop-cock, was turned to admit the steam to the valves, and, as these allowed it to rush into the respective cylinders, the long shining crank-rods began to move; the fly-wheels (for there were two) turning slowly at first, but gathering speed with every thrust of the pistons.

To produce such a model as this requires, of course, more than common skill and the best appliances; but a good little stationary engine is within the reach of any boy with ordinary mechanical in-We will endeavour to describe such an engine made from the humblest material and with the help of none but 'everyday' tools. The measurements we give will, for convenience, be those of an actual model; but, needless to say, it is not necessary to adopt them in every particular. Variations will be left to the discretion of Chatterbox readers, together with numerous little 'improvements' which will suggest themselves in the course of construction. The model is that of a vertical or

upright engine.

Materials required. - One or two tin canisters. About one square inch of common white indiarubber. One pennyworth of thin copper wire about the thickness of crochet-thread. The same amount of iron wire a trifle thicker than the copper. A little putty. Two pieces of brass or copper tubing (preferably brass), one of them about half an inch in diameter, and the other a fraction less, so that it fits into the first telescopically, without any looseness. This is the most important point of all, as a good fit is very essential.

The fly-wheel. - The one used in the model under discussion was taken from an old carpet-sweeper; but a much superior article is supplied ready-made by Messrs. Hamley Bros. and other toy-makers at prices ranging from one shilling to half-a-guinea.

Beyond a few scraps of tin and wood, always handy in such undertakings, we are now provided with all necessities as far as material is concerned.

The Tools are a pair of very small, round-nosed pliers; a twist-drill-brace, with fine, flat drills (the

whole obtainable from any ordinary tool-shop for one shilling); a small three-cornered file; and a

wire nipper.

The Boiler. - This consists of a small canister four inches deep by two inches in diameter. It is better to choose, if possible, one which has a lid fit-ting into a collar instead of overlapping the sides of tin: the sort of tin in which ready-mixed paint is sold is of this shape. The collar makes the can much more rigid, and the lid, being thus smaller than the diameter of the can, is more conveniently removed without interfering with the engine parts presently described as being erected above it. ing ascertained that your boiler does not leak, bore a hole in the side about one inch down from the top (fig. 1, A). Now take the larger brass tube, and, with the file, cut off a piece one and a half inches in length. This is to be the Cylinder (in which the piston is to work), so, before beginning work upon it, see that it is quite clean and smooth inside. It is furthermore advisable at this point to insert the smaller tube, and turn it round and round. If it turns with equal freedom at all points, we know that both tubes are truly circular; if this is not the case, satisfactory working will be out of the question. Having settled this point, bore a hole, with the help of the twist-drill, in the side of the cylinder about a quarter of an inch from the bottom (fig. 1, B), and on the opposite side bore another hole three-quarters of an inch from the bottom (fig. 1, C). Thus there will be a vertical distance between these two holes of half an inch, though of course they are on different sides of the cylinder. A 'burr,' or roughness, will be left on the inside of the cylinder where the drill has come through, and this must be carefully cleared away with the file. Our next operation is to plug the bottom of the cylinder with india-rubber, which, if of the texture already described, can be filed round to fit with steam-tight exactness. Be careful to see that the plug is not so thick as to reach the hole bored near the cylinder-bottom, and so obstruct the inrush of steam from the boiler.

The cylinder is now ready for fitting on to the Whittle down a match till it will pass through the small hole A drilled in the boiler. Slip the protruding end through the lower hole B in the cylinder, and press the latter closely against the boiler-side (see fig. 1). The match should hold it in position, while a piece of string is tied temporarily round cylinder and boiler to keep them taut. Now cut a strip of tin four or five inches long from an old canister, and, bending its flatness to the shape of the boiler, slip its lower end between the string and the boiler at a point exactly opposite to the cylinder. Fig. 2 shows this in position; D is the strip of tin.

Having ascertained that the cylinder is quite upright, begin to fix it firmly by coiling the copper wire tightly round it and the boiler, including the vertical piece of tin (see fig. 3, E). A good way of winding the wire is to bend one end at right angles, and press it against the side of the boiler so that each successive wind will pass over it. The end of the last wind can then be twisted with the uncovered portion of the other end to keep the whole tight (see fig. 3, F). Do not remove the string till the wire keeps all secure. It is well to make two bands of wire, one near the top of the cylinder and one near the bottom. When this operation is completed, it will be noticed that on each side of the cylinder the copper strands bridge a triangular space. Into each of these fit a suitably shaped block of wood, sufficiently large to 'go home' under pressure only. But before slipping them under the wire, make a bed for each block by inserting in the angles between the cylinder and the boiler a good layer of putty. When the wood is forced into this, a steam-tight packing will be effected. Fig. 4 shows the shape of the block for one side, the shape for the other side being, of course, the reverse. The 'inset' (a sort of reversed shoulder, cut back) is cut to allow the upper portion, or pillar, to pass the small cornice of tin running round the top of the boiler. If preferred, the pillars and blocks can be made separately from one another, the pillars being afterwards fixed in place with small screws. Fig. 5 shows the boiler and its fittings thus far completed. Do not remove the match until this point has been reached, as it

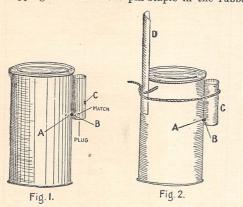
boiler into the cylinder. To make the piston, cut from the smaller brass tube a piece about half an inch long, cleaning off all 'burr' left by the file, which would interfere with free rise and fall in the cylinder. Now fix into this small piece of tubing as tightly as possible a plug of rubber, cutting it off flush at both ends, and into the centre of the rubber (on the upper side) drive a staple, formed of a bent pin. If lightness in the piston seems advisable, the rubber can be made half as thick as the depth of the piston. Indeed, in the model we are describing this was the case, the rubber being at the bottom portion of the

will avoid the mischance of any slip, and will prove that there is a free passage for steam from the

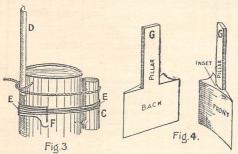
piston, as fig. 6 will make clear.

We will now prepare the fly-wheel and axle. Assuming that one of Hamley Bros.' three-inch wheels is being used, this will mean that the axle-hole in the vertical piece of tin, D, must be made at a height of not less than one and a half inches above the top of the boiler (i.e., half the diameter of the wheel). The axle itself is a piece of iron wire long enough to reach from the vertical tin support to a little beyond the two front pillars (GG). This front portion of the axle is bent into a crank not less than a quarter of an inch from the bend of the axle itself to the top of the crank-hook. It is supported on a horizontal beam fixed across the tops of the two pillars (see fig. 7, GG).

It now only remains to connect the piston with the crank, and this is done by bending a length of iron wire in the manner shown in fig. 8. To ascertain the length required, bend the lower hook first, and slipping this under the pin-staple in the rubber,



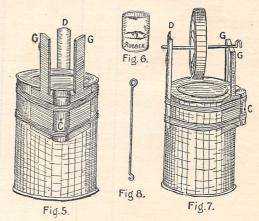
let the piston down into the cylinder. To find the proper depth for it to go, push a piece of thin wire (or the original match will do) through the steamhole, A, in the boiler, and this will, of course, serve to check the descent of the piston. Practice, however, may prove it advisable to let the piston reach a trifle lower, thereby cutting off the inrush of steam at the extreme end of the stroke. But this



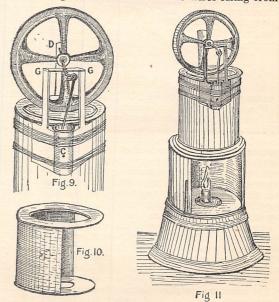
is a matter of adjustment by experiment, and cannot be settled definitely here. When the bottom of the piston has touched the intruding wire, turn the crank above to its lowest point and mark the piston-rod at the place where it should be bent to encircle the crank. This bend, or 'eye,' should be very neatly made with the round-nosed pliers, so that the crank runs smoothly in it without too much 'play.' It will be noticed that the flat of the hook and eye in the piston-rod must be in the same plane—not at an angle to each other; and if this point is neglected, the rod will not swing freely at its two places of connection when the crank is revolving. It is advisable to let the axle turn in a groove instead of a hole on the front beam, as this lets it be easily removed for any adjustment. To put the piston and its rod in place, lower the piston

into the cylinder and turn the rod so that its eye will slip over the crank when the latter is horizontal (see fig. 9). Thus far our engine is complete.

The fire-box consists of another canister cut to shape with a tin-opener and a pair of strong scissors, as shown in fig. 10. The base of the boiler should

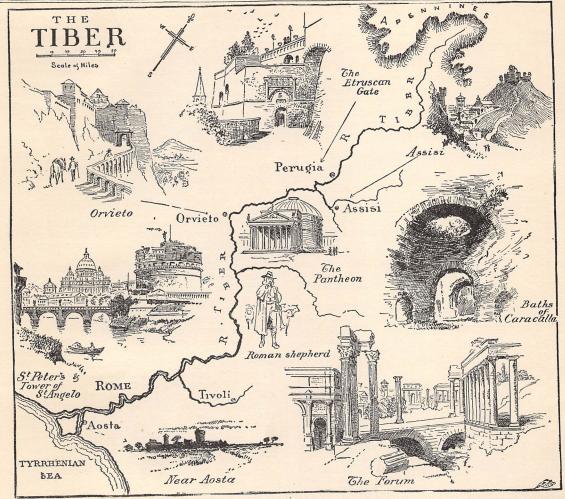


fit firmly on the upper opening. If any powerful work is to be done by the engine, the boiler should be lashed strongly to the fire-box. An excellent means of heating is provided by a common spirit-lamp, usually sold for about one shilling. It is generally designed with three or more wires rising from



the reservoir to support a small kettle, and these can be bent so as to secure our 'fire-box' when it is placed closely down on the lamp with the central hole over the burner.

All is now ready for action, but, when steam is up, many corrections and much coaxing will probably be found necessary. Even with the ready-made perfect engines this is often needed. If the



measurements have been correctly carried out, the steam coming in at A-B will force the piston up from the bottom of the stroke, and rush from the steamhole C (that is, the second hole in the piston half an inch higher) as soon as the latter is exposed by the piston rising above it. Fig. 11 shows our engine as finished.

To apply the power of such an engine, a light belt made from a length of fairly wide tape, with ends neatly sewn together, can be placed round the axle of the wheel; passing thence to whatever it is intended to drive. Do not have the belt too tight. The axle can be enlarged to any desired thickness at the place where the belt is situated, by tightly winding round it a strip of gummed paper or other material, or a wooden reel may be fixed beside the flywheel. The smaller the diameter, however, round which the belt runs, the less the power demanded from the engine. As the engine we have described is rather tall, it will be advisable to mount whatever it is called upon to drive on a stand beside it, so that the belt stretches between the engine and the part driven in a horizontal or nearly horizontal John Lea. line, instead of drooping or sagging.

FAMOUS RIVERS OF THE OLD WORLD AND THE NEW.

VIII. — THE TIBER.

EVERY one who looks at the map of Europe must notice at once the long, narrow peninsula, on the south, which forms the kingdom of Italy.

Divided, on the north, from France and Switzerland, by the great mountain ranges of the Alps, Italy has also another mountain system. The Apennines, after crossing the country, take a turn southwards, and run down almost the entire length of the land. The summits of the Apennines are nowhere as lofty as the giant Alpine peaks; but the mountains, which are, in the beginning, bare and threatening, become, as the range extends downwards, beautiful and varied in their forms, and are a great cause of the picturesque loveliness which renders Italy celebrated.

In a little valley of the Apennines rises the Tiber, a river so beloved by the ancient Roman inhabitants of the land, that they worshipped it as divine. Readers of Macaulay will remember the words put

into the mouth of Horatius, as he stood, in dire peril, by the broken bridge—'O Tiber! Father Tiber! to whom the Romans pray'—and those who are able to read Latin may find allusions, in early classic authors, to show the veneration in which the stream was held.

The poet Horace speaks of the yellow colour of the waters, and such as they were in his distant day they remain to our own. This turbid yellow is caused by the constant washing down of clay from the mountains, as the various feeding streamlets—rushing torrents, as they mostly are—converge

towards the main stream.

The impetuous course of the Tiber formerly gave rise to disastrous floods, causing much loss of life and property; but, in modern times, the artificial deepening of the river's bed, and the excellent embankments which have been constructed, prevent the overflow.

The river is navigable for nearly a hundred miles of its course; after passing the towns of Perugia, Orvieto, Rome, and Ostia, it flows—divided into two arms - into that part of the Mediterranean which is called the Tyrrhenian Sea. One of these arms has become choked with sand; it is only the other which still forms an outlet for the waters of the Tiber.

Referring again, for a moment, to Macaulay's animated pages, we may remember, as illustrating

the Tiber's turbulence, how

Like a horse unbroken, when first it feels the rein, The furious river struggled hard, and shook his tawny mane;

And burst the curb, and bounded, rejoicing to be

free,

And whirling down, in fierce career, Battlement and plank and pier, Rushed headlong to the sea.

The first place of importance on the banks of the river is the ancient walled city of Perugia. In the walls are gates, and one of these gates is very old indeed. The cathedral, built at the end of the fifteenth century, is rich in paintings, sculpture, and stained glass. The lesser churches, too, have wonderful pictures, by Raphael, Perugino, and other famous artists. In the principal square are a palace, fountain, and statues; and many interesting remains of bygone times have been discovered in Perugia and its neighbourhood.

Orvieto, usually reckoned amongst the Tiber towns, is not actually on the river's bank, but crowns a solitary rock not far away. This city, too, has a beautiful cathedral, which is built of black and white marble, and enriched with carvings and paintings of great value. Some of the paintings are by Fra Angelico, a devout monk who followed his art with deep religious feeling, and whose work

bears the impress of a very pure and simple nature. But by far the most remarkable of all places on the Tiber is, of course, the world-renowned city of Rome. 'See Rome, and die,' said an old proverb, and even to-day Rome is the resort of all those who are curious about the history and remains of bygone ages, and are able to gratify their curiosity.

Situated some fourteen or fifteen miles from the mouth of the river, Rome is said to have been founded by Romulus, its first king, in the year 753 B.C. But there is little doubt that the site was

inhabited even before this date. In the times of the early kings the city occupied the summits of seven low hills, and these being fortified, the whole was surrounded with an immense earthwork, or 'agger,' as it was called. In latter days strong walls were built, and these remain until the present time.

Some of the most ancient ruins in Rome are those of the Mamertine Prison, at the foot of the Capitoline Hill, and of the Cloaca Maxima, a great arched sewer. The aqueducts, too - pipes on huge arches, stretching for many miles beyond the city walls, and still bringing water from the distant

hills — are of very ancient date.

The Forum, of which we read so much in Roman history, still contains the ruins of the temples of heathen deities. There, too, are to be seen the tri-umphal arches of the Emperors, and the column built to commemorate the victories of the Emperor Trajan.

The immense dome known as the Pantheon, the Baths of Caracalla, and the Colosseum, are amongst the principal ruins. Public gardens, squares, and

open spaces abound.

Ancient Rome stands on the left bank of the Tiber; on the right bank are the Cathedral Church of St. Peter, one of the greatest religious edifices in the world; the Vatican, which is the palace of the Popes; and the Quirinal, that of the King of Italy.

Endless churches, palaces, museums, and picture galleries occupy the attention of visitors to Rome. But there are few who do not turn aside from the gorgeous relics of past ages, to look at the cemetery where the English poets, Keats and Shelley, lie in their quiet graves. Within the city, extending un-derground for miles, are the Catacombs, a city of the dead beneath the dwellings of the living.

The only other place of note on the Tiber is Ostia, and this is notable only as a ruin. Inhabited Ostia is a mere village, but the ruins of the ancient town extend for more than a mile along the banks of the stream. A few miles beyond this place the Tiber finds its way, as we have said, into the Tyrrhenian Sea, where the turbulent and many-storied river gains its rest at last. C. J. Blake.

OSTRICH FEATHERS.

THE three great products of Cape Colony are ostrich feathers, diamonds, and gold. These have been part of mankind's personal adornment from the very earliest ages, and they are as much sought after now—and for the same purpose—as they were in the days of Solomon or the Pharaohs.

In the days of chivalry not only were the knights' crests decorated with ostrich feathers, but the heads and trappings of their horses were similarly embellished. An interesting survival of this custom is to be found in the three ostrich feathers of the

Prince of Wales's crest.

During the last fifty years ostrich farming has become a regular industry. The birds are specially bred by selection, and thus much better feathers are obtained. These feathers are cut when fully grown and in perfect condition, and the bird does not suffer, and continues to supply plumage for about sixteen years. In olden days the birds used to be killed before their plumes were taken, and many of the feathers were often unripe and useless.

THE MEN OF THE SOUTH POLE.

WITHIN the drear and bleak Antarctic land, They gathered there, a brave, heroic band. Their long quest ended, and achieved their goal, Homeward they turned and left behind the Pole; Five deathless names whose fame can never die, While English hearts at daring deeds beat high. They started forth with hope, brave and sublime, To face the snow, the ice, the pitiless clime. They went out on their brave, heroic quest, And England knew that she had given her best. Southward they sailed, they faded from our view, What might be done we knew that they would do. But fate befriending them, their quest begun, Dealt her most cruel stroke when it was done. Northward they turned, and thought of wife and

child: But soon the storm beat on them drear and wild, The blinding snow descended hour by hour, They felt the blizzard's keen and dreadful power. Still the indomitable band pushed on, Though all but hope and heart and life were gone. And first stout Evans died, the comrade brave, And found amid the Arctic snows a grave. With winding-sheet of snow he lies afar, Where only God, and cold and stillness are. But what of him, brave Oates? His worth to prove, He died for friends, and showed the 'greater love.' Out to his death he walked with fearless breast, Hiding the truth from those he loved the best. They knew at length he died his friends to save, The eye of God alone beholds his grave. Long as the name of England shall endure, Among her best he'll hold a place secure, And Englishmen shall still recall with pride How, that his friends might live, a hero died. Vain hope, alas! for food and strength all spent, The little band to death all bravely went. And so they died, the leader and the led, Scott, Wilson, Bowers, all numbered with the dead. We cannot weep, nor shed for them the tear, So much of glory, courage, worth, is here. We only feel a splendid thrill of soul, That England's bravest found at last the Pole; And children's children still will tell with pride, How Britain's heroes reached the Pole - and died. Frank Ellis.

A HUNDRED YEARS AGO.

True Tales of the Year 1813. VI. - 'SAVE THE CAT!'

EARLY in April, in the year 1813, a little boy was walking down Newgate Street with his father, were startled by loud cries of 'Fire! when they were startled by loud cries of 'Fire! fire!' and the next minute the clumsy fire-engine of that day came noisily lumbering up. 'Where is the fire?' asked the gentleman of a

Bank-porter, who was hurrying along.

'They think 'Skinner Street,' answered the man. at the Commercial Hall. It will be a pity if that is burnt. It is valued at twenty-five thousand pounds.' He ran on, and in the next few minutes more

engines came up, and more and more people rushed hastily along towards Skinner Street.

'Do let us go to see the fire,' said the boy. 'Do, Father! I have never seen a real fire.'

'Come along, then,' said the man, taking a tight

hold of his boy's hand. 'We will go into Skinner Street, and see what is going on; but I am not going to have you crushed in the crowd that a fire always brings. I shall stop at the outskirts, and you must be content to see it from there.'

However, when they actually got to the scene of the fire, both father and boy were so excited with the proceedings, that insensibly they got nearer and nearer, and finally found themselves in the centre of a large crowd right in front of the burning hall.

It was a tall building for those days - five stories, surmounted by a handsome parapet—and firemen were clambering here and there, trying their best to extinguish the flames with the clumsy apparatus which our forefathers had to put up with. The spectators, too, did their best to help the brave men. They formed themselves into a line, and passed buckets of water from one to another from the nearest well; but all was of no avail — the building was doomed. One wall after another fell into the roaring fire inside, and two firemen were seriously injured, and had to be taken on stretchers to St. Bartholomew's Hospital.

At last, only the front of the building remained standing; the inmates had been all got out safely, and now the firemen were withdrawn, as the fire had by this time obtained such a hold that all hope of saving the grand old hall was at an end. So the crowd stood to watch the fall of the building, when suddenly they were horrified to see a cat climb on to the topmost peak of the parapet, and stand there

looking down on the crowd below.

There was no hope for her life but by jumping, and five stories seemed too long a jump even for a cat! 'Jump! Jump! We'll catch you! 'shouted the crowd, feeling somehow that the cat must understand. But apparently the cat did not, as she stood still there motionless, with the flames creeping nearer and nearer.

The little boy could no longer bear the sight. 'Oh, save the cat!' he sobbed. 'Do, somebody, save the cat! She must not be burnt to death!' And he made a dart towards the building, as if he would

himself try to rescue the poor beast.

His father, however, held him tightly; but, as the sobs increased, the man raised his voice, and called out. 'Five pounds down to any one who will save the cat!

There was a sudden hush amongst the crowd. Five pounds was a large sum of money a hundred years ago: but, still, the danger was too great, and no one spoke.

'Five pounds down,' repeated the man, 'to any one who saves the cat!'

'Done! I'll have a try!' suddenly announced a fireman, and the next minute he had disappeared

into the burning hall.

Now the silence amongst the spectators was almost painful, and a gasp of relief went up from every throat when, after some minutes, the figure of the fireman was seen creeping slowly along towards the cat, and finally, getting behind her, he pushed her down, and she fell amongst the thickly-packed spectators, utterly unhurt!

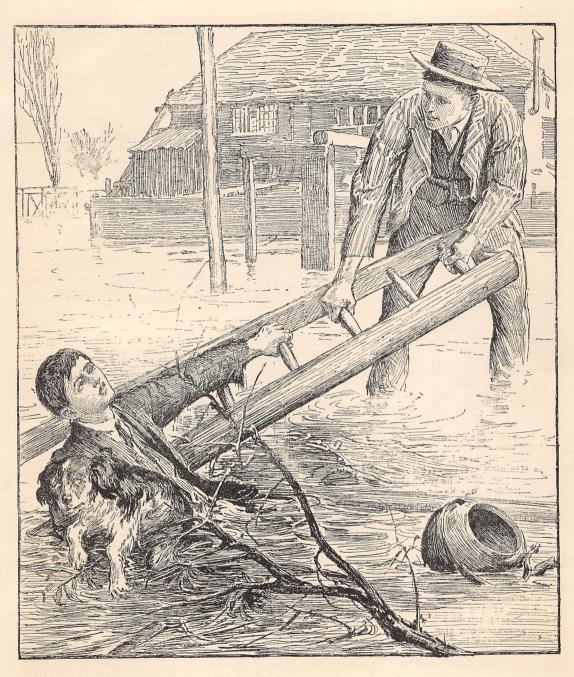
A few minutes later, the fireman, grimy and

singed, but practically uninjured, emerged from the building, and was greeted with ringing cheers; and the five-pound note was there and then given him.

So ended the episode of the Cat. E. A. B.



"The fireman was creeping slowly towards the cat."



"Phil had just enough strength to hold on,"

PHIL TO THE RESCUE.

BY the second day Phil was thoroughly tired of the houseboat. To begin with, he had been ill, and the doctor had ordered him to keep quiet, which in itself was enough to depress any boy. Secondly, the rest of the houseboat party were grown-ups, who were away most of the time, fishing or sailing. Phil was idly trying to amuse himself by fishing over the side of the boat with a big kettle suspended by a long string, and at the same time keeping an eye on the red-headed boy

A little further down the stream, on the opposite side, stood a mill-house, and it was evidently to this that the red-headed boy belonged. Phil had been watching him enviously all day, for he seemed to be thoroughly enjoying himself. Just now he was playing with a dog, apparently teaching him tricks, although Phil was too far away to see just what

was going on.

Presently the boy jumped up from his seat on an overturned hamper, and with a cheery whistle to his pet, set off at a run along the bank of the river.

They were nearly opposite the houseboat when Phil, with a feeling of horror, saw the red-haired boy stop suddenly, catch up the dog in his arms, and, with deliberate aim, fling him into the stream. The dog yelped more loudly than ever, and

splashed about with apparent helplessness.

'How dare you!' cried Phil, so indignantly that his voice reached the boy on the bank; but the redheaded one merely grinned, and stood there watching the dog's efforts. Not so Phil. He forgot his weakness, forgot that his knowledge of swimming was very slight, and made for the little stairway down the side of the boat by which the houseboat party descended to the dinghy. At the foot he plunged instantly into the water.

At first the other boy still grinned, but as he watched Phil, and recognised that the boy could not swim properly, his face grew puzzled, and then

grave. 'Go back!' he shouted. 'Keep out of the current!

Even had Phil heard, he would not have obeyed. He was straining every nerve to rescue the dog, and by a tremendous effort he reached it, seizing it firmly with his right arm. Far from showing any gratitude, the animal struggled violently, and nearly succeeded in pulling Phil under the water. The boy held on, and tried to swim back to the houseboat with his captive, but being already tired, and handicapped by the struggling dog, he quickly realised he was drifting with the current into dangerously deep

Luckily the red-haired boy saw this, too, and now he rushed back to the mill, seized a stout ladder, and waded out into the shallow part of the stream. The bottom of the stream shelved very suddenly into deep water; but he was able to get near enough to Phil to stretch out the ladder in such a manner that it caught the boy as he floated down on his Phil put up his left hand, and had just strength enough to hold on whilst his rescuer pulled him into shallow water. The kettle, which he had dropped overboard in his excitement, had also become caught in the current, but it drifted past un-

Once in shallow water, Phil, with the other's help,

got unsteadily to his feet. 'How—how dare you try to drown your dog!' he gasped indignantly. 'To what?' cried the other. 'Good gracious!

You don't mean to say you've been rescuing Prince?

The sound of his name spurred the dog to another effort, and with a successful leap, he jumped from Phil's arms into the water, where he splashed about with great satisfaction.

The red-haired boy paused in the river to shout with laughter. 'Why,' he said, 'Prince can swim in that river as well as I can, and much better than you. I saw you leaning over the houseboat, and I though you'd like to see him swim. He meant to come across to make friends, because I wanted to know you. I say, you must have a jolly time over there! I've been watching you these two days, and envying you.

For a moment Phil was taken aback; then he ined in the laugh against himself. 'I've been joined in the laugh against himself. thinking the same thing about you,' he said.

'It was jolly plucky of you to do what you did,' said the red-haired boy. 'And, after all, Prince has made us get to know each other, even if it wasn't quite the way I intended.'

REMEMBER THE BIRDS.

WHEN Jack first hangs his icicles upon the leafless trees,

And out of mischief causes all the water-pipes to freeze.

When old Dame Carey plucks her chicks up in the clouds, and lo!

The feathers flying down are changed to particles of

When everybody's nose and ears are of a scarlet hue, When everybody's toes are cold and finger-tips are

When everybody gathers round the ever-welcome fire, And nobody for out-of-doors displays the least de-

When fields and hedges in the sun are glittering with

In fact, to put it shortly, in the depths of wintertime .

When inside all is snug and warm, but outside all is cold,

And starving birds with hunger have become extremely bold.

Do not forget to scatter crumbs each day before your door

For all the little birds who come, your pity to implore.

STONES AND THEIR STORIES.

XII. — CONCLUSION.

IN this, my last article on this subject, we will consider the Renaissance style as it is to be found in our own country, and finish with a few remarks about present-day architecture.

The Renaissance style came to us, as you know, from the South of Europe, and our friendliness and trade with the Continent caused us to adopt many of their fashions. To dealing first with domestic buildings, as I have told you in past articles, wood was largely used in the construction of the ordinary houses and shops; there was plenty about, because forests were disappearing to make room for towns. and cultivated land, and therefore it was cheap. So, for smaller buildings, wood was still used. In the mansions the change from the Gothic was long; it came by by bit, and resulted in two 'transitional' periods before the new style established itself. Up to the time of Elizabeth many fine country mansions were built, such as Haddon Hall, in Derbyshire.

The use of coal as fuel greatly influenced the coming of more comfort into the homes, for fireplaces were soon built in all rooms instead of only the big open one in the hall. Of course this led to a new feature, viz., the chimneys; at first the builders tried to hide them, but later they came to the conclusion that, since chimneys had got to be made, they had better take them into consideration, and make them good to look upon; and thus we got the wonderful chimneys of the period, composed of cut bricks or of stone fashioned into 'orders,' capital, shaft, and base—built hollow, of course, to let the smoke through. When in the country, be sure you look out for quaint chimneys, for many of them are most curious in design. (Fig. 2 is a chimney of cut brick, which is fairly typical.) The style that developed in Elizabeth's time was known as Elizabethan. As you know from history, at this time many foreigners came to England, and of course they brought with them their arts and crafts, and consequently examples of foreign work began to appear in our country.

One of the characteristic features of the period was the use of huge square bay-windows divided by mullions and transoms; some mansions have such huge windows that there is very little wall left. Waterhouse, in his Story of Architecture, mentions the case of Hardwicke Hall, where the windows were

the origin of a quaint couplet:

'Hardwicke Hall, More glass than wall.'

In this period there was a further development of the pierced parapet; it was now pierced in patterns composed of strap-like bands; the work is known as strap-work (fig. 1). This style of decoration was used in many ways besides for pierced parapets. It appeared in the ceilings, which were now elaborately

panelled.

Next, in the reign of James I., a further development of the style took place, called Jacobean. This was more severely classical, and a peculiarity of both this and the Elizabethan style was that each had its furniture in keeping with the period, and, therefore, a truly fine effect was obtained. Also the arrangement of the garden was now part of the scheme of the mansion—this is particularly noticeable at Holland House and Hatfield, where a glorious garden is attached in perfect keeping with the house. Old yew and box hedges were used, and trees were cut into strange devices.

Ornaments were many, and quaintly carved figures were numerous, and festoons (fig. 4), ribbons, and scrolls also appeared in great numbers. All over the country you will find tombs in this style: heavy, mournful-looking erections! A good example is that of Mary Queen of Scots, in Westminster Abbey; it is a little chapel to the north of Henry the Seventh's Chapel. Here you have a number of scrolls and a queer sort of obelisk as ornaments (fig. 3, obelisk).

After the Jacobean, came a time of classic build-

ing of a much purer kind; this was mainly brought about by great architects like Inigo Jones. This man had studied in Italy during his young days, and came back thoroughly steeped in the style. He was architect for a number of country mansions (Cobham Hall, Kent, for one); St. Paul's, Covent Garden, and part of the great Market; Greenwich Hospital; and many houses in all parts of London. Charles I. arranged that he should design and build his new palace at Whitehall, but only the Banqueting Hall was finished (it is now the United Services Museum).

The chances of Inigo Jones's successor were most fortunate. It happened, as you know, that in 1666 a large portion of London was burned down, including Gothic St. Paul's Cathedral. It was almost impossible to stop that fire, because the houses were built so close together, and so much wood had been used in their construction. Of course, new buildings had to be erected quickly, and Sir Christopher Wren, who was then a rising architect, came in for much of this work. Temple Bar, London, a building which stood in the road just where are now our Law Courts, was one of his first great works; it was removed some thirty years ago to Theobalds Park, near London. Wren built a number of churches in London, but many were not entirely a success, because he had to hurry, and also often had to manage with as little money as possible, both of which dif-ficulties hinder art. He was the architect chosen to rebuild St. Paul's Cathedral. His original design was a Greek cross (that is, a cross with all four arms the same length), but it was altered to a Latin cross, as being more convenient for the services.

Now, I do not propose to describe St. Paul's in detail, because most of you can see it for yourselves, if you look; but I want you to look with seeing eyes next time you go that way. Either inside or out, you must compare it with its surroundings to obtain an idea of its vastness. Stand in the open space in front and watch people going in and out of the door, and compare their size with the details of the building — why, they are as flies! Notice the huge portico, and, inside, the three great bays of the nave. Here, as in St. Peter's at Rome, you must compare its vastness with ordinary things to get a true idea of it. The dome, of course, is its great glory, and a thing I want you to realise is, that the dome you see inside is not the dome you see outside. The outer one is much higher than the inner one, as you will easily realise if you study the section

diagram given in fig. 5.

When under the dome and looking up, you see a hole in the top (that hole is twenty feet across, although it looks small), that is marked A in my section. That dome into which you are looking is of brick; then there is a brick cone (marked B) which carries the weight of the cross, ball, &c., which stand above the dome, and outside that comes the great dome, which is of wood covered with lead. Between the cone and the outer dome are a quantity of strengthening beams. I think to know all this greatly helps one to realise the wonder of this marvellous building, and you will find that very few

people do know this about the dome.

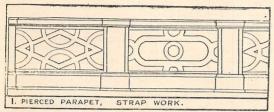
Sir Christopher Wren was especially successful in his designing of steeples. Fig. 6 is a sketch of a well-known one, viz., St. Mary-le-Bow, Cheapside. Look out for it next time you go down Cheapside.

Here you see how he piled the orders and also the use of those curious curly features which are very characteristic of the circle.

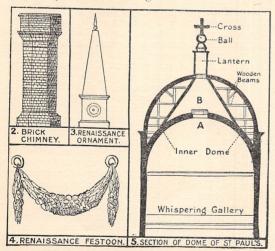
characteristic of the style.

Variations again came, called 'Queen Anne' and 'Georgian,' but they mainly influenced the construction of domestic residences such as we now see in Hanover Square and Fitzroy Square. Chimneypieces were now very elaborate, being formed to contain a picture.

Later there came a sort of feeling that, after all, Renaissance was not English in origin, and that we ought to return to Gothic ideas as being more truly

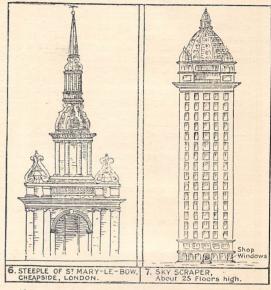


English; so a struggle began between the two styles. Buildings began again to appear in the Gothic style. The Houses of Parliament, for instance, built in 1839, are pure Perpendicular Gothic, and at the same time St. George's Hall, Liverpool, was in course of construction, this being a purely classical building! Thus the struggle went on. Later came the Law Courts in London—a kind of Gothic—and many other important buildings, and lately the new Government Offices, most of which are mainly classical in design.



From America we have lately learned a new form of building. In that great country they have had to learn to make buildings which will not shake down because of earthquakes; also, their buildings have to be a great height, because ground in many of their great cities is very valuable. (In New York the river makes the available space narrow, for instance.) They built skeleton buildings of steel or iron and clothed them with masonry or cement—that wonderful cement that was used in Roman times and has lately been rediscovered. We do not at present have 'sky-scrapers' (fig. 7) in England,

but we have adopted their steel-frame idea, and if any of you saw the new General Post Office, London, in its early stages, you know how strange it looked —it was all one piece of cement, so to speak. This kind of building can hardly be called architecture—it is really engineering; but all the same, its pro-



portions, to be pleasing, must be designed by an architect.

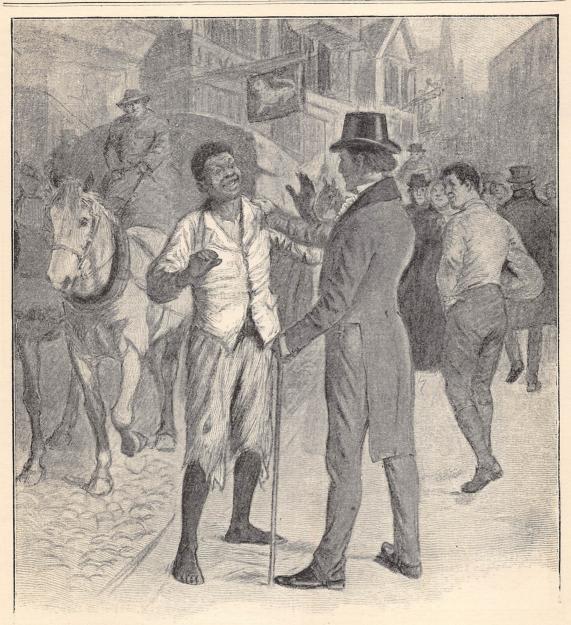
This form of building is very quick. When, in 1906, San Francisco was destroyed by earthquake and fire, within a year the whole great city was rebuilt, containing streets and streets of these great steel buildings. In Fig. 7 I have tried to give you some idea of one of these buildings.

Really, in 1913 we, as a nation, have no style of our own — we just build the most convenient houses we can to cope with the scarcity of servants! I fear very often we build as cheaply as we can, which, of course, handicaps all development and art.

Now I must conclude this series. It has been a huge subject to bring within the limits of a magazine like Chatterbox, but I shall be satisfied if I have influenced some of you at least to look about you, and inquire as to the history of any building of interest you may meet as you go through life. When you visit an ancient building, try, in your mind's eye, to picture what it was like when in-habited by the lords and ladies of its time. If you have followed my articles, you will find that, far more often than you would imagine, a knowledge of the styles of architecture will add to your interest in things. If you read a story concerning a certain period, you will be able to picture the incidents far better for your knowledge of the possible surroundings. The same applies to pictures. When you go to the Tate Gallery, note the architectural details as used by our great painters, like Sir Alma Tadema and Lord Leighton.

And so I hope that a result of these articles may be a greater interest in the 'stones' of to-day, and a greater respect for the 'stories' of the past.

E. M. Barlow.



"I met Jam one day in Fleet Street in tatters."

BIRD CAY.

By H. de Vere Stacpoole. (Concluded from page 394.)

DICK,' cried the Captain, 'give me that bottle!' I rushed round the room, but could only find a jug of water on the chiffonnier. We filled a glass

from that and held it my uncle's lips, and he drank it.

Then he came to. He belonged to a good old fighting stock, and even good fortune could not quite floor him. In a minute his cheeks were full of colour and his eyes sparkling, and he was laughing like a boy. He slapped the gold with the palm of his hand, and then he rose up, got the tobacco-pot from the

mantel, made Captain Horn charge his pipe and light it, and then, telling me to call Mrs. Service to close

the shop, waited to hear our story.

Mrs. Service was as delighted to see me as I to see her, and when I got back, there I found Captain Horn and my uncle sitting face to face, each smoking his pipe, the fire blazing up merrily.

Before he would let Captain Horn begin, however, my uncle sent me out to tell Mrs. Service to prepare the best supper she could get. Then I closed

the door, and the Captain began his yarn.

As I listened I could see the whole of our adventures over again: Havana Harbour, and my struggle with Prentice in the garden of the villa; the derelict which broke the brig passing us bottom up in the green sea; the island and the moonlight on it, and the Sarah Cutter anchored off shore. I could hear the sound of the surf on the reef, and the crackling of the fire on the beach, and the calling of the seagulls from the sea. I helped Captain Horn to thread together and tell the story of how Jack had discovered the real whereabouts of the treasure; and when we had finished, though it was daylight when we began, we could hear, through the sound of late hackney-coaches in Cornhill, the voice of the watch-man taking up his first cry, 'Ten o'clock of a cold

and wintry night - all's well.'

When we had finished, my uncle rang the bell for supper, and it was brought in. He went down to the cellar armed with a bunch of keys and a tallow candle, and in some five minutes or so returned with cobwebs on his shoulders and elbows and a bottle in his right hand. It was a bottle of madeira of the year - I forget which; but it was as valuable as gold, and he only had three bottles remaining of the dozen that had been given him by some Alderman of the City, dead before I was born; and we drank the health of the fortune in it - at least, Captain Horn and my uncle did - and my uncle made a little speech, standing with his half-empty wine-glass slanted in his hand. I can see him still, the flush on his old face and the brightness in his eye, and he talking as though he were addressing a full room of people, and Captain Horn listening, nodding, interrupting with ejaculations of 'Here's to you!' 'Just so,' 'Them's my sentiments,' and tapping with the bowl of his pipe on the table by way of applause when the orator sat down.

That was the happiest evening of my life, and I would like to close my yarn with it, only that there are a few tags and details that call for mention.

First, we got the treasure safe and sound out of the docks and into the sign of the 'Compass,' and from there to a foreign bank by processes and means known only to my uncle, who had a large connection in the City and several good friends quite ready and

able to help him in this difficult business.

Then, as to Jack, he went back to Havana in the Sarah Cutter, Captain Horn sailing her for him; and Jack used his money and his brains so well that he became one of the richest men in the West Indies, and the last I saw of him was when he came to London two years ago, and we dined together at the 'Ship and Turtle.' He was very stout, and he flung his guineas about in fine style, for, with all his wealth and cleverness, he had kept that which so many men lose with success - generosity.

As for Jam, he invested his share of the treasure in a business that failed; then he started a fried-

fish shop, and that failed too. I met him one day in Fleet Street in tatters and a yellow waistcoat, and took him into my service. He is with me still, and not a day older than on the day I saw him first, though his wool is as white as snow.

H. de Vere Stacpoole.

The End.

OUR LITTLE GARDENS: A YEAR'S WORK.

XII. — DECEMBER.

FIND quite a lot of work to do in December when the weather is open: and mild digging can still be done, and planting - and I rather like to top-dress with a little manure between the plants. I ought to add, though, that nowadays many gardeners prefer to give manure to plants in February

at the earliest.

If we do happen to have a bell-glass, or handlight as it is also called, and a clump of Christmas roses, we had better put the handlight over them. We do this, not because the Christmas roses are tender — they are perfectly hardy, but the handlight keeps the white flowers whiter than they would otherwise be, for they are easily soiled during rains, which splash up the soil upon them. Christmas roses -'hellebore' is the name the catalogues give them — are easy to grow if you will bear one or two things in mind. One is, that the best time to plant them is April, and that they like a cool, moist position, and can do with very little sunshine. Mine grow on the north side of a hedge, and flower well. I give them a top-dressing of manure every spring. They do not like to be disturbed, and once planted should be left alone for years.

I expect some of you are longing to have an arch

over which to train a rose-tree, or clematis, or honeysuckle. You must dig two deep holes for your posts, for these must be put in two feet or more into the ground. Good big substantial posts are best, and the portion under ground will last longer if it be tarred. You must make the posts firm enough in the ground to withstand a gale of wind. Some stones put round them in their holes help to make them firm, and on the top of them the soil must be

firmly rammed down.

Dorothy Perkins is an excellent rose for the purpose, or Crimson Rambler or Excelsa. This last is a crimson Dorothy Perkins, and is an almost new

rose. It is very pretty.

In warm districts it is generally safe to leave our large-flowered chrysanthenums in the ground all winter, though in very cold, wet soils they may die. As this is the case, I generally take up some of the plants and pot them up roughly in boxes or large pots, and put them in a greenhouse, a frame, or some light outhouse. Many of them may have already thrown up young growth, and this affords excellent material for cuttings. We should not use any cuttings that grow at the base of the old stems or on them, but those farthest away, as they are the best. These cuttings will make fine young flowering plants for next year. We can strike them in pots of light soil, on our inside window-sills, if there be no greenhouse. They can be taken any time during the next two months or so.

I must not forget to mention temporary protection during sharp frost. For instance, the chrysanthemum clumps which I leave in the border, but still regard as not quite safe, I cover with the light dry pea-haulms I have already told you I keep under cover for this purpose. If I have not enough, I go to the rubbish-heap and select branches of laurel or yew, or anything that may happen to answer my purpose, and lay these lightly over what I want to protect. Bracken, if dry, is capital.

Do not despise rough-and-ready makeshifts if you have not the up-to-date appliances. These makeshifts often answer the purpose quite as well as expensive straw or reed mats, and other things sold for the purpose. And it is not as if they had to remain all winter. As soon as the spell of frost is over, away may come the temporary protection, and we can follow out our maxim of coddling not to be

indulged in.

There is one point of interest I have not touched upon yet. That is the native countries of some of our garden plants. Whenever I get a fresh plant, I immediately want to know whence it comes. It adds much to the charm and delight of it. I love to know, for instance, that the beautiful 'bleeding heart,' that looks so tender and is so hardy, grows wild in Siberia — Siberia of all countries, such a frail, graceful thing! I like to watch the towering heads of pampas grass in November, and say to myself that their native land is the hot, sunny South America. And yet they brave our winter climate. There are beautiful scarlet anemones that come from Palestine, and some of the saxifrages grow wild in great purple stretches far above the Arctic circle, and for months lie buried under the snows of the cold, silent North. I would have every boy and girl gardener keen enough about his plants to find out their native haunts where possible.

I have mentioned to you the name of Luther Burbank. Since I told you of the spineless cacti he is trying to evolve from those that are now armed with them, he has produced a plum without a stone and is at work on what is called the 'wonder berry.' He has found world-wide fame for the wonderful things he has done and is doing in the plant world.

There is only one other thing I have space to mention. When you plant a border, when you stand and admire your garden in spring or summer, do not think only of the flowers. Spare a little of your admiration for the foliage. I say this because, if you think about it, you will learn what a pleasant variety it makes to introduce what I call the stern, clean-cut, sword-blade foliage, here and there, of irises, gladioli, and a good many other bulbous or tuberous-rooted subjects. They stand out clear and sharp from all else. And now it is getting time to think of the seed catalogues for 1914.

F. M. Wells.

THE LITTLE ISLANDERS.

Founded on Fact: translated from the French.

ONCE upon a time, long ago, two children, named John and Mary, lived (like Robinson Crusoe and his man Friday) alone on a desert island.

Do you ask how they got there? They had been voyaging across the sea with their father and mother, when the ship in which they were was wrecked upon some rocks. The mother and children,

lashed to a plank, were washed ashore, the sole survivors—as the woman supposed—of the ill-fated vessel. At the time of the shipwreck, John was six

years old and Mary only four.

Fortunately, the island, though uninhabited, was a fertile one, and the mother fed her children with the eggs which she took from the nests of wild birds, and with the abundant fruit. Bravely she made the best of her lot, and cared not merely for the bodies of her little ones, but also for their minds and souls. She had only two books, which had been washed up on the shore from the wreck. These were a copy of the Gospels and a Book of Prayers, and from them John and Mary learned to read. Their mother often talked to them of their father, who, she said, had gone to God. For their sake she kept up as long as she could, but at length, worn out by hardship, grief, and anxiety, she died in the large hollow tree which had been the sleeping-place of herself and her children.

Before the poor woman died, she spoke some earnest, tender words to the dear ones she was leaving. 'I am not leaving you alone,' she said, 'God will be with you. Do not forget to pray to Him. Take care of your sister, John. Never speak unkindly to her; you are bigger and stronger than she is, so you must find eggs and fruit for her.'

The children had to leave their mother's body in the hollow tree, and seek another sleeping-place for themselves. They remembered their mother's words, never forgot their prayers, and read their books again and again, until they knew them by heart.

One day, when they were sitting together on the grass, John said to his sister: 'I remember being in a place where there were big houses and lots of people. You and I had a nurse and pretty clothes; our father had many servants. Then father took us to a house which floated on the sea, and when it sank to the bottom he went with it, but he tied mother and us to a plank of wood, and so we came here.'

For six years the two children continued to lead this strange, lonely life. Then, one day as they sat on the shore, they saw a boat full of black men. Mary was frightened at first, and wanted to run away, but John would not let her do so, for he did not think that these men would do them any harm.

The strangers, amazed to see two white children on the island, jumped out of their boat, and came to Mary and John, asking them who they were and where they came from. Of course, the children could not understand a word. John led the savages to the hollow tree which was his mother's grave, and tried to tell them about the shipwreek and her death; but they understood him as little as he understood them.

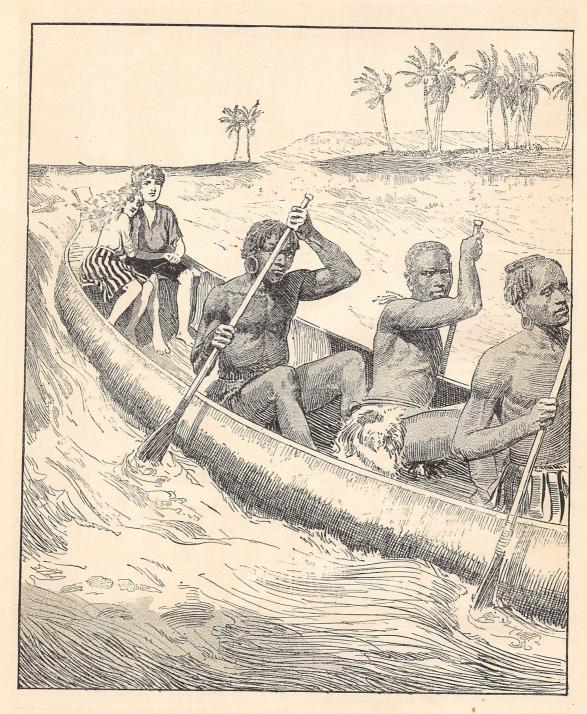
Then the black men took the children back to the beach, and made signs to them that they should enter the boat.

'Oh, I dare not go!' cried Mary; 'these people

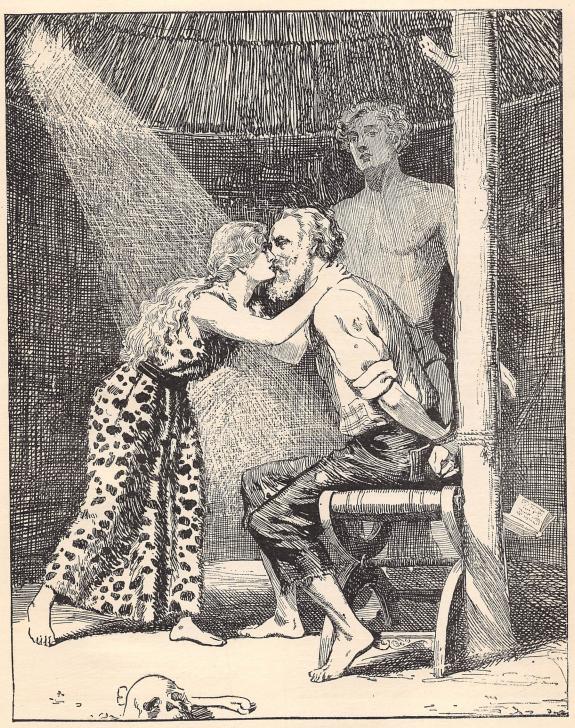
frighten me!'
'Don't be afraid, dear,' said John. 'Our father had some black men like these amongst his servants. Perhaps he was not drowned after all, and has sent them to fetch us.'

So the boy and girl stepped into the boat, which took them to another island not far distant where they were well received by the inhabitants.

(Concluded on page 410.)



"The boat took them to another island."



"We have found our father only to lose him again."

THE LITTLE ISLANDERS.

(Concluded from page 407.)

FOR a long time John and Mary lived amongst these savages, whose language they gradually learned. Unhappily, the black men did not improve upon further acquaintance. They were fierce and quarrelsome, engaged in perpetual wars with the peoples of neighbouring islands. They were cannibals, who ate their prisoners; and the chief object of their worship and respect was a monkey.

For a time, however, the savages were kind to the English children. John grew up tall and strong, Mary was a very beautiful girl. By-and-by, difficulties arose. The black king wished to marry Mary, who said to her brother that she would rather die than become the wife of that man.

'Because he is so ugly?' asked John.
'No,' replied Mary, 'because he is so wicked. How could I marry a man who eats his enemies and worships a monkey?'

And now the brother and sister fell into disfavour with the savages, on account of their disrespect to the sacred monkey, and their unwillingness to gratify the king's wish. When the monkey died, some said that his death was brought about by the prayers of the two young white people to their own God. A new monkey-god was chosen, and it was decided that John and Mary should be ordered to assist at the ceremonies attending his installation, and that immediately afterwards Mary should become the king's wife. Should the young people refuse to obey, they were to be burned alive, together with the books by means of which they were supposed to work enchantments.

When Mary was told by the native priests that it was she who had caused the death of the sacred monkey, she said, 'If I did kill him, I must have been more powerful than he. Then how foolish I should be, were I to worship one weaker than myself! But I will not deceive you: it was not I who caused the death of your monkey. Neither in your hands nor mine lies the power to make alive or to destroy;

that power belongs to my God alone.' Infuriated by Mary's bold speech, the savages bound her and John to the stakes; but while they were preparing to burn their victims, news came that a large number of foes had landed on the island. All immediately rushed off to repel the in-The newvaders, but the latter were victorious. comers cut the cords of the white girl and her brother, carried them away to their own island, and presented them as slaves to their king.

This was the third island on which our 'little islanders' had lived. Except that they were worked very hard, the king's slaves were not unkindly treated. These savages, like the others, were great fighters, and cannibals. Among their prisoners there was one day a white man. As he was very thin, his captors decided to fatten him before eating him. They chained him up in a cabin, in charge of Mary,

who was to feed him.

Surprised to find a white girl amongst the black people, the prisoner spoke to Mary in his own language, and found that she understood him.

'Where did you learn English?' he inquired. 'English?' said Mary, 'what is that? I learned to speak as I do from my mother, and from the two

books which she left us when she died.'
'Could it be possible?' said the man to himself, trembling violently; 'there is a likeness—' 'My brother has them,' said Mary, 'I will tell him to bring them to you.'

She left the hut, and returned shortly with John, who carried the books. They opened one of them for the man, and he read on the first page: 'This book belongs to John Morris.'

'Oh, my dear children!' he exclaimed; 'come and kiss your father, and tell him about your mother.' John and Mary flung their arms about the pris-

'Yes, I know that you are our father,' said John, although I do not understand how that can be, for Mother told us that you were drowned.'
'No,' replied Morris, 'I seized a plank, and, like

you, drifted on to an isle. But I thought that you

must have been drowned.

Then John told his story, and the man wept as the lad spoke of his mother's death. Mary wept also, but that was because she had suddenly remem-

bered her father's terrible position.
'Oh, John!' she cried, 'have you forgotten? We have found our father only to lose him again, for

he is to-die in a few days' time! '

'We will cut the cords,' said John, 'then the three

of us will escape into the forest.

'It would be useless, my children,' said their father, 'either the savages would recapture us or we should die of hunger.'

'I will find a way to save you,' Mary said, and

ran out of the hut.

She went straight to the king. 'I have a great boon to ask of you,' she said; 'will you promise to grant it?

'If possible I will,' replied the king, 'for I am

much pleased with your faithful service.'

'Then listen to me, sir. The captive whom you committed to my care is my father and John's. He is old and lean; you would not particularly enjoy eating him. I am plump and tender; eat me in-

'I will not!' answered the king (who, savage though he was, had a heart that could be touched). 'You shall both live; and what is more, in the first foreign ship which calls here, you shall, if you

like, be sent home to your own country.

Soon afterwards, a Spanish vessel called at the island. The king kept his word; the Englishmen, his son, and his daughter embarked, and were landed upon a Spanish isle, whence they easily procured a E. Dyke. island. The king kept his word; the Englishman,

MY TRAIN FRIEND.

LIKE to travel by the train, And watch the country whirling by, And all the trees that rush along, And race the clouds up in the sky.

Now, when I press my face against The windows of the speeding train, And look outside, a little boy Is looking at me back again.

He's always there, whene'er I look; He's just my age, and like me too; He wrinkles up his nose and smiles, Exactly as I often do.

And if I laugh and wave my hand, He laughs and waves his back again; So, when I travel by myself, I'm never lonely in the train.

I asked mamma about him once, As we drew near our journey's end; She smiled, and said, 'Why, I've one too, And she's the mother of your friend!' Stephen Southwold.

THE RESCUE.

IT was one day in the twelfth century that King Stephen sat in the royal banqueting-hall, surrounded by his nobles and knights. Banners hung upon the walls, and waved about in the currents of air which drew through the open windows. Loud were the sounds of feasting and revelry, for the courtiers gathered at the tables enjoyed this fare, and were not awed by the monarch's presence. Haunches of red deer, quarters of mutton, boars' heads, bustards, cranes, and huge pasties, were being rapidly disposed of by the hungry company. Occasionally, the talk and laughter ceased, and the sweet music of the minstrels' harps was heard in the hall. Suddenly a lad was seen to be pushing his way through the crowd of serving-men and pages who were assembled at the doors, looking in. He reached the feet of the king, and, falling before him, in faltering words delivered his message.

'Forward, gallant men,' cried Stephen, 'some of you put on your armour, and ride full speed to the rescue of the Countess of Clare, who is in peril of her life, beleaguered by a host of the wild Welsh. They have won a victory over my forces, cowards, who have fled, and now they swear that they will make this noble dame serve them barefoot in their Were it not for the Scottish invasion, I would myself march against them. Who will un-

dertake the enterprise?

For a moment nobody replied, and the king continued, 'What, are ye silent? Do I reign over Christian knights who have promised to guard ladies in distress?

Then up rose Milo Fitzwalter, and said, 'My ranks are but scant, I have few squires and men-at-arms,

yet I will do my best. To horse and away.'
'Thou art a true knight,' exclaimed Stephen.
'Tell the lady when thou hast conquered that thy monarch grudges thee the glorious deed, but he is forced to march northward.

Fitzwalter and his small party armed at once, and mounting their horses, rode off full speed towards the marshes of Wales, travelling night and day, with brief rests. As they approached the castle, they saw the leopards of England still proudly flying on its walls, proof that the countess was holding out against the swarm of half-savage men by whom the castle was surrounded. These set up a furious outcry when they perceived the troop of horsemen was approaching. Their eyes glared fiercely under a mass of yellow hair, but they were only terrible by their numbers. Their weapons were clubs and rude pikes, and had the castle been properly manned and victualled, it might long have defied their strength. Drawing their swords, the knight and his party kept closely together, and forming a sort of wedge, they pressed through the excited crowd of Welshmen. The struggle lasted some time, but at last, though they fought like demons, the wild warriors had to give way, and fell in heaps before the English steel.

Pressing onward with unyielding bravery, Fitzwalter reached the castle walls, from which the few defenders, feeble from exhaustion and want of food, were eagerly watching his approach. Joined by those in the castle who were yet able, Fitzwalter and his men turned round and again charged the Welshmen, who before long, finding themselves worsted, beat a retreat. Re-entering the castle, the deliverer found lying unburied the bodies of those brave defenders who had been killed in the struggle. He was welcomed by the countess and her attendant maidens, who appeared in military attire. No time was to be lost, however, since the besiegers, now scattered by panic, might rally and return. leaders were placed on horses, and the party moved off after sunset; by dawn they were many miles from the castle. In a few days Fitzwalter reached J. R. S. C. the court of Stephen triumphantly.

DOG HEROES.

V. - 'WATCH.'

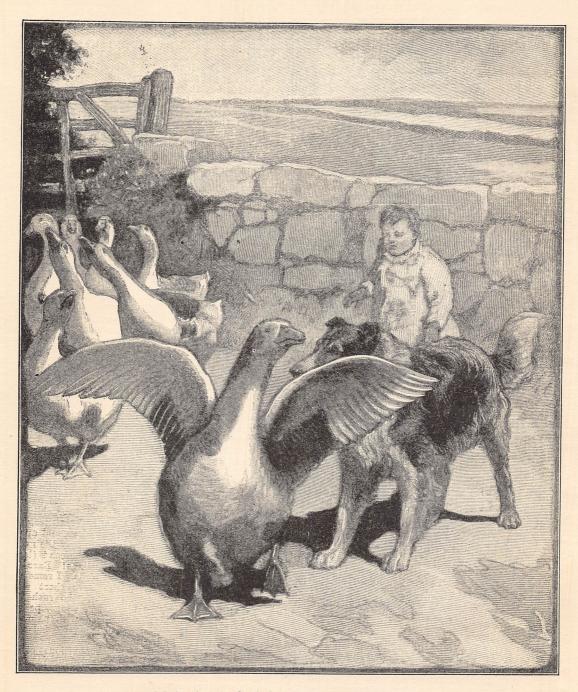
WHILE many dogs have rescued children from VV peril by fire or water, or have saved them from being run over in the streets, 'Watch,' a dog hero from the north of Ireland, who was awarded a shield and medal at Cruft's Show in 1913, distinguished himself by saving the baby son of Mrs. Kerr, Eagery, near Bushmills, co. Antrim, from a ferocious gander, who had attacked the poor little mite. The dog acted entirely of his own accord in rushing to the rescue, and it is certain that, but for him, the infant would have been seriously hurt.

Watch' is a very fine collie, and as sagacious as most of his clever race. No wonder his owner, Mr.

W. Twaddell, is very proud of him!

Ganders are fierce and powerful birds, and in Ireland they roam at their own sweet will with flocks of geese and goslings over commons, bogs, and roads, and often attack barefooted boys and girls as they come and go from school. Many a poor child has been severely pecked by the angry creatures, who seem to have a special dislike to children, and appear to imagine that every one who passes over the grassy common, or through the narrow 'bohereen' (lane), has designs upon the geese and goslings! Bare legs are very tempting to the big grey birds. I remember seeing a pretty little girl, who wore short white socks, attacked by a great gander, who rushed at her, hissing and flapping his strong wings, pecking both legs sharply till she screamed with pain and fright. A gentleman who was passing by had some trouble in driving off the bird.

Unlike the turkey-cock—another vicious bird the gander is not excited by the colour red, and while the turkey-cock will kill the turkey chicks, cruelly pecking them to death, Mr. Gander is a very affectionate parent, and takes quite as much care of the fluffy yellow goslings as Mrs. Goose does, so there is something to be said in his favour after all!



"A ferocious gander had attacked the poor little mite."